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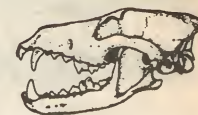
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Looking Back on the Vietnam War History and Forgetting

by David Watson

This article first appeared in the Summer 1985 *Fifth Estate* under the pen-name George Bradford. It is reprinted on the 20th anniversary of the defeat of the U.S. empire in Vietnam.

"Hell No, That Won't Go" Introduction

by Richard Drinnon

Another decade has passed and it is Spring 1995, twenty years since the "fall of Saigon to the Vietnamese," in David Watson's mordant words, and the man who gave his name to that war has just published *In Retrospect*, a memoir from which he broadcasts what everyone by now has heard: "we were wrong, terribly wrong." Now the ur-Whiz Kid tells us that he had become a covert convert to the anti-war movement even by 1967, the year twenty thousand resisters tried to shut

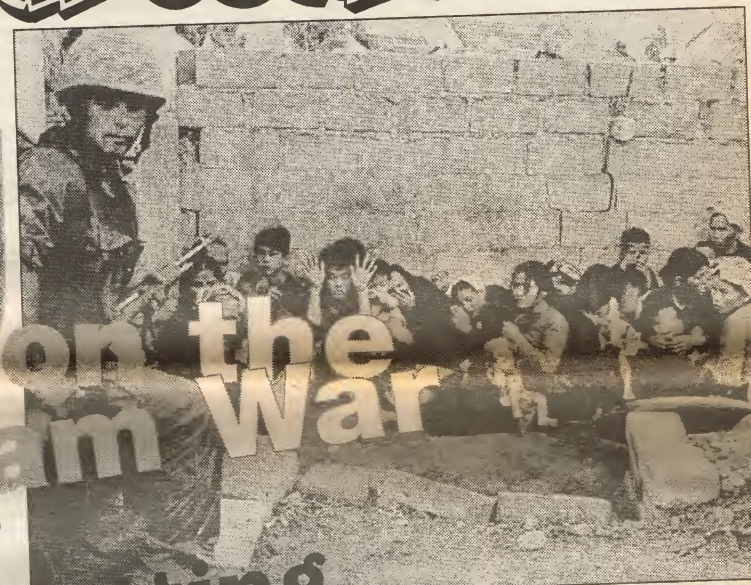
down his Department of Defense. If only the erstwhile carpet bomber had then come outside to join the fair number of us who had slipped by the soldiers and the marshals to piss on the Pentagon, what a triumphant relief that would have been, what an epiphany! Yet after twenty-eight years we can still say that Robert S. McNamara's tardy outing is better late than never, no? NO! rumbles *The New York Times* in a remarkable editorial on "stale tears, three decades late": "Mr. McNamara

must not escape the lasting moral condemnation of his countrymen." (April 12, 1995). This hanging verdict condemns him for not joining in the national debate over the war and daringly sides not only with the young people who served in the ranks "because they, in their innocence, could not fathom the mendacity of their elders," but also—hold on to your seats—with "another set of heroes—the thousands of students who returned this nation to sanity by chanting, 'Hell, no, we won't go.'" The big trouble here, of course, is that the *Times* is climbing to this high moral ground over the backs of all those students it maligned in the sixties. It plays fast and loose with your and my memory by dragging what it too calls "Mr. McNamara's War" down over the trail of its own responsibility, not as a youthful dissident but as a mendacious elder, for the slaughter it at first promoted and never resisted. Hell, no, that won't go.

So, what did go so terribly wrong? Acting "according to what we thought were

the principles and traditions of this nation," McNamara and his team made mistakes—"mostly honest," he claims—the foremost of which was their total failure to identify what used to be staple fare at our "teach-ins," namely, the nationalist core of the Vietnamese drive to unify their country. "I had never visited Indochina," he admits, "nor did I understand or appreciate its history, language, culture, or values." Worse, thanks to the purges of top State Department Asia hands in the McCarthy fifties, he and other officials in the Kennedy and Johnson administrations "lacked experts for us to consult to compensate for our ignorance about Southeast Asia." But this supposed dearth of "experts" was itself suggestive. McNamara still does not grasp that his imperial ignorance of other cultures and peoples, especially colored, is as American as the Pledge of Allegiance. It was precisely because he was acting according to "the principles and traditions of this nation" that he

American crusader guards the "hostile natives" he was sent to rescue.



Continued on page 11

Tales From The Planet



Proving our contentions a few issues ago that, "all money is fake," a ring of Iranian and Syrian high tech counterfeiters have been printing \$100 bills at a clip faster than the government. The quality of these bills is so good that for a while they were honored by the Federal Reserve when submitted for collection.

The counterfeiters may have produced as much as \$1 billion in "superbills" while the government only cranked out \$300 million worth. There currently is a proposed statute in the U.S. Congress calling for elimination of the \$100 bill, the favorite note of drug dealers and other "off-the-books" business people.

The fear in Treasury Department circles is that the entire integrity of the U.S. money system could be eroded if the circulation of the fake money becomes too widespread. They suspect a plot to undermine the U.S. economy by the Iranian government, while domestic right-wingers suspect a different sort of plot by Washington to withdraw traditional currency and replace it with more easily traceable money.

How, of all sports, has golf taken on such international popularity? People are just mad about the game and golfers abroad are willing to pay extraordinary green fees in land-precious countries such as Japan.

The booming economies of Asia have created the fastest growing market for the golf industry and countries like Malaysia and Thailand are rushing to build new courses.

This delights land speculators, but horrifies environmentalists who have seen pristine wilderness chopped down to provide chemical-laden greens for wealthy golfers. Sreela Kolndai, of Friends of the Earth Malaysia and a founder of the Global Anti-Golf Movement, also points to thousands of farmers being thrown off their ancestral lands to create courses.

The building frenzy has even spread to Vietnam, China and the Indian subcontinent.

Private courses have been built in Thailand's national parks and wildlife sanctuaries with the blessing of the country's military and police, sparing them any environmental review.

In Indonesia, the country's best courses are owned by members of the ruling Suharto family. Environmentalists and farmers have been roughed up by the police for daring to protest golf course construction.

In Thailand, rice farmers were forced to give up a second crop due to a drought, while golf courses drained government reservoirs under the protection of high-ranking police and military officials.

No Big Surprise Dept.: Nuclear Division. Documents obtained recently from the Los Alamos National Laboratory in New Mexico show U.S. military officials chose to carry out above ground atomic testing in the 1950s near populated areas of Nevada even though they knew radioactive fall-out would hit towns close to the blast site.

The tests doused the cities of Las Vegas, Alamo, Caliente, and Amargosa Valley, causing high rates of cancer. The documents show the military debated extensively about the safety of the tests, but ultimately bureaucratic expediency won out.

The blasts originally scheduled for the isolated ("isolated," if you're not an Inuit) Alaskan island of Amchitka were rejected because the cloud of fall-out would have been difficult to track. At the Nevada tests, jeeps followed the clouds, recording their intensity. At first, the Army planned to evacuate civilians from the surrounding area, but decided not to "because they feared creating a public panic." Only a mindset of submission to authority, which allows belief in *anything* the government says at a given historical moment, can explain people who swallow official explanations. It almost assured that when the truth comes out in ten years or fifty, what the critics charged at the time is almost always shown to be true.

Waldheim Cemetery Bankrupt Haymarket Monument Defaced

Chicago's famed Waldheim Cemetery, final resting place for anarchists such as Emma Goldman, Lucy Parsons, and Voltarine DeCleyre, has been plundered of its liquid assets and is now in bankruptcy. Waldheim is also the site of the crypt and monument to the Haymarket martyrs, four labor activists and anarchists murdered by the state of Illinois in 1887. The Martyrs Monument, which has often been vandalized by political graffiti, now has suffered the outrage of metal thieves.

The magnificent floral spray, cast in bronze, on which visitors have laid flowers for more than a hundred years has been broken off to be sold as scrap. Worse, the cemetery has abandoned even a pretense of security, so there is no assurance that a replacement would not suffer the same fate.

A Waldheim employee, Jack Bokios, refused even to acknowledge the vandalism when reached by the Fifth Estate, and our phone calls to other officials were unanswered.

Thanks to David S., Penelope Rosemont and the Illinois Labor History Society Reporter, 28 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill., for the information in this report.



A demo in London. —photo/Alec Smart

Part II: Ivan Selin, chairman of the Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC), resigned in March to go into business building gas burning electric power plants in Asia. Although the U.S. is stuck with over 100 nuke plants, the good news is that Selin predicts no more will be licensed. "The country is awash in electricity," he said after announcing his resignation.

In other nukes news, Ukraine and a group of Western corporations have agreed to shut down the remaining Chernobyl nuclear reactors and replace the facility with a thermal energy plant (which will probably create an ecological disaster of a different dimension).

Chernobyl's fourth reactor exploded and burned in 1986, causing, according to official statistics, the deaths of 5,700 people who battled the blaze and thousands more who died from radiation poisoning. An additional 3.7 million people were affected in some way. Anti-nuclear activists put both figures, particularly the latter, much higher.

In the U.S., two Republican House Committee chairmen have proposed scrapping efforts to create a permanent high-level nuclear waste dump at Yucca Mountain, Nevada. The government has already spent almost \$2 billion doing geological feasibility studies over the last 40 years, even though the site is within an earthquake zone and buildings there have suffered damage from past tremors.

This will not deter on-line nuclear facilities from continuing to produce electricity which creates tons of deadly radioactive waste. Facilities such as the accident-prone Detroit-area Fermi 2 nuclear reactor is now running at 85% capacity, creating wastes which will have to be stored for up to 500,000 years.

Although the following event happened a while ago, we received the news only recently. Blitz, a squatted, youth culture house in Oslo, Norway, was attacked by a powerful bomb last August. Although the explosion did extensive damage to the structure, none of the seven people guarding the dwelling from fascist attack were injured.

For twelve years, Blitz has been the center of militant anti-fascist actions. The residents suspect Anti-AntiFa, a violent neo-nazi group, with which Blitz has had ongoing physical confrontations during the preceding year.

Just previous to the explosion, gunshots were fired into the house in an attempt to drive the residents outside. Fortunately, the bomb hit barbed-wire barricades and landed outside; had it detonated inside, casualties certainly would have

occurred. Blitz received massive support and solidarity from 60 different organizations, unions, and political parties and a demonstration of 2,000 persons denounced the fascist outrage. For more information or their English language publications, contact them at Blitz Infogruppe, Pilestredet 30 c, 0164 Oslo, Norway.

Anarcho-Syndicalism calls for the demoralization of the means of production by workers in a given industry. This sounds good on the face of it, but the perspective rarely challenges the fundamental precepts of industrialism and would wind up with a similar mechanical world only administered slightly more fairly. Also, as the modern world cranks along, much of what would be controlled by workers councils (actually more to do after the work day is completed) has become increasingly absurd.

A case in point: what would advocates of producer control do with fellow workers in the industry which makes a Fruit Hammock ("Let your fruit relax in a hammock," says the K-Mart ad) or those producing Oak Banana Hangers ("An artful way to store bananas")?

Underground Press Conference, Aug. 18-20. All invited. Mary Kuntz Press, POB 476617, Chicago IL 60647; 312/486-0685.

Fifth Estate

The Fifth Estate is a cooperative, nonprofit project, publishing since 1965. The people who produce it are a group of friends who do so neither to secure wages nor as an investment in the newspaper industry, but to encourage resistance and rebellion to this society.



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Execution Date Set For Mumia Abu-Jamal

Pennsylvania Governor Acts To Condemn Activist As His Appeal Is Filed & His Book Is Released

On June 12, Pennsylvania Gov. Thomas Ridge signed a death warrant for Mumia Abu-Jamal—meaning that unless a judicial stay is granted, he'll be executed in the state's electric chair at 10 p.m. on Aug. 17.

[News came as we were going to press that San Francisco police attacked a peaceful Free Mumia demonstration June 26 in San Francisco's UN Plaza. Police charged 270 people with felony arson, riot and jaywalking. Several demonstrators were beaten including journalists.]

The former Black Panther and MOVE supporter—now a nationally syndicated death row newspaper columnist and radio commentator—was convicted of killing a Philadelphia police officer in a 1982 frame-up trial marked by racism, judicial error, perjury, and prosecutorial misconduct.

Ridge, a rabid right-wing Republican, was elected on a hysterical anticrime platform and pledged to begin executions again upon taking office.

"Make no mistake," Ridge told a January special legislative session on crime, "I intend to see that Pennsylvania's death penalty exists in more than name only."

Since taking office, Ridge has signed seven other death warrants. Pennsylvania executed its first inmate since 1962 on May 2, the same day Mumia's new book, "Live from Death Row," was released for publication. The state, being oh, so politically correct, chose a white inmate, Keith Zettlemoyer, as the first to be electrocuted, even though Pennsylvania's death row is overwhelmingly African-American. Zettlemoyer was so stressed by a decade on death row that he declined an appeal and asked the state to kill him.

Abu-Jamal's legal team, led by renowned defense attorney, Leonard Weinglass, had notified the news media the day before that the defense planned to file an appeal brief on behalf of their client the following Monday, June 5. Learning of the impending appeal, Ridge hurriedly signed the execution order so as to be in technical compliance with his policy of not signing death warrants for prisoners with active appeals.

"Consigning Jamal to death with a stroke of the governor's pen was a particularly vindictive act," Weinglass said. "Gov. Ridge was well aware we were set to file legal papers, and this shows his policy to be a vengeful race to death."

A Murderous, Corrupt Bunch

As support for Mumia has grown worldwide and his case publicized in national TV and newspaper coverage, the state has made it more difficult for him to be interviewed. Recently, prison officials denied him access to CBS, National Public Radio and several foreign radio stations. However, Mumia's commentaries continue to be aired on several local NPR stations, and his column is carried by many newspapers around the country, including the Highland Park-based Michigan Citizen.

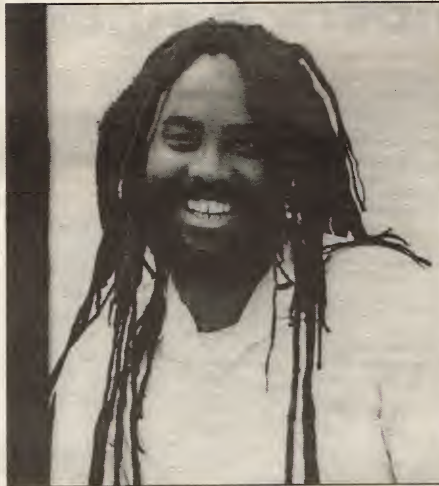
Incensed by the growing political support for Abu-Jamal and by the publication

of his book, the Philadelphia chapter of the Fraternal Order of Police (FOP) and their lackeys in the state Legislature intensified pressure on Ridge to sign the death warrant. The Philadelphia cops are a murderous, corrupt bunch whose racism under chiefs such as Frank Rizzo is legendary. FOP members regularly counter-demonstrate at pro-Mumia events chanting, "Kill Mumia!" FOP has called for a boycott of actors Ed Asner and Whoopie Goldberg for participating in fund-raisers for Mumia's defense fund.

The Philadelphia police had a vendetta against Mumia because of his Black Panther membership and his support for the intransigently radical MOVE group. Besides the frame-up of Mumia, the police committed numerous crimes against the two groups, the worst of which resulted in the 1985 deadly assault on MOVE's communal home in inner-city Philadelphia.

Explicitly Political Execution

After a police siege proved ineffective in dislodging the group, their house and



—photo of Mumia/Jennifer Beach

61 others on the block were destroyed by an aerial incendiary bomb dropped by a cop helicopter. The fire killed six MOVE adults and five of their children. Notice that no right-wingers are complaining about the tyranny of the government in this case.

In February, two FOP officials were convicted on federal racketeering charges, and the following month five more Philadelphia cops were indicted by a federal grand jury. Leading the demands for Mumia's execution is former Philly cop Edward O'Connor, who personally prepared the bomb that was dropped on the MOVE houses.

If Mumia's sentence is carried out, it will be the first explicitly political execution since the government murdered Ethel

and Julius Rosenberg in 1953, after their conviction as atomic spies. Like Mumia's case, that trial also was marked by extensive judicial misconduct and perjured testimony.

Seven hundred pages of Mumia's heavily censored Freedom of Information Act files recently released to his attorneys show Mumia was under government surveillance since the age of 15 when he began working with the Panthers.

A Prosecutor In Robes

Mumia's 500-page appeal brief clearly shows the pattern of prejudicial misconduct on the part of city prosecutors and the sentencing judge, Albert Sabo, who has condemned 31 people to death—all but two of them African-Americans.

Sabo is known to Philadelphia defense lawyers as a "prosecutor in robes," and was scheduled to hear the appeal for a stay of execution July 12. The brief asks Sabo to "recuse" himself from hearing the appeal because of his long association with the police including serving 16 years as Under Sheriff of Philadelphia County.

Equal Justice USA, one of Mumia's defense groups, has launched an emergency campaign to demand Sabo be kept off the case. "Sabo cannot be allowed to be the judge of his own bias," said Noelle Hanrahan, one of the Equal Justice coordinators.

Worldwide demonstrations were held immediately to denounce the death warrant and many more are scheduled as the gravity of the situation increases. Attorney Weinglass said, "The prison received so many faxes on Mumia's behalf that it knocked the system out of order."

The Philadelphia FOP also launched an intense campaign to block publication of "Live from Death Row," a collection of writings originally intended for NPR's All Things Considered nightly news program in 1994, but never broadcast. NPR folded under pressure from the cops and Sen. Robert Dole, whose Senate speech threatened to deny funding to NPR if the commentaries were aired.

Frances Golden, Mumia's literary agent, said, "The book has really got the police crazy. In order to justify an execution they have to demonize him, but the book shows him as a man committed to social justice, who passionately proclaims his innocence."

The police demanded that Mumia's \$30,000 publisher's advance be confiscated and prison officials have launched an investigation of him for running a business from prison, i.e., publication of the book. They have used the charges as an excuse to deny him visitors, media representatives, and his paralegal advisors.

In contrast, Stacey Koon, the Los Angeles police sergeant who led the racist beating of Rodney King, raised almost \$4 million in mail solicitations and book advances while in prison on federal civil rights charges.

Over 20 public readings from Mumia's book have taken place since its release, including one in New York featuring Melvin Van Peebles, director of the film, "Panther," attorney William Kunstler, MOVE survivor Ramona Africa, and author John Edgar Wideman, who wrote the book's introduction.

Ossie Davis, the renowned actor and social activist, who delivered the eulogy at Malcolm X's funeral 30 years ago, called the impending execution "an outrage."

"Mumia is somebody we desperately need," he said. "We cannot let them take such a voice from us."

How to Help Save Mumia Abu-Jamal

- Tell the governor to rescind the death warrant and grant Mumia a reprieve; write: Gov. Thomas Ridge, Main Capitol Bldg., Rm. 225, Harrisburg, PA 17120; phone 717/783-1198; or fax 717/783-1396. Firm, but polite letters will help Mumia better than denunciatory ones.
- Information on how to aid the defense of Mumia is available from Equal Justice USA, PO Box 5206, Hyattsville MD 20782; phone: 301/699-0042.
- Write Mumia and send him copies of your letters or what you write about him in your publication or reports of demos in his support. Mumia Abu-Jamal, #AM-8355, SCI Greene, 1040 E. Roy Furman Hwy., Waynesburg PA 15370-8090.
- Subscribe to The Jamal Journal, the newspaper edited by Mumia. For a sample, send \$2 to International Concerned Family and Friends of Mumia Abu-Jamal, PO Box 19709, Philadelphia PA 19143; phone/fax 215/476-881.
- Buy "Live From Death Row" at your local bookseller, from Equal Justice USA at 1-800/746-1160 or Fifth Estate Books. All of our profits go to Mumia's defense fund. Make this a best seller.
- Carry Mumia's book in your info shop, book store or catalog. Write the publisher to order: Addison-Wesley, One Jacob Way, Reading MA 01867 or call 617/944-3700.
- Sponsor readings from "Live From Death Row. Demonstrate and do whatever else makes sense.

Oklahoma City & The Unabomber Mad Bombers & Anarchy?

by E.B. Maple

We live in a world where television announces what is important and solemnly pronounces how loyal citizens are to respond—patriotism: the Gulf War; mourning: the death of the war criminal Nixon; joy: the Olympics; or indignation: the Oklahoma City bombing. The public is inundated with carefully selected images, which are dropped as soon as they fulfill their function of affirming the ruling scheme of things.

One FE correspondent wrote us soon after the horrific bombing in Oklahoma City saying the event "would leave an indelible mark on the American psyche." It's doubtful that anyone other than the residents of that city will remember it with much intensity beyond the next spoon-fed mediaspasm. Attempting to invoke a faded issue is like a TV rerun—it may be capable of still evoking some emotion, however reduced, but it is devoid of the official affirmation which gave the spectacle its initial power.

If the images do remain at all, they will more likely haunt those of us who have reacted to similar massacres and bombings across the world. Massive bombing death tolls with scenes of burnt, dead children are commonplace in Iraq, Lebanon, and El Salvador, often initiated at the behest of the agencies housed in the Oklahoma City federal building. We grieve for the children of Baghdad and Beirut as well as those in the American city, but the perpetrators of the Oklahoma bombing weren't reacting to distant slaughters, only to a select few which fit their political ideology.

Oklahoma City was, in the words of

Malcolm X following the assassination of John F. Kennedy, "the chickens coming home to roost." It was an act of calculated revenge for an official atrocity against other innocent adults and children. Still, we should have nothing but condemna-

nothing of the children who perished. Maybe the bombers justified the scattergun attack with the rationale that the deadly government assault on the Branch Davidians in Waco, Texas recognized no distinction of age or position either.



Michigan militiamen at a gun rights rally, Lansing, Mich., Sept. 25, 1994. —photo/Bruce Giffin

ing and Urban Development (HUD) agency and the federal credit union, to say

Disarming Dead Gods Armageddon To Some

by Andrei Codrescu

The people eagerly awaiting Armageddon, from religious fundamentalists to paranoid Nazis, have no choice but to wish a fiery end. They've been such failures in this world, only the end of it can justify their miserable, creepy existence.

The fact is that their world has already ended, a long time ago, despite their proto-philosophy's occasional spurts of life. The apparent strength of fanatics from Iran to Michigan is no more than the jerky motions of a corpse animated by electric shocks. The God buried by Nietzsche in the last century found scores of other gods in that grave: one of humanity's best tricks is the invention and disposal of gods.

But gods do not go quietly: ideally they would like to take every living thing with them. Their afterdeaths are stormy. The rush to divide God's legacy pits those who would take the virtues of kindness and righteous living against those who bible-thump for vengeance and the Apocalypse.

One whole century of science, but not progress, has gone by since the old bearded guy was pronounced kaput. Our tools have outstripped by far any psychological improvement. The insanity of Hitler's Germans half a century ago is a perfect example of what can be done by technically competent people steeped in murky Nordic fairy tales, twilight sentimentality,

kitsch culture, and medieval Christianity.

If the baby Nazis in Michigan or the bearded baby mullahs were armed only with slingshots, they would be no more dangerous than mosquitoes. The trouble is, their pea shooters are atomic.

This wasn't the case with the followers of Baal or Jupiter or Vishnu who could cause only limited damage. Germany may have been militarily defeated in World War 2, but the hunger for simple explanations and the anger that drove national-socialism lives on.

Of course, it's easier to believe, like Pat Robertson or Colonel Norm Olson of the Michigan Militia, that a Masonic-Jewish conspiracy rules the world, than to try to figure out where the pictures on their TV really come from. It's easier to end the world than to learn it. If we want to stem the tide of violence swelling from such ignorance, we must engage in some vigorous battles to demystify the paranoid delusions on which the hateful feed.

The time has come to disarm the dead gods.

Andrei Codrescu was first published in the Fifth Estate in 1967, shortly after his arrival from Romania. His new book, *Zombification: Essays from National Public Radio, where he is a commentator, is in the stores, as is his audio book, Fax Your Prayers.*

came out of the extensive network of heavily armed militias, neo-Nazi and Klan formations, and the violent wing of the anti-abortion movement. The personnel and ideology of these intertwining proto-fascist groups have coalesced to the point where they now constitute a coherent and dangerous movement. Only a few years ago they were found only on the extreme fringes of society. The zine, *Extraphile* (POB 5585, Arlington VA 22205) reminded us of Georges Bataille's comment that if you give a Christian a gun, you've got a fascist.

Comrade Militiamen?

It is a curious phenomenon to hear talk by some people who should know better, that these whackos possess a kernel of radicality in their opposition to the government. These observers have to ignore the right-wingers' paranoid fantasies about the New World Order, weather manipulation, and a UN takeover of the U.S. (this by an armed force which can't even defend itself in Bosnia and has always functioned as an instrument of U.S. policy) to elevate them above the level of common fascists.

Rebellion is not exclusive to the left. Hitler, Mussolini and Franco were all "rebels" against the established order and their followers considered themselves "revolutionaries." Right-wing squawking about "our rights being taken away" usually means they can't fill in wetlands, or range their cattle through federal land, or own machine guns. When you press them for what recent group of rights are being eroded, little substantive is forthcoming. Certainly they offer nothing that involves an understanding, let alone a condemna-

tion, of the basic elements of capitalism, industrialism, patriarchy and racism.

Ultimately, theirs is a pseudo-rebellion which begins and ends on the same social terrain. An equation of it with the traditions of classic anarchism or modern libertarian revolution is specious and pathetic—a desperate gesture on the part of some leftists who see any criticism of the government as "hopeful."

Also, some anarchists and leftists appreciate the militias as being an armed opposition, as if their fetishistic, phallic worship of weaponry is not only admirable, but could be militarily effective against the government. Psychopathology aside, it is tactical idiocy to think these armed bozos could stand up to the 82nd Airborne.

No Left-Wing Militias Allowed

Beside the fact that the government is currently no more or less tyrannical than usual (perhaps even less so today if one looks at periods of repression—native genocide, the 1930s and 60s, etc.), waving guns around and forming militia and guerrilla training camps is something the government will only permit the right-wing to do. Set up a left-wing, black or anarchist equivalent and see what happens.

As it is, armed opposition by leftists has a poor track record in this country in modern times. From the anarchist bombers and assassins of the early part of this century to the Weather Underground of the 1970s, acts of terror have done little more than assure the destruction of the radical groups involved and usually only gain sympathy for the target. As can be seen in the Clinton 1984-ish Anti-Terrorism Bill, the government uses acts like the Oklahoma bombing as an excuse for increasing its repressive powers.

In another example, the so-called Unabomber has carried out a campaign of mail bombings over the last 17 years, causing several deaths and numerous injuries among people working in genetic engineering, computers, and most recently, a publicist who promoted destruction of old growth forests. After identifying himself in a letter to The New York Times as an anarchist (Berkeley, California's Sling-shot, said, "Thanks a lot, asshole."), over 100 agents were assigned to the Oakland, Calif. FBI office to look for the Unabomber. And, guess who they'll be checking out.

In a May 7, 1995 article about the Unabomber, entitled "Prominent Anarchist Finds Unsought Ally in Serial Bomber," The New York Times interviewed radical theorist and sometime Fifth Estate and Anarchy contributor John Zerzan. After a confused presentation of anti-industrial ideas and goofy descriptions of John, the article ominously fingered the locus of the movement as being in "Oregon and Northern California [which is] dotted by a number of anarchist bookstores and reading rooms." Since Earth First! activists have already been under severe physical assault, this type of publicity only sets the stage for legitimizing more attacks on them and others associated with radical environmentalism and anarchism.

For all its horrors, industrialism can't be destroyed by a lone individual offering replaceable operatives of the machine. Whether s/he bombs or publishes in The Times or Penthouse, the Unabomber verges on being just another blip in the media. The key is to turn around the daily collaboration with capital of millions of people—a much tougher prospect.

The UK Struggle Against Roads

Ecopolitics & the Free State: The Conflict Over the M77 Motorway in Scotland

by Pablo Routledge

Just to the south of Glasgow, amid the woodlands and park lands of Pollok estate, a site of extraordinary resistance has emerged.

From the roadside, a huge red banner with bright yellow letters proclaims "Pollok Free State," and where the road gives way to a dirt track, amid tall beech trees, one enters a place transformed.

Huge carved totems of eagles, ravens and owls stand as silent sentinels below tree houses. Shingle paths wind past recycling containers, sunflower beds, a small kitchen and an information center in the process of construction.

A campfire is tended throughout the day and night, symbolic of the residents' spirit of resistance. Scattered amid the woodlands are a varied array of benders and tents—the homes of the residents of Pollok Free State. Multi-colored flags flutter in the wind, upon them the message "Save our Dear Green Place."

The dear green place is Glasgow in the Gaelic tongue, and the Free State is the symbol of the resistance to the spectre that is haunting Glasgow—construction of the M77 motorway extension through Pollok Estate. The motorway, if completed, would cut a swathe of concrete and traffic through what is the city's largest green space. Opposition to this road is Scotland's first anti-motorway ecopolitical struggle. The proposed destruction of Pollock estate is one more step in the enclosing and privatizing of public land—a continuing process in the British Isles since the seventeenth century.

The Roots of the Conflict

Pollok estate is an area of farm, park and woodland stretching for 1,118 acres, three

miles south of Glasgow's city center. The park lands, oak and beech woodlands, and the White Cart River provide habitats for a rich variety of wildlife. In 1939 Sir John Maxwell of Pollok, founder of the National Trust for Scotland, bequeathed Pollok estate to the citizens of Glasgow, stating they "should remain forever as open spaces of woodland for the enhancement of the beauty of the neighborhood and for the benefit of the citizens of Glasgow."

Although opposition to the motorway dates back to the 1970s, several recent developments saw the resistance coalesce into a more potent force. In the spring of 1994, Glasgow Earth First! was formed, a non-hierarchical group committed to engaging in nonviolent direct action to prevent further environmental destruction. The group soon began to focus its energy on the M77 issue.

In April 1994, various community and environmental organizations merged to launch the Stop the Ayr Road Route (STARR) Alliance. In June 1994, the Pollok Free State camp was established and acts as a potent, visible symbol of opposition to the motorway.

Continued on page 8

Roads, a key component of modern technological civilization, create increased traffic, noise, poison runoff, eliminate flora and fauna, and split neighborhoods apart. Here are two reports from the United Kingdom on efforts to stop roadbuilding projects.

Police Break London Anti-Road Blockade

By Alec Smart
Special to the Fifth Estate

LONDON—The last remaining group of 25 houses in the path of a contested road construction in London were cleared and bulldozed late last year.

The "No M11 Link Campaign" created Operation Roadblock to stop work on Claremont road in Leytonstone, an East London working class district situated on the southern end of a seven kilometer construction project, linking the M11 motorway from Wanstead to the Blackwall Tunnel.

The action was carried out by environmentalists occupying and fortifying vacated houses and by residents who had been ordered to move squatting in their own homes. Road building was entirely shut down for a month in March 1994. The protests have cost the hated 300 million pound project millions more in down time and security measures.

The final effort to forcibly remove the determined occupants of Claremont Road

involved a five-day assault by an estimated force of 1,000 police, bailiffs, and security guards and cost the British taxpayers over two million pounds (the most expensive civil eviction in U.K. history).

In mid-November 1994, 91-year-old Dolly, Claremont Road's last "legitimate" resident (whose house was force-purchased by the Department of Transport) became ill and was moved to a care home. Bailiffs quickly implemented eviction proceedings to remove over 400 squatters and environmental protesters.

On Monday, November 28 the police operation began in earnest. Several "false alarms" had taken place earlier in the month, leaving the 400 resisting the eviction somewhat skeptical as to whether this was "the real thing." Without the skepticism, numbers would have been higher.

The cops diverted transport and sealed off the Leytonstone neighborhood. Local residents turned out to offer support to the dem-



One of nine cars which comprise Carhenge—a symbol of carmageddon.

evictions until 2 p.m., even though the first wave of search squads swept and removed 250 roadblock operations from the adjacent area.

Inside The Ratrun

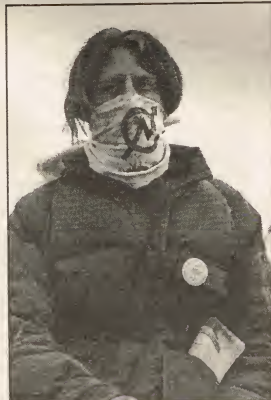
A giant spider web of rope netting had been strung over the northern end of Claremont Road, linking tree houses and rooftops to a wooden tower 16-meters high. A woman scrambling across the netting became dislodged and grabbed the extended bucket arm of a construction worker's portable digger to prevent falling. The driver reversed the digger suddenly, hurling the woman seven meters to the road below where she lay unconscious. Police officers, indifferent to the possibility of injuries, hauled her up roughly and carried her away.

Protesters inside the "Ratrun" (a basement tunnel linking two terraced houses) sealed themselves beneath several tons of rubble. They had collected and piled up the rubble earlier and used a trip-pole to release it to entomb themselves below ground. However, police removed them relatively quickly on the second day of the operation by digging by hand through the boulders, bricks and concrete blocks to arrest the Ratrun occupiers.

Many of the rooftop and tree house occupiers came down during the second day. As the sun set, they faced the daunting prospect of another long winter night exposed to the elements. Mary had sat on an angled tiled rooftop for 24 hours with no blankets or food. She declared, "I was so cold. Basically we had no sleep as we were constantly expecting the bailiffs to come up and pull us off. I couldn't wait to come down!"

Late Tuesday afternoon, sleep deprivation provoked Kate to abandon her treetop position, along with six others. Sitting on a cor-

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Protester at Operation Roadblock in London. photo: Langelle/NFN

onstrators who took to the treetops, towers, tunnel and roofs in the early hours of Monday morning. The police didn't begin the

Police Break Anti-Road London Blockade

Continued from page 5

rugated iron roof with one blanket between them, she explained, "Had we come down, we would have been escorted off site. We had water, but no one dared drink it in case you'd need to piss!"

Noisy generators and floodlights were kept on continuously by the construction security personnel. Mike, on the pretext that he intended to use a police ladder to help some tree dwellers climb down, borrowed it from officers who were scaling the wall of a house. Instead, he used it to climb into a tree after which he hauled the ladder up into the branches, keeping it from the cops for several hours.

Among those evicted from Claremont was an autistic boy and his family as well as six old-age pensioners. Demonstrators locked arms within concrete-filled washing machines, or U-locked their necks onto rings plugged into the bitumen road.

By the third morning, one hundred people were still on the rooftops.

A giant 30 meter high tower, constructed with scaffolding poles (and smothered with grass and barbed wire) became the last staging-post for the Claremont Road resistance. Bailiffs used a cherry picking machine to remove the eight demonstrators from its upper reaches. Mick, a resident-turned-squatter (on whose roof the tower was erected) climbed down voluntarily on the third day of the police operation (30th December).

The last person to be evicted from Claremont Road was a man who descended from the scaffold tower on Saturday morning, after holding out for five days.

The police sweep and evictions ended the possibility that the opposition could directly block the path of the Motorway link construction (as no further occupied premises lay in the path of the developers), but protests are continuing.

At present, an average of two "invasions" a week of the site by protesters occur with activists spontaneously storming into construction zones and clambering on machinery to halt work. Cases are scheduled to go before courts of all those arrested in connection with the M11 protests.

Legal Fund contributions (labeled as such) or information: No M11 Campaign, P.O. Box 965, Leytonstone Delivery Office, 6 Joseph Ray Road, London E11 1AA U.K.

Alec Smart may be reached c/o Black, White and Green, 10 Waterloo Place, Brighton BN2 2NB, England.



Disrupting the M11 construction site. The crane is festooned with ribbons and an Earth First! banner.
—photo/Alec Smart

Welcome to the long time coming Summer edition of the Fifth Estate. It is our first since the Winter 1995 issue which was published Dec. 31, 1994. Subscribers (and particularly libraries) frequently think they have missed issues when six months go by between our papers. For instance, they'll understandably inquire, "Where's the Spring 1995 edition,?" although there wasn't one.

We are formally a quarterly which means each volume should have four issues in a year. Volumes count from the first year of publication and the number following it indicates how many editions have been published in a year. Last year, we printed only two issues and this is the first of this year.

The best way to keep track of issues is by the figure in parentheses following the number of issues for the year which shows how many we have printed since our origins in 1965. This edition is #346 and is in sequence from the last one.

Normally, we have a supplementary mailing midway between issues to service new subscribers, resupply our sellers and bookstores, and re-send papers to subscribers who have moved and failed to notify us. The post office notifies us of address changes, but will not forward Second Class mail. However, due to a number of unforeseen circumstances, this mailing did not take place, meaning none of the above occurred.

So, if you moved before the end of the last year, you missed an excellent issue which included a Fifth Estate basic statement, reflections on the Republican triumph in the Nov. 1994 elections, an anti-nuclear power supplement, and a provocative article denouncing e-mail prompting the spirited letters exchange in this issue. If you missed the last edition and would like it sent, please write or call.

This also means we have more papers left over than usual. We are willing to ship any number of this issue for free distribution at events, coffeehouses or demos for the cost of only postage. Send us a particular sum and we'll stuff a bag or box filled with how many it'll pay for.



Fifth Estate Anti-Nuke Special
We also have a large number of the 8-page anti-nuke supplement still available, which is a perfect piece for distribution at the many Hiroshima 50th anniversary commemoration actions which will be occurring around the country this Aug. 6. If you want bulk copies, send a few bucks and

DETROIT SEEN

we'll ship out a supply.

This October marks the 30th anniversary of this paper, but preparation for a proper celebration has yet to begin. One staff member has suggested a weekend camp-out with wild rural revelry, while others want to maximize attendance by holding a soiree at a local saloon with bands providing the music for a night of dancing and festivity. Actually, unless someone volunteers to coordinate the event, the date commemorating three decades of publishing may go by with only a note in the paper to mark it.

Ah, hunting; the Call of the Wild; autumn adventure; deer camp; Men! Men! Men!; bringing home the buck from up North. What a load of crap! As it turns out, almost two-thirds of Michigan firearm hunters and three-quarters of the bow hunters are showing what sportsmen they are by using

bait to lure game within bow or bullet range. In fact, hunt bait is a \$30 million a year industry in Michigan with many farmers growing sugar beets, carrots and corn specifically for the bait market, and some hunters drop tons in the woods each season to assure a kill.

A current debate in the Mich. Dept. of Natural Resources over banning the practice is based less on tender concern for the deer, and more about a recent spate of conflicts between hunters that have arisen over baiting. In one case, an Upper Peninsula whacked-out gun nut killed a Detroit cop who was hunting in "his" territory which he had baited.

One forlorn hunter ascribed the rise in baiting to the demands of the modern world: "A lot of us work really long hours and we don't have the time to spend a week or two in deer camp like our grandfathers."

ATTILIO BORTOLOTTI —1903-1995— He Lived for the Ideal

Attilio Bortolotti died of pneumonia on February 10, 1995, in a nursing home near Toronto. He was born on September 19, 1903, in Codroipo, Friuli, Italy, the fifteenth of eighteen children of Luigi Bortolotti, a builder, and Maria Pittana.

Tilio emigrated to Canada in 1920 and became active in the anarchist and antifascist movements in Windsor and Detroit during the agitation for Sacco and Vanzetti. Arrested in Detroit in 1929 for distributing a leaflet announcing a Sacco-Vanzetti meeting, he was held for deportation to Italy, but jumped bail and fled to Toronto. There he worked as a tool-and-die maker and resumed his anarchist activities, editing *Il Libertario* from 1933 to 1935 and *The Libertarian* in 1968 and 1969.

In 1934, Bortolotti met Emma Goldman, who was living at the time in Toronto, and the two became close friends. In 1939, when Bortolotti was threatened with deportation—and certain death at the hands of Mussolini—Emma immediately took up the fight, securing an attorney and raising funds for her comrade's defense. Bortolotti, she said, was "one of the biggest men we have in our movement, intellectually and morally, besides being a tremendous worker. He is like so many of the Spanish comrades. He lives for nothing else but for his ideal."

Emma's campaign was successful, and Bortolotti was set free. A month later, however, Emma suffered a stroke, from which she died on May 14, 1940. The Bortolotti case had been her last battle against the state.—Paul Avrich

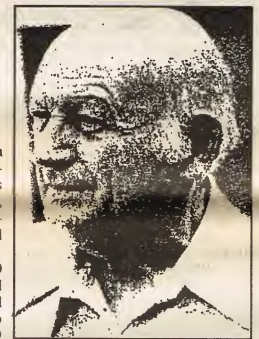
At the Fifth Estate dedicate this issue to our comrade, Attilio Bortolotti. Tilio was also known as Art Bartell to his many friends and to the projects he so generously supported. His disdain for governments and religion and his hatred of war began at an early age and continued throughout his life. Even when working in Detroit and Windsor auto factories, he tirelessly promoted his anarchist ideal.

Tilio was a pamphleteer, soapbox orator, organizer of anarchist theater presentations and initiated many *cenas* (dinners) where he and his comrades raised untold sums throughout the years for "the publications and the political victims."

Tilio's life spanned almost the entire century, and his political work intersected with the major events of the times. His insistence on international solidarity and relentless pursuit of "the Ideal" is a tradition of which we feel a part and hope to continue this lineage of revolt into the next century.

We mourn the loss of our friend and comrade even as we realize that his life, filled with devotion to the cause of anarchism, was as rich as one can have.

We send our heartfelt condolences to his companion Libera and his son Libero.



The Centralia Massacre

Following World War I, A Wobbly Is Lynched By The American Legion



By Alon K. Raab

As we travel north on Oregon's Highway Five, from Portland towards Seattle, places and names go by: Castle Rock, Cougar, Mt. St. Helens, Onalaska. A November rain is falling, light rain, blessed rain. We cross the Chehalis river and then approach Centralia, Washington.

There are places whose names remain connected with the past, with a specific event that will forever remind strangers of their existence. Bhopal, Selma, Auschwitz, Soweto and Chernobyl are such places. People begin lives anew on those sites, building houses, giving birth, loving, but the associations persist. Centralia also has its beast of memory.

In 1919, a fateful event, later known as "The Centralia Massacre," occurred in this seemingly typical mill town. It was a time and a place where local businessmen, police, press, and judicial system, combined to murder workers and commit a travesty of justice. A town where the forces of hatred were unleashed upon those who were perceived as less than human. A town that is just beginning to address what happened.

On the day before Thanksgiving 1994, seventy-five years after the events, my friend Seth and I are on the road. We pass by a gigantic highway billboard, erected by a local farmer. The specific targets of his attacks are changed often, but the scorn heaped on anyone to the left of the John Birch Society is constant.

Further on we are assaulted by the acid stench produced by the town's local mill. When the road sign for Centralia appears, we take the exit into town, and into a past full of darkness and shame, but also of resistance and into a present that is slowly being streaked with light.

The Meshal, Taitinapam, Cowlitz and Nisqually tribes lived here for thousands of years before being driven away, as the European conquest and destruction reached the Northwest. Agriculture and the lumber industry soon controlled the life of the town.

Class Combat Declaration

In the second decade of this century, Centralia was not only a center of produc-

tion but also of workers' activity. The most influential group was the IWW—Industrial Workers of the World. The Wobblies, as they were known, were radicals whose constitution opened with class combat declaration, "The working class and the employing class have nothing in common." Today, unions evoke images of corrupt leaders in cahoots with company owners, but the IWW of the 1910s was a militant and revolutionary outfit.

Organizing mostly among miners, timber workers, women, and minorities, the IWW demanded better working conditions and fair pay, but also advocated the overthrow of the capitalist system by a general strike after workers were formed into One Big Union. Using innovative forms of action, from slow-downs and sabotage to humorous songs and art, the IWW was a culture of resistance.

The ruling elites perceived the Wobblies as a serious threat and responded to IWW strikes by firing upon workers, mass arrests on trumped up charges, and assassinating Wobbly organizers. In Centralia, on May 18, 1918, armed vigilantes raided the local IWW headquarters and after destroying it, marched dozens of Wobblies out of town, threatening to kill them. The Wobblies returned, however and rebuilt their office. On Armistice day, November 11, 1919, an American Legion parade was held amidst public knowledge that some of the marchers had plans to attack the reconstructed IWW hall.

Seventy-five years is not a long time in historical terms. At the center of Centralia we find Tower Street, where the parade marched. The Roderick Hotel in which the IWW office was located, at Second and Tower, was destroyed, and the block was not rebuilt. Closing my eyes, I could almost hear the sounds of the parade, the drums, the stomping, and then the storming of the hall.

As the doors were torn open, armed Wobblies defended themselves, and four Legionnaires were shot to death. One of the Wobbly defenders, Wesley Everest, fled towards the Skookumchuck River, but could not cross the swelling waters. Cornered by his angry pursuers, he shot at them, wounding one, before being captured. Led back into town, he was severely beaten by Legionnaires, Boy Scouts, and town people,

until his head was a bloody mass of welts.

He was taken to the town jail, already crowded with his fellow workers, and tossed bleeding on the freezing cement floor outside of the cell block. As night fell, electricity to the city was suddenly cut off, and a mob of armed men entered the jail and seized Everest. The other Wobblies were behind locked cell doors and were thus spared. Everest was shoved into a car, castrated, and led to a bridge over the Chehalis river. A rope was fastened to his neck and he was tossed over the railing. Still breathing, he was hung again and shot, to the cheers of hundreds of Centralia's good citizens.

Several blocks away, we stand by the old police station, still in operation. Next to it is the office of The Centralia Chronicle. During the first two decades of the century this paper fanned the flames of hatred towards the "reds." The day following the lynching, it praised the mob action as "the natural result of a red handed revolutionary getting his just deserts without loss of time or the painfully slow process of law."

We enter The Book Quest, a store, located in the town's center. Alongside the popular books of Jean Auel and Chaim Potok we find a large selection of books about regional history. The two young booksellers know of the 1919 events and show us several titles, including the 1920 pamphlet, *The Centralia Conspiracy*, written by IWW writer Ralph Chaplin.

One of the clerks goes next door and returns with his father, Roger Stewart. An articulate man in his early fifties, he has lived here for the past 31 years. "It was a very conservative town when I moved down here. Things have changed a bit, but just a bit," Roger says.

For many years there was a code of silence about the events. The public library was not allowed to keep materials about the case, and in the town's official history book a mere three lines are devoted to the events that made the town famous. In the early 1980's, Jackie Morgan, a Historical Society worker, tried to find out more, but her bosses warned her not to pursue the research.

"People stay here all their lives, and their parents and grandparents were involved in what occurred," Roger comments. Gesturing to a lawyer's office across the street,

Roger mentions that the man's father served as the lawyer for the mill owners as well as the prosecutor in the trial of the Wobblies. Roger goes on to describe how Wobblies were hunted like animals and charged with murder. Eight of the men were convicted and languished in jail for two decades.

None of the lynch mob was ever tried even though their identities were well known. They were all leading citizens, lawyers, doctors, store owners, church goers. They hid their actions for many years, preferring to present their version of what happened. "In this town there are just too many skeletons in the closet," adds Roger. "Who wants to find out their parents lynched a human being just because he thought differently?"

We see this official history a few minutes later at the very center of town, by the library. A long marble slab leads toward a large statue. On it are the names of townspeople killed in U.S. wars, from World War I to Desert Storm, with space left for the names of future cannon fodder in the service of the empire. Entitled *The Sentinel*, the statue is a larger than life soldier standing and gazing vigilantly outward.

On the base of the monument is an inscription praising the Legionnaires who died during the assault on the IWW headquarters, "slain while on peaceful parade. It was their destiny—rather it was their duty—the highest of us is but a sentry at his post." The statue and its location at the heart of this town frame the context in which the city leaders chose to enshrine the past in the collective memory.

Roger phones his friend John Baker and informs him of our interest in the 1919 events, and we are invited over. Baker is the owner of Sticklin Greenwood Memorial Park, where Everest is buried.

Driving through the town, past taverns with "No Firearms Allowed" signs, down a street lined with fast food restaurants and a lone cafe advertising espresso, we turn north, and, by the freeway, see John. Tall and thin, with sharp movements, bespectacled with closely cropped hair, he is raking leaves. As we get out of the car he greets us with a handshake.

Twenty years ago he taught philosophy

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Ecopolitics & the Free State

Continued from page 5

If the STARR Alliance represents the many branches of the struggle, then the Pollok Free State is the root. The camp in Barrhead woods is situated directly in the projected path of the motorway. Tree houses, carved totems, benders and tents, marked out a colorful, defensible space that stands in stark contrast to the ugly scar of rock and gravel that awaits the road-builder's tarmac.

During July and August, various events were held at the Camp to garner local support for the struggle, including concerts with local musicians, vegan and vegetarian feasts, and family entertainment days. These events culminated on August 20, when the Camp declared independence from the United Kingdom. Pollok Free State passports were

"Tree houses, carved totems, benders and tents, mark out a colorful, defensible space standing in stark contrast to the ugly scar of rock and gravel awaiting the road-builder's tarmac."

issued, on which the declaration of independence was printed. The Free State now has over 1,000 passport-holding citizens and twelve permanent residents.

During the first two weeks of February, when Wimpey Construction, which has the £3.5 million pound contract for building the M77 route, the conflict heated up considerably. Activists chained and locked themselves to chain saws in order to stop construction work, while Wimpey workers engaged in hit and run tactics, felling a few trees at a particular site until activists arrived, and then leaving the site to work elsewhere.

Wimpey's work was slowed down considerably, but several activists were arrested for breaches of the peace. During one of these confrontations, Scottish Tory Minister Allan Stewart threatened activists with a pickaxe—an act of aggression that resulted in his subsequent resignation, and possible prosecution.

Guards Quit Their Posts

On Valentine's Day, over 200 police and 150 security guards made a surprise attack on Pollok Free State, sealing off all access roads within a two-mile radius, and enabling Wimpey to fell a 200-yard stretch of elm and oak woodland. During the day, however, 26 security guards quit their posts and joined the protesters. Said one: "They were manhandling women and children. I have a wife and four kids to feed but I'd rather go back on the dole than this." Also, over 100 school children from Pollok left their lessons to join the protest and succeeded in stopping the felling by climbing on a bulldozer.

Since then, an increasing number of local people have joined the protest, and local school children have begun organizing a boycott of class so they can participate in the defense of the woodlands. In addition, photographs are published of local residents who work as security guards and urge them to join their neighbors in opposing the road.

The Camp is an attempt to create a posi-

tive alternative to the road. It draws on the skills of the local community and serves as an inspirational focal point for resistance and nonviolent direct action. In the attempt to nurture community empowerment, the resistance has attracted a *bricolage* of local talents—silversmiths, artists, scaffolders, tree surgeons, carpenters, musicians and cooks.

All have contributed their skills to create this alternative. The Camp advocates and experiments with ideas of alternative technology, architecture and eco-art. Near the camp activists have constructed "Carhenge"—a circle of nine cars buried hood-down into the roadbed—as a symbol of carmageddon, and a collection of the only cars that will ever use the M77.

Like the branches of a tree, the resistance to the motorway spreads in numerous directions. It includes locals, students, travelers, environmentalists, academics, planners, politicians, councilors and the unemployed. The resistance also has supporters from various communities of Glasgow, Scotland, England, Australia, New Zealand, Sweden, Germany and the United States.

The resistance has succeeded in generating much favorable local and national press coverage. In a recent newspaper poll of read-

ers' opinions regarding the M77, over 68% of the respondents articulated their opposition to the construction of the motorway. This popular opposition has led to compilation of a list of names of 3,000 local people who have pledged to resist construction of the motorway through direct action. Giving free play to the imagination, all manner of direct actions will be effected to act as a "market force" threatening to impose on the road builders millions of pounds in extra security costs and delays.

The Region's Roads Department advanced a variety of predictable justifications for the construction of the motorway extension, stating it would: (i) assist economic development; (ii) save traveling time for road users; (iii) reduce road accidents; (iv) reduce road congestion; (v) improve the reliability of the public bus transport system; and (vi) enhance environmental conditions by removing traffic from residential and shopping streets.

However, opponents of the M77 easily rebut their arguments. Environmentally, the road will cause increased noise and air pollution, destroying the tranquility of the western Pollok estate and exacerbating health problems. The road will destroy Glasgow's largest green space, causing irreparable damage to woodland and wildlife habitats, while also contributing to the process of global warming.

The motorway will foster increased reliance on car use, exacerbating environmental problems. Economically, the motorway will facilitate car commuting, generating increased traffic. An estimated 53,000 vehicles a day would be funneled across the already congested Kingston Bridge in Glasgow, which is at present undergoing repairs due to damage caused by excessive traffic use.

Socially, the motorway would only benefit car users, and not serve the local communities of Mosspark, Cokerhill, Pollok, Nitshill, Carnwadric, and Kennishead where car use is low. It has been estimated that up to 75% of Glasgow's population do not have

access to car transport.

The road would sever access of these local communities to the Pollok estate (which is a safe recreational area for children) and would cut them off from each other.

Resistance Proclaims Its Refusal

By occupying the woodlands earmarked for felling, and by designating this site as a place of affirmation and creativity—as a Free State—the resistance has sought to reclaim the land from the road builders. In doing so, the resistance proclaims its refusal for the land to be appropriated for private ends, for yet more cars and more environmental de-

struction.

The Free State embodies the roots of the resistance, and like the roots of the trees it protects, the resistance will cling to the earth for its sustenance and not be moved.

For further information, solidarity and contributions, contact: Glasgow Earth First!, PO Box 180, Glasgow G4 9AB, Scotland; tel.: 041-810 1600.

Pablo Routledge last wrote for the Fifth Estate in our Summer 1989 edition about peasant resistance to a missile base in Baliaipal, India.

The Centralia Massacre

Continued from page 7

in Florida, but his wife inherited land in Washington. When he arrived, he discovered their 30 acres included the cemetery. The marriage ended, but John remained. The walls of his house are covered with dozens of paintings given to him by mourners. John tells us he has become so immersed in the life of Wesley Everest and the events surrounding his death that he even changed the last four digits of his phone number to 1919.

I am always amazed by people who retain every bit of information about the Kennedy assassination or UFO sightings, and Baker possesses a similar memory. Gesturing with his hands, he speaks passionately about bullet projectiles, the position of the IWW workers when their hall was raided, the various books that were written and the various shortcomings of their accounts, as well as of his current research into the true identity of William Shakespeare.

An Unmarked Grave

My head is swirling with names and figures as we walk to the cemetery. My favorite cemeteries are London's High Gate and Prague's old burial grounds, full of shrubs and bent stones. Here, however, crypts stand in rows, like cars in a parking lot, creating an eerie effect. After his murder, Everest's body was dumped into an unmarked grave. 15 years later a marker was erected bearing the IWW emblem. It announces simply and without detail, "In memory of Wesley Everest, Killed Nov. 11, 1919, age 32." A man's life squeezed into a single date. An identity in stone.

The dead Legionnaires and the local elite are buried in the town's other cemetery, so Wesley's peace is assured. Several years ago, a Centralia resident, Goldie Horst, began to place flowers by the grave, fulfilling the request of a friend who knew Everest. Only our visit and the sound of an occasional crow make a dent in Wesley's eternal rest.

John suggests we go to the Lewis County Historical Museum where, for the first time in 75 years, an exhibit about the 1919 events is displayed. The museum sits by the Chehalis railroad tracks and an old military tank is stationed at its entrance. Wondering what secrets this machine of death is guarding, we enter.

The museum resembles many other county museums I have visited—a collection of knickknacks honoring the lives of the area's pioneers and their wealthy descendants, with barely a word about the Native Americans who inhabited the land or the workers who made the wealth possible. Yet here, nestled between dance

shoes of society ladies and a fancy car from a bygone era, is a small wall devoted to the events that drew us to the town.

The exhibit consists of photos and newspaper reprints, with short captions. It seems like an attempt to provide even handed treatment. The union is presented as an organization with a clear and legitimate political agenda and the repression it experienced is described. There is biographical information about Wesley Everest, from his birth in Newberg and Portland childhood, to his union organizing. There is even information about his participation in a 1913 Coos Bay strike, where armed company goons forced him to crawl in the streets and kiss an American flag before beating him up and leaving him for dead in a ditch.

The curator, Brenda O'Conner explains that she tried to present "just the facts." The exhibit has aroused much interest, she tells us, and save for the grumbling of several older war veterans, has been well received. Another museum worker, Jane Brock, a woman in her early fifties, joins the conversation. "I grew up in Centralia, but I always believed the Wobblies' side of the story. What was done to them was a terrible thing, a shameful thing. It is good that at last the town is confronting its past."

Ideology of Greed

The museum exhibit is a step in the right direction. However, any attempt to situate the events of 1919 in the context of other struggles for social and economic justice is missing. 1919 is not just ancient history. The forces that controlled the town 75 years ago are the same ones still dominant today, in Centralia, in Portland, everywhere. The local mill owners have been replaced by multinationals and their methods of repression are usually subtler since resistance has lessened. However, their ideology of greed and their willingness to use violence against those who would challenge their rule is as powerful as ever.

As we drive out of town, passing by the spot where Wesley Everest's body swayed from a trestle (still known by the locals as Hangman's Bridge), I think of the need to build alternatives to the way the world was ruled in 1919 and still is today. Not waiting for the revolution, but as Wesley Everest and the Wobblies believed, engaging in the important task of creating the new within the shell of the old.

Alan K. Raab's "The Revolt of the Bats" appeared in the Fall/Winter 1993 Fifth Estate.

News & Views from (The Former) Sovietky Soyuz

—from No. 3 February 1995

In December, about a dozen anarchists picketed the Indonesian embassy in Moscow, protesting the continuing occupation of East Timor and the genocide of its population. A couple of articles about the tragedy of East Timor were published in some (almost mainstream) papers, thus putting an end to the 20-year-old silence of Russian propaganda on this topic. Unfortunately, this time the Moscow office of BHP (a company extracting oil from East Timor in spite of occupation and genocide there) wasn't spray painted and trashed, but we'll sure do it next time.

Protests against the war in Chechnya sparked some life into the anarchist scene in Moscow. Anarchists participated in most of the demonstrations and pickets against the war. December also saw the biggest demonstration against the war (several thousand people, ranging from Communists to liberals and the Chechen community of Moscow). They tried to organize a small "radical" march on the Defence Ministry together with some young Communists, Trots and radical liberals, but were stopped by the police. Several people were arrested later in the evening.

Five activists of the radical Democratic Union and anarchists painted the Defence Ministry with anti-war slogans and even "bombed" it with fireworks. Some of them were reported to the police and arrested, but the court set them free without any fines. There was also some leafleting in Moscow metro (which is now filled with policemen and military, looking for "Chechen terrorists"), with a couple of people arrested and fined, and some spray painting around the city. In January, some Moscow anarchists and radical liberals from the Democratic Union spray painted 13 military call-up stations with anti-war and anti-imperialist slogans. They are also planning an active campaign against the military call-up this spring.

In Nizhny Novgorod (former Gorky), the local Anarchist Club, Rainbow Keepers and the local Green Party launched a campaign against the military institutions and the war in Chechnya. Local call-up stations were spray painted with slogans like "Russia shouldn't be a gendarme!", "Turn your arms against those who send you to kill!" and "Here are the headquarters of the fascist army." This happened after the local authorities remained deaf to the demands of pro-

НА ГОГОЛЕВСКОМ БУЛЬВАРЕ On Gogol Boulevard



An anti-Chechnya war demonstration in Gdansk sponsored by that city's Anarchist Federation. The burning effigy is Boris Yeltsin. —photo: I. Balu

testers who were organizing pickets. Well, if they still will be deaf, anarchists promised to go further than words.

In Tver, a city located in the middle of the road between Moscow and St. Petersburg, anarchists participate in a campaign against the construction of a superhighway between the two capitals. Construction of the superhighway, that will have a deep base is likely to destroy the natural underground water system of the region.

Last September, Moscow anarchists and punks were trying to defend their "property rights" to a basement that was for some time used as a non-commercial club named first after the infamous sell-out Jerry Rubin and later after Ho Chi Minh (due to the fact that the club was situated not far from a square named after him and a surreal monument to Ho). On New Year's Eve anarchists had a rather nice party there after which the club finally moved out into nowhere. Since both the Jerry Rubin/Ho Chi Minh Club and the "A" Club which was run by anarchists were homeless, they decided to join their forces. There are some reasons to believe that this union will bring about not only a cheap club where kids can hang out, but some constant place for radical meetings and activities. So far we found a basement that was given to us and now we are looking forward to cleaning it up and using it for meetings and some kind of info shop and anarchist library.

About This Section

On Gogol Boulevard is produced for the Fifth Estate by New York City/Neither East Nor West, which links alternative oppositions in the East and West, and prints news and documents unavailable in the corporate or left media. OGB sometimes involves Third and Fourth World activists in these efforts. A similar section also appears in Black Fist.

Neither East Nor West is responsible for the articles although the Fifth Estate is in general agreement with their content and OGB's general purposes.

OGB is not only for anarchists, but for all movements seeking paths outside of capitalist and state bureaucratic models.

Gogol Boulevard takes its name from a popular hang-out for Moscow counter-culture youth.

Address correspondence to OGB/NENW, 528 Fifth St., Brooklyn NY 11215; tel. (718) 499-7720. E-mail address: OGBnwnNYC@aol.com

New Lithuanian Group Needs Aid

Hello NENW-NYC:

Greetings from East-Europe, ex-USSR, from Lithuania. We want to say to you, thank a lot for all the materials you sent. It's good, really nice support!

I'm a member of R.A.F. (Revolutionary Anarchist Front). We are anarcho-communists (like P. Kropotkin and N. Makhno). We are anarchist leftists. Also, we like revolutionary syndicalism. And, we are for a military fight against capitalism and imperialism. Also, we are for Zapatistas in Mexico etc. We are also for youth organization. R.A.F. does a zine, booklets/brochures, posters, leaflets, agitation and propaganda in other zines and also in the official press (in the periodical of the official government youth paper, I wrote extremist articles).

We write letters to people, organizations etc., do direct actions etc. Also, we can talk about @ etc., on two radio stations! Now we started a big fight against fascism and the European Union. Next time we are interested in making direct action solidarity with members of R.A.F. prisoners and others. We are very interested in a fight for workers rights! R.A.F. is a workers anarchist organization, but in it are many anarcho-punks, also three anti-fascist skins.

We need support/help from you. Please communicate with R.A.F. and send all: published materials (magazines, papers, zines), booklets, brochures, posters, leaflets, stickers, buttons. We need money for the revolutionary fight. Can you support and make a campaign for R.A.F.? Revolution and Solidarity!

Alex—member of R.A.F.
ALEX NAVICKAS, TAIKOS 1-12 4730
SVENCIONYS, LITHUANIA

The Polish Anarchist Federation Takes Varied Forms



1994 demo in Gdansk, Poland against McDonald's by the Gdansk Anarchist Federation (FA)

WHAT IS THE FA? Federacja Anarchistyczna (FA, the Anarchist Federation) is an eclectic movement, a federation of various anarchist groups and individuals from all of Poland. There are both individualists and collectivists, both eco-anarchists and anarcho-syndicalists, both "right-wing" and "left-wing" anarchists in FA. Last June, the 10th Congress of the FA took place in Lodz. It was the tenth anniversary of the existence of the anarchistic movement in Poland.

Anarchist Federation, c/o Rafet Gorski, Gontyny 1/2, 30-203 Krakow,

Poland.

Addresses of FA-groups and individuals:

An Arche. A group of anarchists, counter-culturalists, pacifists, libertarians, etc. from the Upper Silesia region. It is associated with FA and also with FZ (the Green Federation), but not all of its participants identify themselves with these federations. Rather individualistic angle. A bulletin for libertarian circles, "Gazeta An Arche" is sent every month. Monthly markets of underground music and culture ("Czad-Gielda"). Information and help for people who don't

Continued on page 10

Also available for GlasNet (Russian APC

Hungary's Alternative Net

By Marica Mezei

October 1992, in the town of Jászberény, 70 kilometers from Budapest, was the date of an Alternative Festival organized by some young socialists and anarchists of Hungary.

This was also when around thirty people

thought of forming an "information net" which would gather all the events, thoughts and news about old and new alternative groups which were existing at that time in Hungary. These groups among others are: The Martin Luther King Society, The Anti-fascist Action group, various feminist, gay and lesbian groups, environmental protectionists, and the Budapest Anarchist Association. They called it The Alternative Net.

At first it wasn't much, just a thought.



Members of Hungary's Alternative Net

Polish Anarchist Federation

Continued from Page 9

want to be drafted. An Arche, c/o Jacek Sierpinski, Dawida 5/37, 40-231 Katowice, Poland.

FA-Kielce. An anarchist group from Kielce; a part of FA. Mostly counter-culturalists (punk, etc.) with a rather individualistic angle. An irregular underground "zine" "Lokomotywa bez nog". Anti-draft and anti-nazi activities. Maciek Wytrych, Box 1107, 25-520 Kielce 21, Poland.

FA-Lublin. A new anarchistic group from Lublin; a part of FA. Robert Domanski, Krola Rogera 8 m. 79, 20-857 Lublin, Poland.

FA-Lodz. An anarchistic group from Lodz; a part of FA; both pacifists (connected to Ruch Anarcho-Pacyfistyczny—the Anarcho-Pacifist movement) and anarcho-syndicalists. Anti-draft activities. Jarek Kaminski c/o "ISPEPLANS", Piotrkowska 114, Lodz, Poland (pacifists): Karol Karlinski, Urzednicza 10 m.18, 91-312 Lodz, Poland (Anarcho-Syndicalists).

FA-Rzeszow. An Anarchist group from Rzeszow; a part of FA, but also associated with WiP (the "Freedom and Peace" Movement) who they emulate quite closely. Rather pacifistic angle, strong anti-draft activities, information and help for draft resisters. A street paper "Dlaczego". WiP/FA, Jagiellonska 6, Rzeszow, Poland. FA-Sekcja Krakowska (FA-SK, the Cracovian Section of FA). A group; a part of FA from Krakow (Cracow), rather syndicalist angle. More demonstrations and immediate actions—social, anti-tax, anti-draft, environmentalist. Marek Kurzyniec, Narzyskiego 32 m.25 Krakow, Poland.

FA-Sekcja Trojmiasto (FA-ST, Trojmiasto Section of FA). Anarchists from so-called "Trojmiasto" (the Treble City), Gdansk, Sopot and Gdynia. Active people with their own club (unfortunately, recently demolished by hooligans), local community activities, demonstrations, a street paper, "Ulica" (over 20 issues), a private publishing house, "Man-Gala Press" with a nation-wide anarchist monthly, "Mac Pariadka" (various tendencies of anarchism, both information and theoretical articles, translation, culture). Both alternativists-syn-

dicalists and individualists. Addresses: Janusz Waluszko, Stare Domki 6 m.7, 80-857 Gdansk Poland (rather syndicalists, but also greens and other alternativists); "Mac Pariadka", Box 67, 81-806 Sopot 6, Poland (every one).

FA-Tarnow. A group of anarchists from Tarnow, rather syndicalist angle. Jakub Strychala, Rolnicza 8 m.89, 33-100 Tarnow, Poland.

FA-Slupsk. A group of anarchists (counter-culturalists) from Slupsk. Anti-nazi activities, punk "zines. Arek Jastrzebski, Box 65, 76-200 Slupsk 1, Poland.

FA-Wroclaw. An anarchist group from Wroclaw; a part of FA. Mostly anti-nazi and anti-draft activities, but not only. Piotr Zuk, Niklowa 7 m.13 Wroclaw, Poland.

RSA-Warszawa (the Movement of the Alternative Society). Anarchists from Warszawa (Warsaw), associated in FA. Mostly situationists and other alternativists. Anti-nazi, anti-clerical, anti-draft activities, so-called "Critical University" (theoretical discussion meetings), an irregular paper, "Podaj Dalej". Piotr Rymarczyk, Grzybowska 30 m. 914, 00-863 Warszawa, Poland.

Andrzej Zwawa, c/o "Zielone Brygady", Ingardena 3 pok.100, 30-060 Krakow, Poland. An eco-anarchist who edits an environmentalist journal, "Zielone Brygady" ("Green Brigades," also English version).

Piotr Rachwalski, Box 85, 62-100 Wagrowiec, Poland. A punk-anarchist, who organizes anti-nazi activities.

Artur Wyrwa, Węgierska 12 m.30, 65-001 Zielona Gora, Poland. He publishes and distributes anarchist, libertarian and alternativist texts.

Artur Kielasiak, Pietrusinkiego 14 m.15, 42-200 Czeszochowa, Poland.

Czeslaw Szewczyk, 34-654 Mecina 270, Poland. A punk anarchist.

Bartosz Sawicki, Wojska Polskiego 50 m.6, 70-476 Szczecin, Poland. A contact address for anarchists from Szczecin.

(Reprinted from News From Poland #A. For the full 8-page bulletin send \$1 to NENW, 528 5th St., Brooklyn NY 11215.)

Then they started to make a monthly newsletter. They spread the idea of this Net and more and more people started to join. Today it has over 400 members. The goal was never to join all these groups; they all function on their own.

For example, the anarchists of Budapest have their own bookstore (where you can buy books, anti-fascist and anarchist t-shirts, tapes and newspapers), the Martin Luther King society have their own phone line (which anyone beaten or racially discrimi-

New Gay Groups in the former-USSR

(Barcelona, SPAIN—InfoGai) The first public party for gays and lesbians in Ukraine took place in Kiev in April 1993. The event was organized by Two Colours. Several famous people from TV, theater, culture and music attended.

In Kishinev, capital of Moldova, the brand new group HOPE, with 25 members, is starting to organize campaigns about AIDS, safe sex and gay life. The group is in economical difficulty (doesn't even have a typewriter) and also asks for posters, books, etc.

In Riga, the Gay Club of Latvia wanted to organize the festival "Baltic Pride," an international gay summer camp for lesbians and gays. They hope to organize it every year.

In Tashkent, Uzbekistan a new gay group has been started. They want to publish a news bulletin which persons from all the former USSR can contact. Another plan is to organize a summer camp in the mountains near Tashkent. They are interested in contacting groups from other countries, and exchanging publications.

Two Colours, P.O. Box 501, Kiev 150, Ukraine 252150; Ivan Rakoto, P.O. Box 8232, 277049 Kishinev, Moldova; LG, P.O. Box 425, LV-1001 Riga, Latvia; Paul Grebenshikov, P.O.Box 425 Central Post Office, 700000 Tashkent, Uzbekistan.

(Reprinted from *International Revolutionary Day Info Fanzin*—very recommended: c/o Fundacion Aurora, c/ Hortaleza 19 (1o D), 28004 Madrid, Spain.

A Successful OGB Campaign

In OGB/Fifth Estate, Spring 1993, we reported on an international campaign to support Moldavian Confederation of Anarcho-Syndicalist members Tamara Burdenko and her husband Igor Hergenreorder. They had been harassed for publicly denouncing the overt nationalism and fascism of the new regime.

The campaign was successful in gaining their freedom from the regime's repressive policies. But despite this victory, emigration became the only remaining option as their situation still remained very hard. Through the hard work of Germany's anarchist Free Workers Union and others, both Tamara, Igor and their daughter, finally got permission to leave.

The official who gave them the green light to leave the country told them, "You must have a lot of international friends." They do, indeed.

Letter from the Estonian Anarchist League

Dear Friends:

I'm writing from Estonia because we wish you to know that now in Estonia is founded the Estonian Anarchist League (MAL). I am the representative of the League. We are individualist anarchists and

nated against can call) and the Anti-fascist Action group have their own newspaper.

The Alternative Net helped these groups organize many demonstrations in 1993 and 1994, mostly against skinhead and police attacks. The Net members meet every Friday (for a more serious meeting) and every Saturday (just to talk). Every year the three-day Alternative Festival is held, ever since 1992.

Alternative Net, 1360 Budapest PF.1, Hungary.

our league fights against the reasons of the state's existence. We just want to be in touch with you. Our contact address is:

M.A.L., Mari-Liis Bassovskaja, Vilja 8a-55, EE2710 Voru, Estonia
Greetings and An@rchy,
Mari-Liis Bassovskaja

New Lithuanian Group Needs Aid

Hello NENW-NYC:

Greetings from East-Europe, ex-USSR, from Lithuania. We want to say to you, thanx a lot for all the materials you sent. It's good, really nice support!

I'm a member of R.A.F. (Revolutionary Anarchist Front). We are anarcho-communists (like P. Kropotkin and N. Makhno). We are anarchist leftists. Also, we like revolutionary syndicalism. We are for a fight against capitalism and imperialism. We are for Zapatistas in Mexico, etc...

We are also for youth organization. R.A.F. does a zine, booklets/brochures, posters, leaflets, agitation and propaganda in other zines and also in the official press (in the periodical of the official government youth paper, I wrote extremist articles). We write letters to people, organizations etc, do direct actions etc.

We can talk about @ etc, on two radio stations! Now we started a big fight against fascism and the European Union. We are very interested in a fight for workers rights! R.A.F. is a workers' anarchist organization, but in it are many anarcho-punks, also three anti-fascist skins.

We need support/help from you. Please communicate with R.A.F. and send all published materials (magazines, papers, zines), booklets, brochures, posters, leaflets, stickers, buttons. We need money for the revolutionary fight. Can you support and make a campaign for R.A.F.? We badly need money.

Alex Navickas, Taikos 1-12 4730 Svecionys, Lithuania

Czech & Slovakian Anarcho-Syndicalist Contacts

Andrej Funk, Druzstemi Ochoz 25, 14000 Praha 4, Czech Republic;

Martin Tomes, Na vysine 1963, 560 02 Ceska Trebova, Czech Republic;

Petr Janu, Wolkerova 3, 789 85 Mohelnice, Czech Republic;

Martin Ander, Palanek 187, 682 01 Vyskov, Czech Republic;

Petr Nunc, Pavlovice 216, 751 12, district Prerov, Czech Republic.

Translators & Writers Needed

On Gogol Boulevard needs translators in all East/Central European and ex-USSR languages for our texts. If you're serious please write. We are also looking for writers for OGB. We need analyses of current events in the East plus editors to do synopses of longer texts. Interested? Write Neither East Nor West, 528 5th St., Brooklyn NY 11215; 718/499-7720.

Looking Back on the Vietnam War

continued from front page

Vietnamese were as unknown to him as the Seminoles had been to Andrew Jackson, the Filipinos to William McKinley, the Haitians to Woodrow Wilson, the Guatemalans to John Foster Dulles, or the Panamanians to Theodore Roosevelt and George Bush.

"Did you rely too heavily on the body count and other numbers?" asked an interviewer (*Newsweek*, April 17, 1995)? No, declared McNamara, "but that is the wrong question. The right question is, did you rely on the wrong strategy—conventional military tactics instead of winning the hearts and minds of the people—and the answer to that is yes. It was totally wrong." But here he was simply recycling the counterinsurgency thesis of Edward Lansdale, his special assistant in the early sixties and the legendary CIA operative some credited with the creation of South Vietnam. This plunges us back into those glory days when the best and the brightest undertook "to pay any price, bear any burden," and so on, "in order to insure the survival and success of liberty." Here the bottom wrong is not the destination of an empire called "liberty" but the fatefully flawed strategy that kept it from getting to all those hearts and minds. The old *New Frontiersman* has written a revised and improved manual for the next generation of empire-builders.

On visits to the Vietnam Memorial with its fifty-eight thousand names, McNamara reveals that he has strong feelings and breaks down in tears. In my mind's eye I see him sobbing before a wall fifty times that size as he is tormented by the three million names that will never be memorialized anywhere. But I should know better, for he sheds no tears for the Vietnamese dead in his memoir and in that too he is acting strictly according to "the principles and traditions of this nation," a nation in which native lives have always come cheap. The Vietnam War was "America's finest hour," said Hubert H. Humphrey, another enthusiast prone to crying jags. David Watson reminds us of Humphrey's pronouncement and other enormities in an unsentimental essay that is perhaps even more timely today than when it was published a decade ago. The flap over McNamara's *In Retrospect* underscores the truth of Watson's argument that America has yet to come to terms with Vietnam and "with its history on this continent stolen from her original inhabitants." Maybe I have been beguiled by his generous comments about my work but I think not. I believe Watson has a very rare ability to meld passion and insight in essays that sharpen and deepen our understanding of history and of the desperate struggle against forgetting. In his sentences readers truly look back upon the future.

Author's Note:
Reality
continues to be
manufactured

by David Watson

When this essay first appeared in *Fifth Estate* in the spring of 1985, the Vietnam War already seemed to be receding into ancient history. Central America was at that time being battered by the latest incarnation of "the best and the brightest," and it was being done more conveniently with money and proxies, rather than with "American boys," who tend to get themselves unceremoniously killed while smashing up other people's neighborhoods. A few hundred thousand deaths and mutilations later, we still await the

tearful retrospectives with their admixture of regret and denial.

American society was left little wiser by its experience in southeast Asia; the United States has a handful of interventions and wars under its belt since 1975, and even some failures to act where it might, as in Bosnia, have prevented a massacre. (Yes, I know, on some other planet with an entirely different history. The Vietnam War taught my generation that any empire intervening anywhere was bound to cause disasters. Nevertheless, that Haiti and the former Yugoslavia further fragmented what remained of dissident movements in the U.S. reflects new conditions and shifting ground.)

Ten years later, reality continues to be manufactured, perhaps more efficiently than ever, by the ideology industry. The Vietnamese remain largely invisible to Americans. The war criminals continue to expire peacefully in their beds (Nixon), pontificate in televised policy debates (Kissinger), and cash in on their memoirs (McNamara). The "Vietnam syndrome," declared defunct by a triumphant George Bush after his "turkey shoot" in the Persian Gulf, guarantees continued slaughter so long as it is not too costly to North Americans. Complacent amid its bloodbaths, the thoroughly nazified society described by Noam Chomsky in the mid-1960s remains intact.

Some differences are also worth noting. The response to the war twenty years later, if a *Time* retrospective is any indication, had a more muted, almost postmodern uncertainty to it. The editors assure the reader psalmically, "Vietnam may be the war that passeth all understanding," and one *Time* essayist, declaring all conflicts unique, concludes that the war offers no lessons, "no guide to the future."

Essentially a new spin on an old canard, this uncritical line repeats the persistent myth, common both inside and outside the antiwar movement of the day, that the war was a terrible mistake, a tragedy. Certainly the war was a tragedy of unforeseen consequences: U.S. objectives were murky even to the generals. But this now dominant interpretation serves in its vagueness to dissipate responsibility and the possibility of a coherent historical critique. McNamara's argument that the war did not originate in evil intentions, but in a failure "of judgment and capability," is only the latest reiteration of the official story. It conceals the fact that the U.S. created a war where one had just been concluded, and concocted a regime out of a quisling apparatus, property of the Japanese and then the French, that had justly collapsed. The "Murder, Inc." the CIA and Pentagon ran in that unhappy region for more than two decades was, in reality, only one arm of a vast operation constructed to overthrow and reconstitute states and decimate human beings at will all over the globe, not only in Indochina but in Iran, Guatemala, Indonesia, the Dominican Republic, and Chile, to name some of the more infamous examples.

Thus Chomsky's argument—that the Vietnam War was not an unambiguous defeat for American imperialism—is compelling. As he has argued in a number of places, central U.S. aims and a partial victory were achieved. Incapable of defeating the Vietnamese on the battlefield, the U.S. could at least destroy the society enough to horribly impoverish and make a bitter example of it. The "demonstration effect" sent a grim message to other nationalist rebels attempting to stray from the neocolonial orbit, a strategy used effectively in the 1980s to discipline Central America and beat Nicaragua into submission.

In fact, the *Time* twenty-year retrospective affirmed Chomsky's analysis in one significant way. Following a typical televisionesque reduction of history covering the last ten days of the war (next time the last ten minutes will be the theme), comes an article, "Vietnam: Back in Business," attesting to the new climate in which former enemies can work together to plunder the country. Now that the Saigon landlords and military mandarins have been swept away, not into the dustbin of history, mind you, but to comfortable neighborhoods in San Diego and Virginia Beach, Vietnamese commissars will deliver up resources and cheap labor to international corporate capital, sometimes to the very same exploiters they spent thirty years fighting. It should be no surprise that Vietnamese army veterans are beginning to ask what exactly it was they fought for.

Understandable doubts among the Vietnamese in no



The "other side" of the American frontier: Nguyen Van Trol, a young electrical worker just before being executed by the South Vietnamese authorities for an attempt to kill U.S. Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara in 1964. Speaking to a journalist, he said: "It is the Americans who have committed aggression on our country. It is they who have been killing our people with planes and bombs... I have never acted against the will of my people. It is against the Americans that I have taken action."

way excuse the continuing arrogance of Americans. Novelist Tobias Wolff, for example, who has written admirably about his experiences in Vietnam, repeats the myth—obviously true in some individual cases but a mystification generally—that the U.S. soldiers went there "to be of help." Noting in his *Time* essay the harshness of the victors, who impelled some 800,000 people to flee the country, Wolff doesn't bother to consider that the horrific war waged by the Americans and the ruinous conditions left in their wake might explain, at least in part, the vengeful nature of the new regime.

Wolff illustrates the deep gulf still dividing Americans on Vietnam by describing a discussion group of vets, former antiwar activists and other Vietnam generation men which eventually disbanded because of an inability to find common ground. I, too, was keenly reminded of how deep the divisions are, upon reading, "Only the most satisfied ideologues on either side of the problem could avoid questioning their own motives" for fighting the war or resisting it. Those who protested, he explains, might reasonably worry that, "however unintentionally... [they] were encouraging a hard, often murderous enemy who was doing his best to kill boys you'd grown up with."

Perhaps Wolff doesn't realize his attempted middle ground is itself an ideologue's argument. He doesn't seem to appreciate the impact our witness of the war had on many young people here—the images of torture and massive bombing raids, of a mother holding her burned infant and a swaggering soldier nonchalantly torching her household with his cigarette lighter.

What were those American boys I'd grown up with doing there, after all, collaborating with the death machine? I knew they were in most cases victims themselves—of propaganda, of poverty, of the draft. In fact, I actively participated in campaigns to support the Vietnam Veterans Against the War and to defend GI rights and resisters in the military, sending antiwar information to soldiers and sailors, including to my own brother. That didn't stop me from desiring the defeat of U.S. forces as fervently as I would have had I been an anti-Nazi German during the Second World War.

I don't consider such a comparison at all exaggerated. Both conflicts have stark, parallel examples of conscience and cowardice, of unspeakable brutality, both personal and bloodthirsty on the one hand, and remote and numbly bureaucratic on the other. At the first antiwar teach-in I attended in the fall of 1967, I saw M.S. Armoni, the editor of a left liberal magazine, *The Minority Of One*, make the Nazi analogy in a powerful gesture. A Polish Jew who had survived the death camps, Armoni delivered his speech wearing a striped concentration camp smock. "I have donned this uniform," he began, "to remind you and

Continued on page 12

Vietnam: Reality Continues to be Manufactured

Continued from page 11

myself of an era that is not over, of human suffering that continues, of gas used in Auschwitz and in the villages of Vietnam, of consciences that still stop at the national boundary, of Lidice and Cam Ne."

The Vietnam War was possibly as much a watershed and formative event in my life as it was for those Americans who fought there. (Forgive me if I cannot bring myself to write, "who served there.") I can trace much of my response to the impression Arnoni's speech made on me. Despite *Time* magazine's uncertainty, Vietnam provided the same stark lesson Arnoni derived from his camp experience in his decision never to become an oppressor. "I have no preference for an oppressor who is American or any other nationality," he declared. "I do not prefer him over the Nazi oppressor."

American aggression in Vietnam was "as reprehensible as . . . the Nazi crimes," he continued, and he called on Americans to engage in massive resistance, and especially on American youth—soldiers and civilians—"to join the resistance of those who only yesterday were their prospective victims." Arnoni was encouraging the boys I'd grown up with to turn the guns around, and young people in general to "go to Vietnam and volunteer their services to help ameliorate the suffering inflicted by their fellow countrymen on the Vietnamese."

It became my intention to find a way to Vietnam to fight against the U.S. forces. At fifteen, I might have been fighting already had I been Vietnamese. I later realized that it wasn't a realistic plan, but I did what I could to stop the war, and not always as consistently as I later thought I should have. I don't know if Arnoni kept his promise: I don't know what happened to him after he folded the magazine and emigrated to Israel in late 1968. But I took his lesson seriously, not to be an oppressor or to tolerate oppressors.

Enough people came to this conclusion in that period for there to be widespread, organized resistance during the late 1970s and 1980s to the U.S.-administered holocaust throughout Central America. True, the resistance wasn't enough to halt the war machine there or in Iraq, but it at least obstructed the murderers in their work and preserved fragile memory in the face of official lies.

That was what the essay below was about: remembering what is in the interest of the empire to suppress. The country as a whole continues to sleepwalk through one imperial fiasco to the next, smashing people and places at every turn. But some people are capable of hearing what the essay tries to say: that conscience, even if reduced to a single voice, to a "minority of one," perhaps, can at least bear witness to lies and speak the truth. As Frances Fitzgerald observed a decade after the war, "The past is not just a matter for historians. It is what we are."

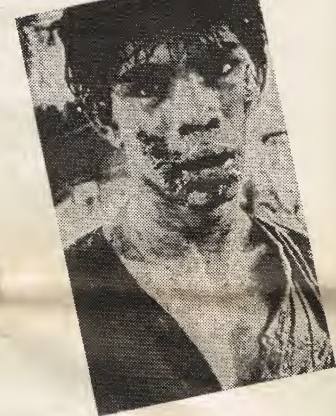
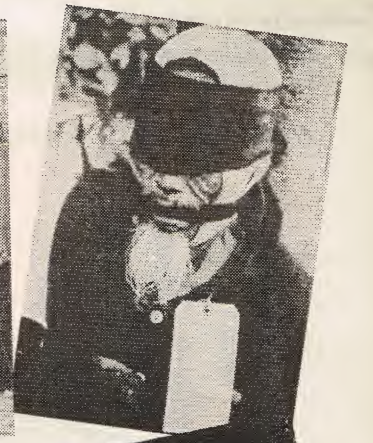
And so, who are we going to be? Those who follow orders, and those who give them, have decided who they are. McNamara decided. When the war failed to go according to plan, he jumped ship to a comfortable position at the head of the World Bank. (And if and when the real toll is added up, it may turn out that he caused as much mayhem and destruction managing the daily affairs of that institution as when he and his cohorts were in the daily business of mechanized genocide.)

McNamara's memoirs reminded me of another protagonist of the war, an obscure hero of mine whose image on a poster remained taped to my wall for a number of years. Nguyen Van Troi won't have the opportunity to write his memoirs; the young Vietnamese worker was executed by firing squad on October 15, 1964 for attempting to assassinate U.S. Secretary of Defense McNamara. Of course, if he had succeeded, another Secretary, and another would have followed, just as others would have replaced Eichman had partisans managed to assassinate the Nazi technocrat. That is not the point, but rather, who and what we remember, and who and what we are and are going to be.

Thus, in the spirit of "giving aid and comfort" to the enemies of all imperial states, I dedicate this essay to the memory of a defiant young patriot who refused a blindfold at the execution post so he could look one last time on his "beloved land," who risked his life "to be of help," who was a naive nationalist, surely, perhaps a poet, and who did not live to look back with regrets, contrived or otherwise, on "an era that is not over." I dedicate it to the idealists and against the conspirators and functionaries of genocide, to conscience and against collaboration, to memory and against forgetting. For history isn't just a matter for the rationalizations of mass murderers, history is what we are and must be. It is our history, too. We are Nguyen Van Troi.

—Detroit, May-June 1995

Note: For reasons this introduction may make clear, I have decided to publish this essay under my own name, and not a pen-name, which I used in 1985.



America confronts the wilderness: "The war in Vietnam has a dream-like quality—not simply because it is happening on television, but because like the dreamer we face a reality that is of our own creation. . . . When we go into a village, for example, we classify all of the people into different categories. But these categories do not depend on something we perceive about them, they depend on what we do to them. If we kill them, they are Viet Cong. If we capture them and tie them up, they are Viet Cong suspects. If we grab them and move them to a camp, they are hostile civilians. Having done this to many people who were in fact innocent, the definitions we have imposed become real. The men who have been tied up or tortured actually become the enemies and shoot real bullets at us, but we are still facing the shadow of our own actions." Jonathan Schell, 1970.

Treatment of a prisoner (above left): "In more than one case a Viet Cong suspect has been towed after interrogation behind an armored personnel carrier. . . . This always results in death in one of its most painful forms." AP reporter Malcolm Brown, in *The New Face of War*, 1965

"VC suspects" (top & bottom right): The man at the bottom right was shot after interrogation.

Looking Back on the Vietnam War: History & Forgetting

"Without the exposure of these Vietnam policies as criminal, there is every likelihood of their repetition in subsequent conflicts."

—Richard Falk, speaking at the Congressional Conference on War and National Responsibility, convened in Washington, D.C. in early 1970

"Historical memory was never the forte of Americans in Vietnam."

—Frances Fitzgerald, *The Fire In The Lake*, 1972

I. AN ORWELLIAN WAR

"'When I use a word,' Humpty Dumpty said in a rather scornful tone, 'it means just what I choose it to mean, neither more nor less.'"

'The question is,' said Alice, 'whether you can make words mean so many different things.'

'The question is,' said Humpty Dumpty, 'who is to be master, that's all.'

—Alice in Wonderland

It is spring, and as in the folk song, the grave yards are in flower. Old wars are being commemorated, new wars coordinated. In Germany, the American president makes his pilgrimage to lay a wreath at the Nazi military cemetery at Bitburg, while in Central America (and elsewhere), stormtroopers in his pay add still more atrocities to a seemingly never-ending list.

Spring, 1985: ten years after the fall of Saigon to the Vietnamese. The media barrage has been deafening—a retrospective which, like the warmaking itself, mostly ignores the realities of Vietnam. Self-absorbed, solipsistic, blind to the world, America is reassessing its experience in Vietnam.

One could only anticipate this anniversary with dread, not so much because America still does not understand Vietnam or the role it played there, after all, America has never come to terms with its history on this continent stolen from its original inhabitants. The dread comes deepest from what is concretely being manufactured out of the anniversary.

sary. That defeat of imperial power is now being employed to mobilize for new imperial adventures. for a new wave of war and destruction. The lessons are being turned diametrically on their head so that the bloody crusade may continue.

So, the war remains what it always was: an Orwellian charade. Now, as then, reality is being manufactured by an apparatus in the service of unbridled Power. The victims are dressed in the clothing of the perpetrators; the murderers, free and unrepentant, live well, now comfortably writing their memoirs and expatiating the war which they managed for so many years. Now more sure of themselves that history has receded and the blood stains have faded, they speak more loudly, in self-righteous tones, claiming that their carnage was just, that it didn't go far enough, claiming that the aftermath of the war vindicates them.

There was no Nuremberg trial after the U.S. defeat in Indochina; no court ever punished the administrators of the American war—Nixon, Kissinger, Johnson, McNamara, Rusk, and the rest—for their crimes. They

either died peacefully in their beds or went on to more lucrative jobs in the same line of work. Now they extol their "noble cause" and hint of treachery and betrayal. Now they say they could have, indeed should have, won. Perhaps they didn't unleash enough bombs, declare enough "free fire zones," defoliate enough lands. Perhaps not enough people were rounded up into concentration camps, their thatch villages burned and bulldozed. Perhaps not enough were incinerated by napalm and phosphorous (mobile Dachaus), not enough machine-gunned and bulldozed into open ditches, not enough of their defeated converted into prostitutes, lackeys, mercenaries. If America had spent more money, sent more troops, embraced a more ferocious national spirit, and ignored its own wounds, if it had been ready to risk everything in a deadly gamble to destroy all of Asia "in order to save it," then perhaps America could have "won" its war. A few million more would have been sacrificed. And, in fact, countless more did die in the aftermath: See how evil, how savage they are, America says through its propagandists; after our bloodbath ended, they undertook their own. Surely, ours was inadequate—we could have pacified more, neutralized more, killed more.

But we learned our lesson, say the loudspeakers, and here a citizen, there a veteran, there an adolescent look up, mouthing in unison, next time we must not lack the will to kill them all. And the blueprints are out on the tables.

II. AMERICA LICKS ITS WOUNDS

America has never confronted Vietnam or its role there. It has licked its wounds, engaged in recriminations without taking either its own history or the Indochinese people into account. They were simply "natives," a hostile landscape before which the American crusaders fought their war against the Wilderness. This war has gone on since the origins of America, and so it has never envisioned that inscrutable "other" on any terms but those of its own distorted projections.

For America, the war was a tragedy, we are told. But to be a tragedy, it would have had to be an extraordinary transgression of a normal balance in the world. It would also have had to bring proportionally extraordinary suffering on the transgressors. Yet in these terms it isn't Vietnam which was the tragedy, but America itself, and Vietnam only one more episode in its bloodletting. Of course, it was a moral tragedy for the Americans involved. But that is not how many see it.

One veteran officer, William Broyles, Jr., in *The Atlantic Monthly*, writes, "For us the war never really ended, not for the men who fought it, not for America." A symposium in *Harper's* magazine makes one of its central inquiries, "Vietnam stands for America's loss of innocence. How have Americans endured this loss?" *Newsweek* asks "What did Vietnam do to us?" before asking "What did America's involvement in the war do to Vietnam?" And a wounded vet tells a *New York Times Magazine* writer that "whatever happened to us there is inexplicable, but what it did for us as men is worth the price."

It is partly my purpose to assess the "price" of the war but not so much to the American soldiers, who were both victims and perpetrators, but to the real victims and heroes of that war—the Indochinese people who resisted American aggression. But to do so, it is imperative to demolish the Big Lie which begins from the lie of American "innocence" and proceeds to such dishonest formulations as "America's involvement in" a war which was America's creation. The difficulty in writing about Vietnam must be

quires that a sense of proportion to the suffering be maintained. The soldiers were an occupation army engaged in a vicious, genocidal war against a whole population. The enemy was, quite simply, the Vietnamese people; indeed, it was the land itself, a "godforsaken mudhole," as I heard many people, both for and against the war, describe it. So what did it mean to burn villages, run down peasants in tanks and trucks, shoot anything that moved?

III. "A SHOOTING GALLERY"

The U.S. war against Vietnam was no loss of innocence, no aberration, any more than the massacre at My Lai was exceptional. My Lai will be remembered as the subhamlet in the Quang Ngai province in which a company from the 11th Brigade of the Americal Division murdered 347 old men, women, children and infants, then systematically burned the homes and huts. This happened in early 1968, but was covered up until late 1969. As the My Lai events were the logical outcome (and in fact only

the most notorious of such massacres) of U.S. policy, the war itself was the inevitable outcome of America's history. Could this outcome have been anything but a series of brutal pogroms such as My Lai?

Even the official Pentagon report revealed that My Lai was not extraordinary. In his penetrating study of the continuity of massacre and conquest in American history, *Facing West: The Metaphysics of Indian-Hating and Empire-Building*, Richard Drinnon writes, "On the very same day of the butchery there, another company from the same task force entered the sister subhamlet My Khe 4 with one of its machine-gunners 'firing his weapon from the hip, cowboy-movie style.' In this 'other massacre,' members of this separate company piled up a body count of perhaps a hundred peasants—My Khe was smaller than My Lai—'just flattened that village' by dynamite and fire, and then threw a few handfuls of straw on the corpses. The next morning this company moved on down the Batangan peninsula by the South China Sea, burning every hamlet they came to, killing water buffalo, pigs, chickens, and ducks, and destroying crops. As one of the My Khe veterans said later 'what we were doing was being done all over.' Said another: 'We were out there having a good time. It was sort of like being in a shooting gallery.'" None of this came out until writer Seymour Hersch obtained the forty or so volumes of the Pentagon report and summarized them in *Cover-Up* (1972), the source of Drinnon's quotations. No one was tried for murder at My Khe.

Yet even these massacres do not convey the reality of the war. In hearings held by anti-war Congress-

men in Washington, D.C. in 1970, journalist Jonathan Schell testified that in 1967 he had spent a month in that same province of Quang Ngai, surveying the damage of the war from the air and on the ground. "When I first looked down from the plane over Quang Ngai province," he reported, "I saw that the land below me had been completely devastated ... What I discovered was that by the end of 1967, the destruction of society in Quang Ngai province was not something we were in danger of doing; it was a process we had almost completed. About 70 per cent of the villages in the province had been destroyed."

Schell decided to see an operation from its beginning to end in a forward air control plane. The operation was near Chu Lai, and was one of thirty or so such operations proceeding against the Viet Cong at the time. The area he studied had a population of about 17,000, and had not yet been destroyed. Flying for two weeks with the forward air

One My Lai vet equated "wiping the whole place out" with what he called "the Indian idea: 'the only good cook is a dead cook.'" The Indian idea was in the air in Vietnam.



obvious, since every word is charged; even the most seemingly innocuous statement about the war is permeated with this lie of American innocence and misguided nobility.

The truth is harder to face for America, but it is there. "Just about every Vietnam vet hated the Vietnamese," one told Joseph Lelyveld of the *New York Times Magazine*. And a young U.S. embassy officer in Saigon, during the war, exploded at Frances Fitzgerald, "Don't you realize that everything the Americans do in Vietnam is founded on hatred of the Vietnamese?"

The suffering of the American soldiers should not, and cannot be ignored. They, too, were victims, pawns of the policy-makers who blithely sent them to their brutalization and death while themselves living comfortably in suburban luxury, spending their time analyzing "body counts" and writing policy statements. But decency re-

control planes, he saw the daily bombing of villages and their burning by U.S. ground troops.

He had been told by the psychological warfare office that villages were never bombed unless already given warnings. Checking at the base at Chu Lai after the operation, he asked for a full catalogue of warning leaflets. "I hardly needed to do this," he said, "because I had seen the people running from their burning homes, and I had seen no leaflets dropped prior to the bombings. Indeed, five or six leaflets had been dropped, and not one of them had been a warning." They were simply anti-Viet Cong tracts. When he asked if civilians had been evacuated, he learned that "initially the colonel in charge of the operation had given an order that no refugees, as they call them, would be taken out of the area. Late in the operation that decision was reversed, and 100 of the 17,000 were taken out. But even those 100 were taken out after most of the area had been destroyed. In other words, an area inhabited by 17,000 people was about 70 per cent destroyed with no warning to the residents ... and with only 100 people evacuated from the area."

In the same hearings, historian Richard Falk discussed the My Lai massacre, observing that "long before these disclosures there was abundant evidence that the United States was committing war crimes in Vietnam on a wide-spread and continuing basis."

But far more serious than these atrocities alone, he added, was "the official reliance by the United States Government on a set of battlefield policies that openly deny the significance of any distinction between civilians and combatants, between military and nonmilitary targets. The most spectacular of these practices are the B-52 pattern raids against undefended villages and populated areas, 'free-fire zones,' 'harassment and interdiction fire,' 'Operation Phoenix,' 'search and destroy' missions, massive crop destruction and defoliation, and forcible transfer of the civilian population in Vietnam from one place to another against their will. ... In fact, the wrongdoers at My Lai, whether or not they were carrying out specific command decisions, were indeed fulfilling the basic and persistent United States war policies in South Vietnam."

American policy was one of wanton, utter annihilation of the defiant land it faced. As U.S. Secretary of the Navy (now an arms control negotiator for Reagan) Paul Nitze said in 1965, "Where neither United States nor [South] Vietnamese forces can maintain continuous occupancy, it is necessary to destroy those facilities." And, surveying the destruction of Ben Tre during the Tet Offensive in 1968, an army officer told an AP reporter, "We had to destroy it to save it."

IV. INDIAN FIGHTERS

Such a statement reflects what salvation has always meant for these grim crusaders: a desolation. William Appleman Williams has written that for U.S. policymakers, "America was the locomotive puffing away to pull the rest of the world into civilization. Truman talked about the hordes of Asians—the wilderness—threatening to overwhelm civilization. ... Those images and metaphors ... tell us most of what we need to know about why we went to kill people in Vietnam. We were transforming the Wilderness in order to save the City on a Hill."

"I felt superior there," said Lieutenant William Calley. "I thought, I'm the big American from across the sea. I'll sock it to these people here. ... We weren't in My Lai to kill human beings, really. We were there to kill ideology that is carried by—I don't know. Pawns. Blobs. Pieces of flesh, and I wasn't in My Lai to destroy intelligent men. I was there to destroy an intangible idea." Richard Drinnon quotes another My Lai veteran who "equated 'wiping the whole place out' with what he called 'the Indian idea ... the only good Indian is a dead Indian.' The Indian idea was in the air in Vietnam."

This was only the latest unfolding in that westward movement, the empire's relentless drive to destroy and subdue Wilderness, the "savages" who inhabited it, and all of nature. The situation was essentially the same when the U.S. began to intervene in Vietnam as it was for Frederick Jackson Turner in 1893 when he wrote his famous declaration that the dominant fact in American life had been expansion of its frontier. Though expansion had reached the Pacific coast, the rising imperial star of the U.S. indicated clearly to him that the movement would continue. This national mystique of Manifest Destiny plunged the

The war represented "the triumph of the principles and values of the industrial bureaucracy," a "General Motors of Death ..." "The unparalleled, lavish use of firepower," a U.S. military analyst wrote laconically, "is an outstanding characteristic of U.S. military tactics in the Vietnam war."

Anglo-Americans into wars in Mexico, Central America and the Caribbean, the Philippines, and beyond.

In the mid-nineteenth century, William Gilpin had written of the American destiny "to subdue the continent—to rush over this vast field to the Pacific Ocean ... to stir up the sleep of a hundred centuries—to teach old nations a new civilization—to confirm the destiny of the human race ... to cause a stagnant people to be reborn—to perfect science ... to shed a new and resplendent glory upon mankind. ... This 'perfected science' was the locomotive of modernity crystallized in the American Empire and its dream of conquest. The destruction of Vietnamese society by the bureaucrats and the Calleys was only the most modern incarnation of that 'glory.' By the time these conquerors and Indian fighters reached Indochina the frontier had become Kennedy's 'New Frontier,' his 'relentless struggle in every corner of the globe.' As Drinnon writes, the troops were now being sent 'into action against disorder on a frontier that had become planetary.'"

In 1966, General Maxwell Taylor, leaving the ambassadorship in Saigon, revealed how deeply imbedded was the "Indian idea," describing the "pacification" program: "We have always been able to move in the areas where the security was good enough. But I have often said, it is very hard to plant the corn outside the stockade when the Indians are around. We have to get the Indians farther away in many of the provinces to make good progress."

Fitzgerald comments that "American officers liked to call the area outside GVN [Government of Vietnam] control 'Indian country.' It was a joke, of course, no more than a figure of speech, but it put the Vietnam War into a definite historical and mythological perspective: the Americans were once again embarked upon a heroic and (for themselves) almost painless conquest of an inferior race. To the American settlers the defeat of the Indians had seemed not just a nationalist victory, but an achievement made in the name of humanity—the triumph of light over darkness, of good over evil, and of civilization over brutish nature. Quite unconsciously, the American officers and officials used a similar language to describe their war against the NLF. According to the official rhetoric, the Viet Cong did not live in places, they 'infested areas'; to 'clean them out' the American forces went on 'sweep and clear' operations or moved all the villagers into refugee camps in order to 'sanitize the area.'"

The Vietnamese, whether they were the enemy or the vassals of the U.S., were considered stupid savages. "Orientals," in General William Westmoreland's words, who placed a lower value on life than westerners. The NLF were nothing but "termites" in the General's eyes, who showed his humanitarian concern for the country by advising that "We have to get the right balance of termite killers to get rid of the termites without wrecking the house." And an adviser in Pleiku told the head of the International Voluntary Service that the Montagnards (tribal highlanders) "have to realize that they are expendable," adding that the "Montagnard problem" could be solved "like we solved the Indian problem."

"Is it an exaggeration to suggest," wrote Noam Chomsky in 1970, "that our history of extermination and racism is reaching its climax in Vietnam today? It is not a question that Americans can easily put aside." Indeed, this is the theme of Drinnon's powerful book: since there was no

end to this frontier being vanquished by the Empire, "Winning the West amounted to no less than winning the world. It could be finally and decisively 'won' only by rationalizing (Americanizing, westernizing, modernizing) the world, and that meant conquering the land beyond, banishing mystery, and negating or extirpating other peoples, so the whole would be subject to the regimented reason of one settlement culture with its professedly self-evident middle-class values."

But the "stagnant peoples" had their own vision of destiny. A veteran told the *Times* Lelyveld, "I don't think the people wanted to be saved. ... When the conquerors saw the people wouldn't, and couldn't, be 'saved,' they set out, within the terms of their mad equation, to destroy them, using all the perfected science at their disposal to accomplish the destruction."

V. THE "LUNARIZATION PROGRAM"

The monstrous absurdity of pioneer arrogance saw its culmination in that unspeakable war—a war Vice-President Hubert Humphrey dubbed "America's finest hour." The entire might of the technological megamachine was pitted against a small, poor, archaic peasant region. The proportions—in comparative wealth, in technology, in firepower—were obscene. At any given time, the difference in firepower ranged anywhere from 50 to 1, to 500 to 1. The war represented "the triumph of the principles and values of the industrial bureaucracy," a "General Motors of Death," as Gordon Livingston, a regimental surgeon who served there, put it later. At the 1970 war crimes hearings, he testified, "The magnitude of the effort, the paperwork, and the middle-management attitude of many of the participants, as well as the predilection for charts and statistics—including that most dehumanizing and absurd figure of all, the body count—all these represent the triumph of technocracy over reason."

This quintessentially technobureaucratic campaign against Vietnam flowed from the same hatred and poverty of spirit that fueled the wars against the indigenous peoples of this continent. It was a deep-seated hatred, founded upon guilt and a sense of separation, so it had to be manifested in a war against the earth itself. But this time, all the demonic instruments of technology were available to the crusade.

The aerial bombardment was unrivaled in the history of warfare. Already, by 1969, South Vietnam, North Vietnam and Laos were the three most heavily bombed countries in history. "The unparalleled, lavish use of firepower," a U.S. military analyst wrote laconically, "is an outstanding characteristic of U.S. military tactics in the Vietnam war."

"Translated into human terms," commented Gabriel Kolko, "the United States has made South Vietnam a sea of fire as a matter of policy, turning an entire nation into a target." "On some days in 1969," reported ecologist John Lewallen in his book *Ecology of Devastation* (1971), "800 sorties were flown [in northern Laos], dropping napalm, phosphorous, and antipersonnel bombs. One old man described the effects: 'First the houses and fruit trees were burned, then the fields and the hillside and even the stream was on fire.'" Bombing became so intense by that year that at times it went on for twenty-four hours a day, and farming, if it could be done at all, could only take place at night.

The use of herbicides was even more devastating. "To a counterinsurgent," wrote Lewallen, "plants are the allies of the insurgent." E. W. Pfeiffer, a zoologist sent to Indochina by the American Association for the Advancement of Science to study ecological consequences of the war, compared the U.S. policy of bombing, defoliation, and mass plowing with giant bulldozers with the extermination of the buffalo herds in the American west. "This modern program," he reported in 1971, "has as destructive an influence on the social fabric of Indochinese life as did the ecocide (destruction of ecology) of the American West upon the American Indian."

NLF sources reported that some 300,000 people were poisoned each year between 1966 and 1969 by exposure to Agent Orange, Agent White, and other chemicals. An epidemic of birth defects was already occurring at that time. Over five million acres had been sprayed with some seventeen million gallons of herbicides, and an area the size of Massachusetts cleared by defoliants. The very soil of Indochina was being destroyed by bombing and defoliation, increasing salinization, flooding, erosion and

drought.

Vietnam, once a major exporter of rice, now had to import it from the U.S. due to crop destruction and the disruption of agriculture. Huge tracts of mangrove, evergreen rain forest, and fruit trees were wiped out, leading to the breakdown of associated ecosystems, especially in the Mekong Delta. By December 1970, at least 35 percent of South Vietnam's fourteen million acres of dense forests had been sprayed.

A "food denial" program was also implemented by the Americans to starve the insurgents into submission. This meant massive spraying of croplands and destruction of food stores. Of course, the insurgents, being more mobile, were able to evade some of the circumstances brought about by defoliation, but the villagers left behind starved. Many animal species, particularly birds and aquatic food chains, were destroyed by the chemical warfare.

The hatred for the land and the people knew no limits. A joke circulating at the time was that a proper "final solution" to the "Vietnamese problem" would be to pave the country and make it a parking lot, a joke that was repeated by then California governor Ronald Reagan. Such was the attitude of these American missionaries of a "new civilization." But to the Vietnamese, who blended their Buddhism with strong animist and nature-worship beliefs along with ancestor worship, the land itself was sacred, a constant which centered their universe.

The purpose of American "pacification" of this wilderness was to pave the spiritual and political soil of village identity to make it accessible to American tanks. To "dry up the sea" in which the rebels swam, they had to remove the people from the land itself, forcibly relocating entire villages to so-called "strategic hamlets" (concentration camps), and to the desperation of the cities, turning their old lands into "free-fire zones" where anything that moved was a target. As a result of this campaign and NLF resistance to it, by 1970 a third of the people of South Vietnam had become refugees. In the first six months of that year, another half a million refugees were "generated" by forced removal and wanton destruction. This figure would even be too conservative, since many refugees were never accounted for by official U.S./South Vietnamese government head counts. "The large majority of the refugees, as every objective account agrees, were seeking to escape the free-fire zones and the rain of fire the Americans were showering on them," Gabriel Kolko reported. "You have to be able to separate the sheep from the goats," said one Pentagon-sponsored analyst. "The way to do it is harsh. You would have to put all military-age males in the army or in a camp as you pacify the country. Anyone not in the army or in a camp is a target. He's either a Viet Cong or is helping them."

Vietnamese culture, as Frances Fitzgerald pointed out, was wrecked by forced relocation and flight to the cities: "As they took life from the earth and from the ancestors, so they would find immortality in their children, who in their turn would take their place upon the earth. To leave the land and the family forever was therefore to lose their place in the universe and to suffer a permanent, collective death."

Of course, many analysts and experts in the pay of the empire found a rosier side to this havoc. For example, Samuel P. Huntington, Chairman of the Department of Government at Harvard University, contributed to *Foreign Affairs* in 1968 a rather

cheerful view of history and the American cultural devastation. "In an absent-minded way," wrote the professor from the comfort of his study, "the United States may have stumbled upon the answer to 'wars of national liberation.'"

War, he argued, wasn't in and of itself the answer, but more importantly the "forced-draft urbanization and modernization which rapidly brings the country in question out of the phase in which a rural revolutionary movement can hope to generate sufficient strength to come to power." The solution was to produce "a massive migration from countryside to city." In this way, with bombs and slaughter, did the empire "stir the sleep of a hundred centuries." By 1967 Senator William J. Fulbright remarked that Saigon, representative of all the towns of South Vietnam by being swollen to some four times its previous population, had become "an American brothel."

VI. A COUNTRY SHATTERED

In the end, the U.S. had converted the South, in Fitzgerald's words, into "a country shattered so that no two pieces fit together." Shattering the country—by depopulating the countryside, by defoliation and carpet bombing, by terror and imposed dependence upon the U.S. military—was the method which the crackpot bureaucratic ideologues sanguinely recommended as the solution to the "Vietnamese problem." Destroying that latest incarnation of the "howling wilderness infested by bloodthirsty savages"—the lush Vietnamese rainforests and grasslands where a "VC" was hidden behind every tree—and physically liquidating whoever resisted the salvation America so nobly offered, became the only solution to an unresolvable problem. Only in such a way could the "credibility" of the empire be restored and the rising tide of nationalist revolution be halted.

And they went to every length to do so. It became official U.S. policy, in the words of Robert Opton, Jr., a psychologist who was in Vietnam during 1967 and 1968 as a reporter, "to obliterate not just whole villages, but whole districts and virtually whole provinces." At first, residents were moved out, but the vast numbers of refugees created by these operations led military officers to order that no new refugees be "generated." As Jonathan Schell had witnessed, no warnings were issued when air strikes were called in on their villages, and every civilian on the ground was assumed to be the enemy and fired on accordingly. Free fire zones now came to include many inhabited villages.

Opton witnessed U.S. Cobra helicopters firing 20 mm. cannons into houses, and soldiers shooting the people as they ran out of the houses. "This was termed 'prepping the area' by the American lieutenant colonel who directed the operation. 'We sort of shoot it up to see if anything moves,' he explained, and he added by way of reassurance that this treatment was perfectly routine."

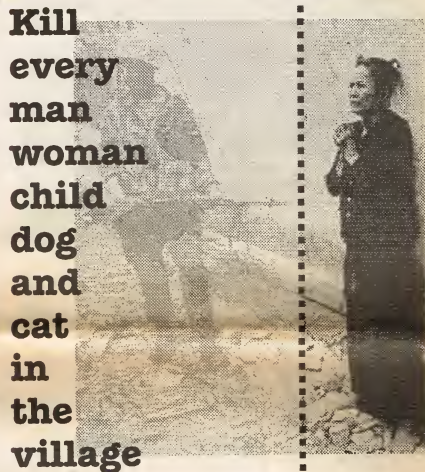
Everyday occurrences of atrocities and brutality against the Vietnamese became so commonplace that they ceased to be reported as news. Pfc. Allen Akers, who served in the 3rd Marine Division, testified at the Winter Soldier Investigation on war crimes in Vietnam (convened by the Vietnam Veterans Against the War in Detroit in early 1971), "We were given orders whenever we moved into a village to reconnoiter by fire. This means to—whenever we step into a village to fire upon houses, bushes, anything to our discretion that looked like there might be somebody hiding behind or under. . . we'd carry our rifles about hip high and we'd line up on the village parallel to the village and start walking, firing from the hip."

Pfc. Charles Stephens, of the 101st Airborne Division, testified that his battalion had attacked Tui Hoa, reconnoitering by fire, and wounding women and children, who later died due to lack of medical attention. The next day they fired on

the village as the people buried their dead, killing another person. "We went down that same day to get some water and there were two little boys playing on a dike and one sergeant just took his M-16 and shot one boy at the dike. The other boy tried to run. He was almost out of sight when the other guy, a Spec 4, shot this other little boy off the dike. The little guy was like lying on the ground kicking, so he shot him again to make sure he was dead." Stephens testified that to prove their body count "we had to cut off the right ear of everybody we killed. . . . Guys would cut off heads, put them on a stake and stick a guy's penis in his mouth." Kenneth Ruth, a medic in the 1st Air Cavalry Division, reported the torture of prisoners, and test-firing of weapons by firing them indiscriminately at villagers. "Nobody else cared. This is the general attitude. You know, Vietnamese aren't humans, they're targets." He concluded, "I could go on all day. All of us could. And every GI in this room could say the same thing."

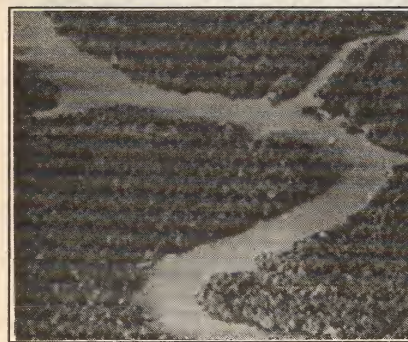
Sgt. Scott Camil of the 1st Marine Division reported "burning of villages with civilians in them, the cutting off of ears, cutting off of heads, torturing of prisoners, calling in of artillery on villages for games, corpsmen killing wounded prisoners, napalm dropped on villages, women being raped, women and children being massacred, CS

Kill every man woman child dog and cat in the village



U.S. soldier confronts the enemy: Perhaps the most widespread complaint among U.S. servicemen who served in Vietnam was the untrustworthiness of the local population. A veteran writing in a *Time* ten-year retrospective on the war repeated this commonplace in the opening lines of his essay: "They maddened the Americans with the mystery of who they were—the unseen man who shot from the tree line, or laid a wire across the trail, with a claymore mine at the other end, the mama-san who did the wash, the child concealing a grenade." Though this idea came to be employed as a rationalization for indiscriminate slaughter of civilians, it must have contained truth. What few asked, however, was why the "mama-san" might conceal any hostility, let alone weapons. Another veteran, testifying in Detroit in 1971 at the Winter Soldier Investigation on U.S. war crimes, sheds light on the question: "In November '68," reported Lt. Mark Lenix, in an area north of Saigon, "while on a routine search and destroy mission, gun ships which were providing security and cover for us in case we had any contact, were circling overhead. Well, no contact was made, and the gun ships got bored. So they made a gun run on a hootch with mini-guns and rockets. When they left the area we found one dead baby, which was a young child, very young, in its mother's arms, and we found a baby girl, also dead. Because these people were bored; they were just sick of flying around doing nothing. . . ." Another soldier testified that his brigade had received a battalion order in 1969 that, "If while sweeping on line and passing by friendly villages, which we did, you received one round of any sort from a friendly village, the entire battalion was to turn on line and level that village. The exact wording was to kill every man, woman, child, dog and cat in the village. This was one round from any known friendly village." Still another reported a body count of thirteen turning out to be "nine women, three children, and one baby." "These things were all common," he said. "They weren't isolated. We did them wherever we went."

Many soldiers felt that a final solution—extermination of the Vietnamese people—was the best and perhaps only solution, and many of their officers agreed.



Final The Solution

Above: Vietnam forest before and after aerial defoliation with Agent Orange and other chemicals. The U.S. war against the land—using bombs and artillery, biocidal chemical defoliants, giant bulldozers and forced population removal—was so devastating that scientists coined the word "ecocide" to describe the enormous scope of the destruction. A study done by the Vietnamese government and The Switzerland-based International Union for Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources showed an agricultural nation devastated by "deliberate destruction of the environment as a military tactic on a scale never before seen in the history of warfare." By the mid-1980s, as a result of the war one third of the country was considered wasteland. In thirty years of warfare some forty million acres of forest were lost. Some nineteen million gallons of herbicides were dumped on the croplands and forests according to U.S. figures.

"Colossal damage from 25 million bomb craters, which caused displacement of a billion cubic meters of earth," says the report, now results in health hazards and disrupts water flow. Dikes and other agricultural systems, forests, farmlands and wildlife were destroyed, and villages and cemeteries razed by giant bulldozers. Wildlife and domestic animals such as oxen and elephants were systematically destroyed to prevent their use as transportation. The long-term effects are most serious: some forests had still not recovered by the mid-1980s, and fisheries remained greatly reduced in variety and productivity. "Cropland productivity is still below former levels," scientists reported, "and there is a great increase in toxin-related diseases and cancer."

The American "final solution" to the Vietnamese "problem" continues today in the post-war poverty that pressures Vietnam to damage its resources, the erosion of the country's soils, the daily deaths and injuries to people from live ordnance and mines left behind, and the mutation of cells and genes in the living and the unborn.

gas used on the people, animals slaughtered, passes rejected and the people holding them shot, bodies shoved out of helicopters, tearing people for fun and running civilians off the road." When asked by the moderator if prisoners being tortured were civilians or North Vietnamese army men, he replied, "The way we distinguished between civilians and VC. VC had weapons and civilians didn't and anybody that was dead was considered a VC. If you killed someone they said, 'How do you know he's a VC?' and the general reply would be, 'He's dead,' and that was sufficient." He reported that when villagers were searched, "the women would have all their clothes taken off and the men would use their penises to probe them to make sure they didn't have anything hidden anywhere; and this was raping but it was done as searching." All this had taken place in the presence of officers.

The list of brutality is endless, which explains psychologist Robert J. Lifton's observation that of the two hundred or so soldiers he and his colleagues interviewed, none was surprised by the news of My Lai. "They had not been surprised because they have either been party to, or witness to, or have heard fairly close-hand about hundreds or thousands of similar, if smaller incidents." Said Camil, "It wasn't like they were humans. We were conditioned to believe that this was for the good of the nation ... And when you shot someone you didn't think you were shooting at a human. They were a gook or a Commie and it was okay. And anything you did to them was okay because like they would tell you they'd do it to you if they had the chance."

Others reported destroying rice and livestock, killing of unarmed persons, running people down on the road with trucks and tanks, desecrating graves, throwing people out of helicopters, throwing cans of C-rations at children by the sides of roads, firing 50-caliber machine guns at villages for sport, nazi-style revenge massacres of whole villages after a GI was killed by a sniper, burning of huts with the people inside, firing at peasants in ox-carts from planes simply to finish off unused ammunition, torturing "VC suspects" by attaching electrical wires to their genitalia (called the "Bell Telephone Hour" by soldiers), rape and murder of women, burning of villages. As Opton wrote in 1970, "Winning the hearts and minds" of the Vietnamese is now maintained only as a public relations product for consumption on the home market."

And yet among many soldiers there was the grotesque complaint that they were fighting "with one arm tied behind our back," a complaint bellowed today by those who have no shame. What more could they have been allowed in order to carry on their grisly business? Opton noted that among soldiers he interviewed in Vietnam, "many felt that a final solution was the best and perhaps only solution, and many of their officers agreed. Extermination of the Vietnamese people, some officers felt, would be the best way to protect the men under them." So the only way to "save" the Vietnamese would be to annihilate them all, which was probably true in terms of winning the war, since the Vietnamese were willing to fight to the bitter end to throw out the invaders. It was this heroic resistance which impeded the extermination from taking place.

Of course, there was also the fear on the part of war planners that the war could expand beyond their ability to "manage" it effectively. A widening of the war could also draw more massive protest against what was an increasingly unpopular war back home, and resistance in the army itself, which was starting to break down and turn against the war. David Halberstam reports in his book *The Best and the Brightest* that in late 1966, the military was urging Lyndon Johnson to bomb Hanoi and Haiphong and to block the harbor. Johnson replied, "I have one more problem for your computer—will you feed into it how long it will take five hundred thousand angry Americans to climb that White House fence out there and lynch their President if he does something like that?" Daniel Ellsberg pointed out much later that it was only the resistance to the war by Americans at home that prevented Richard Nixon from committing that ultimate atrocity of dropping nuclear weapons on North Vietnam. Such

an escalation could be the only logic of the statement current among those who refuse to face the reality of the hideous crusade, that the U.S. military was "not allowed to win." It is the culmination of the "Indian idea."

VII. BLOODBATHS

The Americans may not have been able to impose a "final solution" on the Indochinese, but they did enough damage in the course of that war to wreck the societies and lay the basis for further carnage, as in Cambodia, making Nixon's cynical warning of a "bloodbath" a self-fulfilling prophecy. If some 58,000 American soldiers died in Vietnam and another 300,000 were wounded, and we add to that list the startling number of suicides among veterans since the war, some 50,000, how can these horrifying figures compare to those of three million Vietnamese killed and 4.5 million wounded? What would be the comparable length of a wall like the veterans' memorial in Washington, D.C. if it contained those three million names? And consider some other statistics: ten million refugees, a million orphans, nearly 10,000 hamlets destroyed in South Vietnam alone; 6,600,000 tons of bombs dropped on Indochina, including 400,000 tons of napalm, leaving some 25 million craters; 25 million acres of farmland and twelve million acres of forests destroyed, by among other causes, nineteen million gallons of defoliants sprayed on them. The horror visited upon thousands of American soldiers and their families due to exposure to Agent Orange and other defoliants is only an indication of the far greater numbers and levels of contamination of Indochinese who were and continue to be the victims of the chemical plagues deliberately unleashed by the American masters of war.

The United States went into Vietnam to "save" the south by impeding reunification of the country and stopping the communists from assuming power of the entire country. In so doing it wrecked the possibility of any diversity in Vietnamese society (or Laotian or Cambodian), of anyone but the communists coming to power, by uprooting and destroying the very groups that could have resisted or offset control by the stalinists—the regional political groups and religious sects, the tribespeople of the highlands, the Buddhists, and other political tendencies. The U.S. claimed its desire to prevent domination of the south by northerners. Yet during the Tet Offensive in 1968 and the "Operation Phoenix" program of mass assassinations, jailings and relocations which followed in the early 1970's, it exterminated the mainly southern NLF cadres, making northern domination of the culturally distinct south another self-fulfilling prophecy (indeed, perhaps a necessity for the Vietnamese if they were going to win the war). "The U.S. has changed Vietnam," wrote Fitzgerald, "to the point where it is unrecognizable to Vietnamese... and flattened the local ethnic, religious, and cultural peculiarities beneath a uniform, national disaster."

Now, ten years later, we could only expect the grotesque spectacle in which history has been rewritten so that Americans can continue to evade individual and collective guilt for the slaughter of the Indochinese and the wrecking of their societies.

One particularly repellent example was President Carter's astonishing statement in March 1977 that "The destruction was mutual. We went to Vietnam without any desire to capture territory or impose American will on other people. I don't feel we ought to apologize or castigate ourselves or to assume the status of culpability." Vietnamese author Ngo Vinh Long reports that "A professor at Hue University likened [the statement] to a rapist saying that his victims hurt him as much as he hurt them." Yet, incredibly, the refusal by Americans to face the truth of American culpability has brought about exactly such a reversal in many people's minds.

The atrocities and injustices which followed in the wake of the U.S. war—which could only be seen as the tragic consequences of American devastation, as further proof that a holocaust does not create conditions for reconciliation and freedom but only for

To all the apologists for genocide who repeat the lie that the antiwar movement, which eventually became the great majority of Americans, "betrayed" the war effort, I can only reply: We didn't do enough to undermine and betray your war.

more holocaust and tyranny—these crimes are now employed by propagandists as a justification for the original violence that prepared the ground for them. The question never seems to be raised that even if the Indochinese were destined to mutual wars and dictatorship—a frequent occurrence in the troubled Third World—how could that justify the American intervention, the millions dead and wounded, the ruination of traditional forms of life which may have helped to prevent such brutality?

In fact, it is one of the war's tragic ironies that the forced modernization so fondly touted as a solution by U.S. analysts like the Harvard Government professor will now be carried out by the stalinists rather than the fascist puppets of the Americans, and only because the U.S. pulverized that society so thoroughly that the only force left which was capable of creating a new society of any kind was the communists. It is hard to say what would have happened if the Indian fighters had not marched into that valley, but once they did their dirty work, the consequences could only be a foregone conclusion. And the consistent pressure which America now puts on the Indochinese contributes to every act of oppression and brutality which occurs there to this day.

Now that the "lesson" that more American terror and death was necessary in Indochina is widely proclaimed, there are those who would wish to employ it for further holocaust in Central America. Edward N. Luttwak, one of the latest clones of American crackpot military realism, claimed in the *Harper's* symposium that if the "1,000 sorties flown each day in Vietnam" had hit "worthwhile targets," they "would have ended the war in a day," and now prescribes American "victory" for El Salvador, using the same terms and justifications applied by counterinsurgency analysts in the 1960's in Vietnam: "I believe the United States should help the Salvadoran government, which is a democratizing regime, win the war... The United States can permit the Salvadorans to prevail by using their traditional methods—which simply entail killing as many people as they can until there are no

guerrillas left."

And so the graveyards are in flower this spring ten years later, this spring which is witness and prelude to more butchery a la Edward Luttwak. The slaughter is going on at this very moment, in the highlands of Guatemala, in the ravines of El Salvador, along the Honduras-Nicaragua border. We are now told by Richard Nixon (in a book which can only bring to mind the image of Hitler, say in 1955, writing a retrospective on World War II) that the idea of "no more Vietnams" means not that America shouldn't intervene, but that it shouldn't fail. That is always the plan. Now the Mayan Indians are being rounded up into strategic hamlets, tortured and massacred, their cultures wrecked and whole language groups decimated. The poor farmers of that earth goddess' necklace of volcanic jewels which is Central America are being exterminated, the "sheep separated from the goats." Even napalm is being used against them in a stunning repetition of history which can only elicit a scream of anguish directly from the heart. Of course these unfortunate people are only "Commies," "subversives," "guerrillas"—targets. They are more jungle to be paved and turned into an American parking lot.

VIII. AMERICA'S NEXT VIETNAM

Like millions of others, I did what I could to stop that war. I demonstrated, leafleted, sat in, burned my draft card, walked out of school, spoke on streetcorners. In 1967 I was fifteen years old. I would have enlisted in the NLF to fight against the American invasion had I had the opportunity. Because I was young and America was fighting a war so transparently evil, I tended to glorify the resistance, the NLF and the North Vietnamese. The heroism and the dignity of the Vietnamese people blinded me to the authoritarian character of the stalinist politicians who were carried to power. Experience and a deepening understanding of the world made it clear that such illusions are dangerous. Nevertheless, I don't regret waving a "VC" flag, the flag of the empire's enemy, at the gates of a factory in Warren, Michigan, where tanks were produced.

Obviously, everyone always wishes they could have known then what they know now, and I don't confuse my opposition to U.S. intervention in Central America with any illusions about the poli-

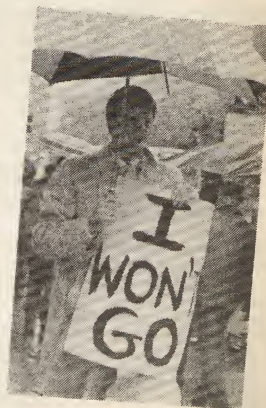
tics who run Nicaragua or the political parties involved in the resistance in Guatemala and El Salvador. But the lack of judgment some of us showed in glorifying the Vietnamese resistance cannot be blamed for the misery visited upon those tortured lands. The blame must be laid where it belongs if we are to break the cycle of destruction: on the technocratic fascist war conceived and conducted by the U.S. imperialist war machine, and the daily acts of complicity by Americans with that war machine.

Now the same events are unfolding in Central America (or actually have been unfolding for years, though we are only now becoming increasingly aware of them). The U.S. plays the same dirty tricks, foments its Big Lie, butchers poor farmers and ignites villages in the name of freedom, progress, salvation. Its infernal technology is now being brought to bear on still more victims.

When I look up at the map of Indochina on my wall, I cannot help but wonder: what more could we have done to stop the suffering, to obstruct that smoking, clanking juggernaut cutting its bloody swath through a faraway land? To all the apologists for genocide, paid and unpaid, who repeat the imperial lie that the antiwar movement, which eventually became the great majority of Americans, inside and outside the military, "betrayed" the war effort, I can only reply: *We didn't do enough to undermine and betray your war.* If there is any lesson to be learned from that war which can aid us in understanding the situation we find ourselves in today, it is that lesson—that now that the soil is being bloodstained by new, hellish wars, now that the engines of holocaust are again filling the air with their terrifying drone, we must find a way to rally our spirits once more, to blockade the beast, to stop its murderous career. Yesterday is today and today is tomorrow. The Vietnam wars are an American creation. It is here—and it is we who must act—where they will be stopped once and for all.

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Our war heroes: The true war heroes of the Vietnamese War were not the men who blindly obeyed when summoned by the state to fight its war, but those people, Indochinese and American, inside and outside the military, who resisted the war machine. Upper right: Detroit draft resister. Bottom, left: a demonstration at Wayne State University in Detroit shortly after the invasion of Cambodia and the murders of student protesters at Kent and Jackson State Universities, spring 1970. Right: Vietnam Veterans Against the War demonstrate in Miami at the Republican and Democratic National Conventions in 1972.

Former Green Beret Sgt. Donald Duncan's closing statement to the Winter Soldier Investigation in Detroit in 1971 still holds true. He told the vets gathered there: "...We have to stop producing veterans. And for many of you who have spoken out for the first time and become involved in some thing for the first time—stay with it...And some day you will be ex-veterans, and we'll just be people again."



Thirty years ago, the most powerful military colossus ever assembled, its triumphant legions spread throughout the world, committed an expeditionary force of its best troops to the Asian mainland. "The American Army of 1965," wrote an admiring historian, "was headstrong with confidence, sharply honed to a lethal fighting edge. . . [and] eager to test its newly acquired wings of airmobility."¹ In other words, it felt invincible. Battalions dispatched to Indo-

china were told that the local communist guerrilla-bandits were politically isolated and would quickly succumb to their superior might, but instead they found themselves locked in desperate battle with a determined adversary enjoying massive popular support. This expeditionary force gradually became a gigantic field army of over half a million men, and the lightning war turned into a meatgrinder.

As America's involvement in Vietnam deepened, political and social turbulence at home reached proportions unimaginable in 1965, and the magnificent army started falling apart. Low morale and outright rebellion eroded its combat effectiveness, and the malaise began spreading beyond Southeast Asia to brigades garrisoning more vital imperial frontiers, especially Central Europe.

A startling development took place among the children of the men who dutifully fought the Second World War in theaters around the globe. Their conscripted sons came to see not Asian communists but the United States military machine as the real enemy.

Hundreds of thousands voted against the war with their feet by deserting be-

fore their hitches were up. Marines and soldiers murdered their officers. Sailors sabotaged powerful warships, and bomber pilots refused to fly missions.

Mutinies broke out on isolated jungle trails all over Vietnam, forcing troop leaders to "work it out" with the men. Stockades and brigades were rocked by uprisings. GI antiwar organizations and newspapers spontaneously proliferated at U.S. military bases worldwide as soldiers finished with their one-year tour in Vietnam spread the contagion.

The evidence indicates that troop rebellions—contrary to most conventional histories of the war—were not merely background blare to the central drama of decisions by politicians and generals. They were instead a critical factor that hindered the expeditionary army's fighting ability, and the snowballing process of decay hastened American withdrawal from the battlefield.

After the U.S. invasion of South Vietnam, draft resistance was the first activity directed against the war effort. Many of those successfully conscripted, though, also became a problem for the armed forces as they learned about the military and the

war through experience. Desertion skyrocketed during peak years of the ground fighting, steadily rising from a rate of 15 incidents per thousand in the 1966 Army to a staggering 74 per thousand by 1971.²

This outdid even the Second World War maximum of 63 per thousand during the grueling land combat of 1944. (Army generals found this figure so unsettling that, as an example to others, they actually carried out the firing squad execution in France of one unlucky GI from Detroit who had gone over the hill.) It should be noted that unlike World War II, most Vietnam-era desertions took place away from the combat zone, indicating disgust rather than fear as a primary motivating factor.

Abbie Hoffman once quipped at a demonstration outside the gates of Fort Meade, Maryland, "Behind every GI haircut lies a Samson."³ By 1967, the peace movement recognized the immense value of antiwar feeling in the ranks, and intensified organizing efforts.

So-called GI coffeehouses were set up by activists outside military posts in the U.S., providing a space where soldiers and civilians could congregate free

of the repressive atmosphere that prevailed on-base. These establishments came under legal attack from both military and local city officials. Coffeehouse organizers responded with a "Summer of Support" project in 1968, successfully raising funds to keep the soldier meeting places open.

That year, one could realize the increasing magnitude of military dissent through the nascent GI "underground" press which eventually grew to include hundreds of papers. The most famous of these, *FTA* (short for "Free The Army," but usually translated as a more coarse comment on soldiering), was first published in 1968 at Fort Knox, Kentucky. *The Bond*, from New York City, became the voice of the influential American Servicemen's Union and during the big years of the ground war, this paper was distributed to tens of thousands of GIs worldwide.

Stories revealing on-base incidents that army control kept from the civilian press began to appear in these soldier newspapers. A 1967 *Bond* article, for example, described rioting that erupted at Fort Hood, Texas, when the 198th Infantry Brigade vented its unhappiness at receiving Vietnam orders.⁴

Another story, published during the 1968 Tet Offensive, reported, "In a highly significant event not noted by the national press, GIs at Fort Jackson, S.C., tried to hold a meeting on the post against the war, but the MPs broke it up. . . Their bitterness is certainly shared by soldiers at other bases."⁵

The civilian antiwar movement's enthusiasm for military resistance had by 1969 reached a point where some teenage members of the Young Socialist Alliance were allowing themselves to be drafted without resistance when they came of age, then immediately agitating from within upon induction.⁶

Over There

It was in Southeast Asia, though, where military units really began to unravel. Fraggings, the deliberate murder of unpopular officers and noncommissioned officers using fragmentation hand grenades (to avoid ballistic detection) became a popular form of resistance among infantry platoons. By 1967, soldiers in the Mekong Delta were offering bounties raised by the men for combat executions of dangerously gung-ho officers.⁷

One droll GI wrote back to the underground newspaper at Camp Pendleton, the sprawling California home of the 1st Marine Division: "After months of assiduous care and maintenance of my M-16, it failed to function at a critical moment, endangering my life and the lives of other men in this company. Last night, at 0300 hours I had a clear, unobstructed shot at the captain. To my chagrin, the weapon misfired. It may be weeks before I get another crack at the bastard and in the meantime I am subject to the ridicule of my associates and can kiss goodbye the \$2000 in the company pool."⁸

GI RESISTANCE IN THE VIETNAM ERA MUTINY AT THE OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE

by Rob Blurton



After taking casualties for days when ordered to repeatedly assault a mountain bunker complex, mutinous U.S. soldiers in South Vietnam face down their battalion commander, September 1969. At home and abroad during this turbulent era, African-Americans stood in the front ranks of struggle against the U.S. empire.

The murder of overzealous commanders during battle was hardly unknown in earlier American wars, but in Indochina, the practice—and even more, the hesitancy that this constantly implied threat induced in the entire officer corps—mushroomed out of control as the war stalemated. Such ruthless correctives to excessive officer ambition were restricted to life-and-death combat situations in previous conflicts, but by 1970, the phenomenon leapt from the front lines to rear areas and even to bases in Germany.* Vietnam was beginning to have a corrosive effect on the U.S. Army far beyond the Asian battlefields.

Fighting The White Man's War

Mirroring turbulent civil society, militant activism among young African-American men was in the forefront of the GI movement. An early example occurred in July 1967 (at the same time of the Detroit riot/rebellion), when two Camp Pendleton marines called a meeting on the base to question whether "black men should fight white men's wars." To air these concerns, they and twelve other marines requested a Captain's Mast with their commanding officer, which is naval parlance for the military judicial right given troops to redress grievances. Instead, the original two were arrested and charged with insubordination and promoting disloyalty. In November, both were found guilty and sentenced to several years in the brig.¹⁰

On August 23, 1968, over 100 black soldiers from troubled Fort Hood met to discuss orders for duty in Chicago, where Army units would be used during the Democratic national convention to suppress civilian demonstrations. After allowing an all-night discussion, Army MPs arrested 43 "ringleaders" as the meeting broke up.¹¹

The April 1970 invasion of Cambodia provided further impetus to military resistance, paralleling the outrage it generated in the civilian peace movement. Expanded fighting in Asia assured the success of previously scheduled "Armed Forces Day" demonstrations held on May 16, the national Armed Forces Day holiday, which included over a dozen large rallies and marches at military posts across the country.

The reaction of Army brass at Fort Ord, California (just two weeks after Ohio reserve soldiers shot down unarmed students at Kent State), shows how frightened some were by the protests. When civilians demonstrated outside the gates of the base, post commanders had security forces erect razor wire, set up M-60 machine guns on nearby rooftops, and maintain riot control troops on alert. The reliability of this contingency unit was so suspect, however, that they were not issued ammunition and were kept aboard trucks, lest they fraternize with demonstrators.¹²

Other manifestations of civilian unrest were matched in the military, including prison rebellion and polarization among blacks and whites. In the summer of 1968, the two largest of many stockade uprisings in Vietnam occurred, both led by black GIs. During the weekend of August 16, marine inmates took over part of the brig outside Da Nang, the Marines' main in-country staging base. The prisoners held out for 20 hours against armed guards, resulting in several injuries.

Two weeks later, at the huge and

overcrowded Army facility at Long Binh, the bloodiest revolt in a U.S. military prison in recent times took place. For hours, hundreds of inmates fought a running battle with MPs, and much of the stockade was destroyed by fire. Five guards and 58 prisoners were injured, 23 seriously. One GI inmate died.¹³

Another unfortunate symptom of the general breakdown underway was the fracture of unit solidarity along color lines. Confrontations between blacks and whites were pandemic in Vietnam, and in some instances became a war within a war. Perhaps the worst unrest took place at the Camp Baxter Marine post near the demilitarized zone separating North and South Vietnam.

In early 1971, a major racial clash took place that left at least one black GI dead. MPs investigating afterwards discovered that many of the marines were carrying illegal arms, and several caches of ammunition, grenades, and machine guns had been assembled by both sides, ostensibly in preparation for more trouble.¹⁴

By the turn of the decade, the volume of soldiers balking at orders in war zones had required an Army designation for the rot: "combat refusal." U.S. military operations were crippled by both actual incidents and the generalized atmosphere of battle evasion that restricted military options for unit commanders. For every defiant refusal, dozens more would "search and avoid," or fake their night patrols by stopping 100 meters beyond the perimeter wire to wait out the darkness, radioing in that they were passing the appropriate checkpoints at the appropriate times.

The declining combat ability of the Army was obvious to its troop leaders during the 1970 expansion of ground fighting into Cambodia. While maneuvering across the Cambodian border, many infantry companies avoided battle or were hesitant in moving out to new locations. The 4th Infantry Division, the "Fighting Fourth" of World War II



For every defiant refusal, dozens more would "search and avoid," or fake night patrols by stopping 100 meters beyond the perimeter wire to wait out the darkness, radioing in that they were passing the appropriate checkpoints at the appropriate times.



Soldiers of the 198th Infantry Brigade wear black armbands while on patrol near Chu Lai to show support for the Moratorium antiwar demonstrations back home, October 1969.

fame, was renamed the "Funky Fourth" by cynical Army officers after it repeatedly lapsed into combat paralysis in Cambodia upon encountering any resistance.¹⁵

The Brink of Collapse

Historically, armies have gone to the verge of collapse and beyond numerous times. During the First World War alone, the tsarist army of Russia fell apart in 1917, and the French and Italian armies nearly followed suit. In 1918, the German and Austrian armies dissolved, and even the British had serious problems for a time. (Mutinies among United Kingdom troops actually increased after the shooting stopped. Thousands of survivors of the trenches died in squalid army "demobilization centres" in England, a situation which generated riots and rebellions.)¹⁶

Events in Vietnam—made up of pervasive minor incidents and a substantial number of larger, more formal events of mass insubordination—never constituted a complete physical disintegration of the America's military table of organization. In many ways, the situation instead mirrored the more limited Nivelle mutinies by weary French troops in 1917 after the failure of a bloody and ill-advised Western Front offensive. For a period of time in the Reims salient northeast of Paris, tens of thousands of soldiers would defend themselves if attacked, but no longer advance to a pointless death. The tactic was somewhat successful: French generals carried out several firing squad executions, yet left this portion of the line in a basically defensive posture for over a year until the final campaign of the war, no doubt sparing some of the mutineers' lives.

Faced with meaningless sacrifice in stalemated wars, tired veterans in both the trenches of France and the jungles of Southeast Asia refused to conduct aggressive patrolling beyond forward positions, though they would still guard their own ramparts. The problem in South Vietnam was so widespread that punishment became impossible, causing the Army to downplay the incidents as much as circumstances allowed.

Contemporary media did not completely ignore the crisis. Among the miles of column-inches devoted to the actions of politicians and can-do military managers, hints of trouble percolating within the ranks slipped through. By the summer of 1969, a reporter who first came to Vietnam before the American buildup noted that, "rumors of troops quitting in combat were everywhere, but nothing could be verified—newsmen never happened to be in the right place at the right time."¹⁷ That August, a *New York Times* story described disillusioned soldiers "who lack an ideological commitment to the war."¹⁸

In September, the press finally got their verifiable incident when a company of the morale-plagued Americal Division that had suffered heavy casualties during four days of continuous assaults against North Vietnamese bunkers refused to attack on the fifth day. Though high-ranking officers shrugged off the affair, it attracted so much attention that even the official Army paper, *Stars and Stripes*, covered the story.

During one of the October-November 1969 antiwar "Moratoriums" observed nationwide in the U.S., fifteen GIs on patrol near Chu Lai wore black armbands in solidarity with the demonstrators back home. "Before the day was out," *The New York Times* grimly noted, "four of the protesting soldiers had been wounded by Vietcong booby traps."¹⁹

In April 1970, one veteran company of grunts refused outright a direct order from their inexperienced commanding officer to advance down a dangerous open road, all in front of a CBS television crew.

The following month, a *Newsweek* article on the Cambodian invasion mentioned the growing effect of combat refusals, and concluded that "the current crop of U.S. troops—many of them draftees who make no bones about their opposition to the war—bears little resemblance to the aggressive, gung-ho units that saw action two or three years ago."²⁰

Media evidence of growing discontent also emerged back in the States that summer. A crippled marine sergeant told

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Troopers of the once elite 1st Air Cavalry hang out in Cambodia, May 1970. That year, the division reported thirty-five incidents of combat refusal, some involving entire units.

Without cooperation from the hands on deck, planes cannot fly: Overworked enlisted carrier sailors during flight operations off the Vietnamese coast.

German and Russian soldiers fraternize on the Eastern Front during the First World War. In June 1917, these troops simply stopped fighting each other, something no general likes to see.

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a Senate committee that his injuries had been caused by his own men throwing a hand grenade underneath his bunk after he clamped down on their marijuana use, and CBS broadcast a clip of troopers from the First Air Cavalry smoking pot through the barrel of a shotgun.

None of these "liberal media," who certain segments of the population today credit with gutting public support for the war, could manage to put together the mutiny puzzle pieces. It was instead Robert Heilbrunn, a conservative analyst writing in 1971 for a journal of military professionals, who sounded the alarm. To alert his colleagues to the danger, he tied the seemingly unrelated outbursts into a larger fabric of disintegration. No examination of this subject is complete without quoting the former marine combat officer's opening sentences of this extremely influential article that still explode like an artillery shell:

"The morale, discipline, and battleworthiness of the U.S. Armed Forces are, with a few salient exceptions, lower and worse than at any time in this century and possibly in the history of the United States. By every conceivable indicator, our army that now remains in Vietnam is in a state approaching collapse, with individual units avoiding or having refused combat, murdering their officers and noncommissioned officers, drug-ridden and dispirited where not near-mutinous. Elsewhere than Vietnam, the situation is nearly as serious."²¹ (See Winter 1990-91 Fifth Estate for reprint of this article.)

Such frank disclosures by frightened military men soon affected governmental policy discourse. It was no exaggeration to assert as fact the degradation of the Army's fighting ability; by the spring of 1972, even *Foreign Affairs*, an influential journal of the ruling elites, could report: "In the United States, the military establishment, and especially its ground forces, are experiencing a profound crisis in legitimacy due to the impact of Vietnam, internal race tension, corruption, extensive drug abuse, disintegration of command and operational effectiveness, and widespread anti-military sentiment." (My emphasis.)²²

In 1970, the Cambodian debacle and changing political climate allowed a formerly hawkish *Newsweek* columnist to warn that "it might be a good idea to accelerate the rate of withdrawal from Vietnam very sharply. . . [because] discipline and morale are deteriorating very

seriously. . . Is it any wonder that those who know the score are beginning to think about pulling this non-fighting army out of Vietnam in a hurry? . . . It is time to take those bitter draftees in our crumbling Army out of Vietnam—and the sooner the better."²³

These incidents represent only the tip of the iceberg. How many rebellions by tired veterans in remote jungle gorges were "worked out" by the compromises of realistic officers we can never know.

The military cancer of Vietnam came home with the returning vets. Disciplinary problems such as desertion and drug abuse increased substantially in State-side garrisons with the influx of former occupiers of South Vietnam. Among ground forces back in the U.S., continued resistance to the Indochina war took its most ominous and intriguing turn during antiwar events held in Washing-

ton D.C. in April and May of 1971.

Thousands of protesters there were disillusioned Vietnam veterans, and when an ex-soldier encampment on the Mall was threatened with forcible removal, 82nd Airborne Division troopers dispatched to the capital on riot duty (with many combat returnees in their ranks) told demonstrators they would refuse any orders to interfere with their brother vets. Their commanders wisely did not press the issue.

Sympathetic GIs in other outfits relayed troop-movement information to protest organizers, allowing them to find out in advance which units were being prepared for civil duty, and to leaflet the affected bases with information on the aims of the demonstrations. Fortunately for the nervous brass, D.C. cops aided by nearby county and state police forces were able to contain the unrest, thus not

forcing a showdown over the troops' questionable obedience.²⁴

In Southeast Asia, the war continued despite protests. To cover major U.S. ground force reductions of 1970-71, the air war had to be ratcheted up substantially. This intensified resistance in the Navy and Air Force, where it had previously simmered at a lower flame while American land fighting predominated. Antiwar organizing efforts in the U.S. Seventh Fleet increased in direct response to the stepped up bombing.

The Movement for a Democratic Military surfaced in Southern California in early 1970 and drew its greatest strength from the immense San Diego naval base, home port to the aircraft carriers of the Pacific fleet. Rebellion took many forms, but the most effective in curtailing the Navy's war-making ability was sabotage. 488 "investigations on damage or attempted damage" were noted in fiscal 1971, and the widespread tactic of literally throwing a wrench into the gears of the war machine became the technology-intensive (and thus vulnerable) Navy's nightmare.²⁵

The situation reached crisis in 1972. The North Vietnamese Army, emboldened by the rapid withdrawal of American troops, attempted a large scale conventional invasion of the South in April. The "Easter Offensive" was halted only by massive U.S. bombing of NVA troop formations, and air attacks on the major North Vietnamese cities of Hanoi and Haiphong.

Naval air forces were stretched to their breaking point. For the rest of the year, as many as four carriers were stationed in the Tonkin Gulf, with an equal number committed to the area to provide rotation capability. Normal U.S. fleet routine was completely disrupted; nearly all the Pacific fleet, and many ships usually assigned to the Atlantic, sailed west into the fray.

For crew members, the escalation brought severe hardships. Carrier operations demanded an incredible 100-hour workweek, and deployments lasted as long as 45 days, straining crews to the very limits of human endurance. Forced to remain at sea beyond their rotation schedule, and thrust suddenly into the center of an unpopular war, sailor-rebels responded.

In July, at the main Atlantic base in Norfolk, Virginia, a crewmember aboard the *Forrestal* torched the carrier's officer berthing areas, causing seven million dollars worth of damage and delaying the ship's deployment to the Pacific for over two months.²⁶

Major Mutinies Among Ground Forces in Vietnam Included:

September 1969: 60 men of the Americal Division refuse to charge bunkers after days of grueling combat near Queson.

November 1969: 21 GIs, all hardened veterans nearing the end of their tours, refuse to advance into enemy-held ground at Cu Chi near the Cambodian border.

April 1970: News correspondent John Laurence and the nation's television viewing audience watch as a squad leader on patrol in War Zone C flatly refuses his captain's reckless command to advance down a hazardous road, and successfully negotiates for an alternate route.

May 1970: During the Cambodian invasion, 16 soldiers from Firebase Washington will not advance with their units across the frontier, and a small group of 4th Division GIs refuse to board helicopters bound for Cambodia.

December 1970: A company commander in the 101st Airborne Division refuses his colonel's directive to move at night after talking the order over with his men and deciding it too dangerous.

March 1971: During the invasion of Laos by South Vietnamese troops, two supporting platoons of American soldiers under enemy fire refuse orders to advance and recover a damaged armored vehicle.

October 1971: A refusal of 6 GIs to patrol outside Firebase Pace near the Laotian border sparks wider mutiny in a company of the 1st Air Cavalry Division. 65 men sign a petition to be sent to U.S. Sen. Ted Kennedy, requesting protection from what they consider needless danger.

April 1972: In the final reported in-country mutiny, about 100 GIs of the 196th Infantry Brigade refuse an order to mount trucks for an advance into enemy territory near Phu Bai.

Later that month, a militant deckhand inserted two bolts and a paint scraper into the carrier *Ranger's* number-four engine reduction gears, necessitating a three month layover for one million dollars in repairs. This was the culmination of a wave of sabotage by *Ranger* sailors in direct response to the Easter Offensive escalation of the air war. In May and June alone, over two dozen incidents of willful destruction took place, including cut firehoses, bomb threats, a plugged fire main, fuel in the freshwater supply, a flooded compartment, and assorted damage to generators and oil pumps.²⁷

Carrier sabotage compelled the *Kitty Hawk*, in the Tonkin Gulf, to remain on station for months. Shipboard racial tensions already on edge then exploded in a series of violent incidents, necessitating its rotation out of the war zone. Thus, the disablement of one floating airbase after another severely hampered the Navy's ability to conduct bombing operations during the second half of 1972. Sailor dissent was only suppressed by withdrawal of the carrier task forces from Vietnamese waters by the end of the year, and mass discharges of over 6,000 "troublemakers" in 1972-73.²⁸

Airmen Join the Rebellion

With its relaxed discipline and low ratio of actual involvement by members in direct fighting, the Air Force had managed to avoid much of the discontent affecting other services before 1971. Early that year, only ten GI papers circulated among U.S. air bases; by the spring of 1972, there were more than thirty. A Congressional panel, the House Internal Security Committee, recognized a clear pattern: "The trend towards organizing among Air Force personnel, in line with U.S. continued air activities in Indochina, is quite obvious."²⁹

Intensified bombing in 1972 brought protests to Air Force installations around the world. The swell of resistance receded as bombing operations declined in the fall, but surged sharply again as a disgusted response to the Christmas B-52 attacks on central Hanoi. That December, two combat pilots from the U Tapao base in Thailand refused to fly bombing missions over Vietnam, beginning the last chapter of GI resistance to America's Indochinese slaughter.

Morale in the Pacific air command deteriorated dramatically throughout 1972, but during the relentless bombing of inner Cambodia in 1973, it plunged to critical levels. Four B-52 pilots stationed in Guam joined with a congresswoman's legal suit challenging the constitutionality of the Cambodian bombing; three were relieved from duty and the fourth refused to fly missions after this action against his comrades.³⁰

In a more subtle form of rebellion, ground crews left certain operational maintenance undone, which caused increasing numbers of sorties to be aborted shortly after takeoff. Demoralized bomber crews were only too happy to use such excuses, and rates of equipment "failures" increased.³¹

Though the Pentagon claimed its 40% reduction in B-52 missions over Cambodia in May 1973 was due to budget cuts, a *Washington Post* correspondent reported that "despite official assertions, there are indications that the Air Force is facing a deepening morale crisis among pilots and especially among

crews of the B-52s. . . High ranking Defense Department sources say the morale situation at Guam has been poor for some time now. . . These sources say the morale problem at U Tapao in Thailand is also growing worse daily."³² Despite the highly professional and officer-heavy structure of the air service, resistance to the Cambodian raids certainly affected U.S. military options.

Today, "mainstream" analysis of these pivotal events in America's Vietnam adventure, other than mention of fraggings, that word the war added to our vocabulary, is nearly nonexistent. Why have so many historians ignored the significance of the GI movement? Perhaps because the implications of such a multi-class social movement in an army whose loyalty had been beyond question in the century since the Civil War are scarcely conceivable to scholars steeped in the assumptions of current ideology.

GI activism also contradicts dominant historical notions that interpret the anti-war movement among youth almost entirely as a middle-class student affair, eschewed by the sons of America's working class.

Marcus Raskin mentions this point in his introduction to David Cortright's definitive 1975 study, *Soldiers in Revolt*: "From time to time, incidents were noted in the media, but for the most part these incidents were seen by civilian society as sporadic. . . [however] the struggle against the war in Indochina moved from the campus and was continued within the military itself by the children of all classes—the poor, working, and middle classes. This is an important political fact. . . unrecorded among journalists, academics, and politicians. To be aware of this fact is to be relieved of the comfortable belief that the armed forces are a quiet, apolitical group."³³

Awareness of this socially broad movement of war resistance in the military inherently challenges a popular mythology that only lack of political will (the "one-hand-tied-behind-our-back" theory) kept the boys from taking Hanoi and turning Uncle Ho out. In actuality, the risk of further civil disorder in America and complete collapse of the field army in Asia precluded large offensive operations, as the invasion of Cambodia indicated.

Eventually, there was even concern about the reliability of American troops

in riot control operations at home. When the dependability of soldiers to follow orders can even be questioned, the situation is already intolerable for ruling elites. Without loyal armed retainers to back them, the leaders of any state simply shout orders at the wind. "Policy makers" and the military brass realized that the game in Southeast Asia was clearly no longer worth the candle in what was not a life-or-death struggle for the motherland, so the world's mightiest armed force cut its losses and accepted defeat.

However, a mythology of noble unvanquished warriors, even in the ranks of beaten armies, can take root. Defeated soldiers are not useful instruments of state power, and in a government's worst-case scenario, disillusioned veterans can even turn upon the state they served. Avoiding or shedding the stigma of defeat is crucial to restoring a fighting attitude to demoralized troops.

It Happened Before

A historical example in this century of such successful recovery of a beaten army occurred in Europe after the November 1918 cease fire that ended the World War I. Ordered by their admirals to sail into hopeless destruction as a face-saving glorious end, German sailors of the Baltic Fleet instead mutinied and declared that naval power would henceforth reside in enlisted-man councils. Demobilized soldiers returning from the trenches joined them and uprisings flared throughout Germany for over a year, the most famous being the 1919 Berlin *Spartacus* insurrection.

The revolutionary wave of 1918-20 was channeled into a Western-style parliamentary government by leftist politicians and viciously suppressed by their temporary allies, the *Freikorps* militia. This right-wing death squad organization of future Nazis and professional soldiers scourged the nation with counterrevolutionary terror.

During the Weimar Republic years that followed, Hitler's increasingly popular "national socialism" enshrined militarist trappings, and a legend grew that Prussian arms had never been conquered in the field during the Great War. Revised historical interpretation absolved the generals and viewed the armistice as a "stab-in-the-back" deliv-

ered by treacherous politicians.

This shibboleth is familiar to anyone living in post-Vietnam America, right down to "in-the-back" imagery that reflects not only phrasing but mood. Such rhetoric proved an effective aid in rehabilitating the disgraced German military machine to blitzkrieg Poland and France only two decades after its soldiers and sailors suppressed not the people but their officers, and ignited a revolution.

It is pertinent to consider this history when assessing the resurgence of militaristic values in 1980s America, and to contrast the Desert Storm troopers of 1991 with the insolent and cynical mutineers pulled out of Vietnam twenty years earlier.

The author spent four years in the Marine Corps, from 1975-1983.

FOOTNOTES

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² David Cortright, *Soldiers in Revolt: The American Military Today* (Anchor, 1975) p. 11-13.

³ Cortright, p. 68.

⁴ *The Bond*, Nov. 3, 1967.

⁵ *The Bond*, Feb. 18, 1968.

⁶ 1972 House Internal Security Committee Report, Vol. 1, p. 6584.

⁷ Eugene Linden, "Fragging and Other Withdrawal Symptoms" *Saturday Review*, Jan. 8, 1972, p. 12-17. This excellent article examines race, drugs, and mutiny in a lost army far from home.

⁸ *All Ready On The Left*, Camp Pendleton, California, September 1970.

⁹ Juan Cameron, "Our Gravest Military Problem is Manpower" *Fortune*, April 1971, p. 138.

¹⁰ Adam Yarmolinsky, *The Military Establishment* (Harper and Row, 1971) p. 361-362.

¹¹ Cortright, p. 56-57; *The Bond*, Oct. 16, 1968.

¹² Larry G. Waterhouse and Mariann G. Wizard, *Turning the Guns Around: Notes on the GI Movement* (Praeger, 1971), p. 11-13.

¹³ Jail rebellions: *The New York Times*, Aug. 19, 1968, p. 5; Oct. 1, 1968, p. 3; Jan. 8, 1969, p. 12.

¹⁴ Donald Kirk, "Who Wants To Be the Last American Killed in Vietnam?" *The New York Times Magazine*, Sep. 19, 1971, p. 68.

¹⁵ Stanton, p. 330, 440-441.

¹⁶ WWI army collapses: Gwynne Dyer, *War* (Stoddart, 1985), p. 86-87, p. 151-54. British demobilization rebellions: Dave Lamb, *Mutines: 1917-1920* (Solidarity, no copyright date).

¹⁷ Richard Boyle, *Flower of the Dragon: The Breakdown of the U.S. Army in Vietnam* (Ramparts Press, 1972), p. 85.

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¹⁹ *The New York Times*, Oct. 16, 1969, p. 22.

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²¹ Robert D. Heintz, Jr. (Col. USMC, Ret.) "The Collapse of the Armed Forces" *Armed Forces Journal*, June 7, 1971, p. 30.

²² Morris Janowitz, "Volunteer Armed Forces and Military Purpose" *Foreign Affairs*, April 1972, p. 428.

²³ Stewart Alsop, "Vietnam: Out Faster" *Newsweek*, Dec. 7, 1970, p. 104.

²⁴ Cortright, p. 80-83.

²⁵ HISC, Vol. II, p. 7051.

²⁶ *The New York Times*, Nov. 28, 1972, p. 18; Dec. 8, 1972, p. 18.

²⁷ *The New York Times*, June 13, 1973, p. 5.

²⁸ Carrier racial unrest: John Jakabson, "The Demoralization of the U.S. Navy" *Alternate Features Service*, #76, Jan. 5, 1973. Mass discharges: *The New York Times*, Feb. 2, 1973, p. 1.

²⁹ "Staff Analysis of Recent Trends in GI Movement Organizing Activities, Dec. 1971-Apr. 1972" in HISC files.

³⁰ *The New York Times*, June 6, 1973, p. 10.

³¹ *Camp News*, newsletter of the Chicago Area Military Project, Vol. IV, #6, June 15, 1973, p. 3.

³² Michael Getter, *The Washington Post*, May 31, 1973, p. 1 and 9.

³³ Cortright, from the introduction, p. xii.

The Lakeland Collection, located in the Graduate Library at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, is an excellent local archive of the Vietnam-era GI press.



May 1971: GIs arrive in Washington, D.C. to support local law enforcement during the mass arrests of thousands at a Mayday antiwar demonstration. Regional police forces were able to suppress the protests, and the questionable loyalty of these troops was never tested.



PBS, Power & Postmodernism

by John Zerzan

The Public Broadcasting System produces "programming" toward a more *manageable* society. In fact, it is the network rather expressly for managers, and what it airs can best be understood by keeping in mind this service to the managing class. The exact ration of corporate to government funding of PBS is inconsequential to its basic nature and function.

Typically, it launders the image of oil giants and other corporate uglies via their tax-deductible underwriting of high culture, such as opera. Even more basically, it provides the illusion of an "independent" source of information while enforcing the dominant constraints as to what constitutes the acceptable or reputable in ideas and information.

PBS is "innovative" in one real sense: as a consistent promoter of the latest high-tech impoverishment. Those who understand the importance of the computerization of life—both Clinton and Gingrich, for instance—realize the vital PBS contribution in this area. Its completely neutered "environmentalism" never hints at questioning the hierarchical organization of social existence which daily generates the global eco-crisis. This "green" veneer serves, in practice, as perfect accompaniment to the real goal, namely, the highest "creative" productivity of capital.

PBS projects a superior code of diversity, tolerance and fairness, under which the essentials of modern, bereft, commodified life continue unaffected. This pretense of a calm, confident, rational social world is in stark contrast to the actual horrors and dislocations, psychic and public, of a stricken society. Stately British dramas like "Masterpiece Theater" further this soothing overall tone of ruling class control. Small wonder that PBS sponsors are often management services, computer firms, corporate lawyers and others whose explicit function is the running of society in important capacities.

All this is fairly transparent and hardly new. More recent is what seems to be a growing connection between PBS and the prevailing culture of postmodernism. A self-promotion spot highlights this nascent marriage between the managerial hege-

mony PBS aspires to and the reigning cultural hegemony of postmodernism. The text of the promo encompasses virtually every important facet of the new pm creed, and it is easy to see how it serves explicit control aims. PBS celebrates itself—and the divided society it serves—in the same oath of allegiance:

AMERICA'S STORYTELLER

WELCOME TO A PLACE THAT IS ALWAYS
JUST
BEGINNING, THAT ROUSES ITSELF DAY TO
DAY
AND YEAR TO YEAR TO ADMIRE WHAT IT'S
MADE, STARTING WITH NOTHING, THEN
RUSHES TO INVENT ITSELF ALL OVER AGAIN.

ORDINARY PEOPLE, DOING EXTRAORDINARY
THINGS; KNOWING WHAT GOES ON NOW
GOES
ON TO SHAPE TOMORROW.

WELCOME TO THE LAND THAT IS NEVER
EXACTLY WHAT YOU THINK IT IS AND WILL
NEVER STAY THAT WAY FOR LONG.

THERE ARE A MILLION STORIES IN THE
STREETS OF THE CITIES WE NEVER FINISH
BUILDING. WE INTEND TO TELL THEM ALL.

The postmodern "death of the subject" announces the end of the individual, dissolved in language. After the likes of Heidegger and Lacan, it is language itself that does the talking, which parallels the real: capital has swallowed up the human actor. And so our text begins; it is "the place" which is the subject, not its inhabitants.

This place is "always just beginning." A remarkably bald way of expressing the postmodern refusal of history and of origins. History, after all, is just so many arbitrary fictions; pick one—or, more characteristically, don't even bother—they are equally valid/invalid. As for origins, well, that's a bigger fool's errand yet. There are no origins; things have always been this way. Everything before this (media) moment is erased. This place is "always just beginning."

And that is so admirable! This place "rouses itself"—in order "to admire what

it's made." This is the narcissism of a putrescent society in love with itself, able to focus so admirably with the invaluable aid of know-nothing postmodernism. What it's made of is never made clear. To enumerate the specifics of this empty place, in all their terrifying emptiness, might tend to ground the flight of this paean of admiration.

"Starting with nothing"—another reason to admire the achievements of our "place." Here, too, is the embrace of an almost total ignorance. Self-chosen ignorance at that, which is so important to the fact of "postmodern culture" as oxymoron. "Starting with nothing." Never mind the unsuspecting peoples who had to be systematically sacrificed to enable the admirable wonders of today. Never mind the wondrous part of this planet that existed, naturally and freely, somehow prior to the glories erected by this "place." "Starting with nothing." No blood on anyone's hands.

Skipping over the innocuous stanza, "Welcome to the land that is never exactly what you think it is." Here is another

cardinal postmodern tenet: the pointlessness of analysis. Meaning is an illusion, or, as the pm deconstructionists say, "all interpretation is misinterpretation." In practice, the corollary is, let the experts run things; their rule and technology are inevitable and unfathomable, anyway. The Information Society, the dream of managers and their PBS, "is never exactly what you think it is." You are incapable, by definition, of understanding your subjugation to power. So sit back, tube out, and we'll perfect it.

This land also "will never stay that way [the way you mistakenly thought it was] for long." More classic postmodernism: ever-shifting signification, undecidability. Of course it is fine that the situation is both opaque and fluid: this guarantees your perpetual ignorance and slavery.

"The streets of the cities we never finish building." Capital and its high-tech embodiment dwarf you, and never rest. This "place" goes on forever. The contribution of postmodernism to PBS is inestimable, as this piece of pure pm makes utterly clear.

TAZ, the Album: Subversive Act or Active Sell-out?

review by Ellen Carryout

TAZ: *The Album*, Hakim Bey, Axiom Records, 1994

When I first discovered that anarchist author Hakim Bey had released an album of readings on the Axiom label, a subsidiary of the corporate monolith Island Records, I was both eagerly fascinated and smugly repelled. It would be easy to scoff at what, on the surface, seems like a calculated sell-out.

Recently, Island Records, Axiom's parent company, mounted a vicious and successful legal campaign against California independent experimentalists Negativland (and their comparatively tiny label, SST) for the subversive plagiarism of Ireland's superband, U2. The fact that a music industry machine like Island owns an ostensibly avant-garde label like Axiom, which functions under the tutelage of the experimental jazz virtuoso Bill Laswell and releases records like "TAZ," is concrete evidence of capital's capability for instant recuperation and the radical's culpability in the big fish eats little fish logic of the multinational money system.

Hardly an anonymous prank of poetic terrorism, "TAZ" (Temporary Autonomous Zone), the album, is a problematic prospect.

The very existence of this recording speaks to the dangers of mediation which Bey elucidates—the writer eloquently questions the means (book, c.d. or virtual reality, to name a few) by which we participate in art and music as tools of alienation, but provides the message in an "alienated" rather than "immediate" form. To hear the vital anti-commodity verve of such radical rants as the "Immediatism" manifesto, "Chaos," "The Tong," and "Boycott Cop Culture," recited by the heretical Hakim himself on a compact disc available in commercial record stores, suggests irreversible irony and the possible implosion of the disc's every proposition.

These fundamental arguments aside (which *should* appear in the anarchist

press), I love the recording. The few reviews of this record I have seen in non-anarchist publications seem to treat it like some kind of exotic fetish or souvenir of counter-cultural fantasy. I know Bey takes his provocative proposals more seriously than that. I am a fan of Bey in the best sense of the word, but also a comrade, a fellow traveler seeking unmediated pleasure and the potential of the secret societies he invokes as insurrectionary cells. I benefit from this recording insofar as it contributes to my own enjoyment, informs and inspires my own projects, but all these things already existed in the printed versions. Did he produce this solely for the money?

And, as the listener should acknowledge, would you or I have done the same thing if opportunity came knocking? Most starving artists who self-righteously clamor about sell-outs are the first to eat from the capitalist pie when a piece is offered. But this doesn't necessarily make such compromises correct. All said, I doubt this record will be successful in commercial terms or that Island will be offering Bey a contract, a tour of clubs or stadiums, or any of the other bogus and bloated perks often associated with a corporate recording endeavor.

Also, don't be confused by the title; "TAZ," includes excerpts from Bey's "Immediatism" pamphlet (published by the Libertarian Book Club) as well as Autonomedia's book by the same name, but the book's tour-de-force "title track" is nowhere to be found, not even a snippet. The "Amour Fou" (Mad Love) and "Poetic Terrorism" tracks are the record's most accessible and creatively pithy tracts. Their brevity accentuates their creative brilliance.

"Amour Fou is always illegal, whether disguised as a marriage or a boy scout troop—always drunk, whether on the wine of its own secretions or the smoke of its own polymorphous virtues. It is not the derangement

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REVIEWS

A Gorilla Takes On Civilization—Sort Of

Ishmael, Daniel Quinn, 1993, Bantam/Turner, New York NY, 262pp., \$6.00.

Ishmael is a gorilla who places classified ads in search of those who would learn "how to save the world." The narrator of Daniel Quinn's critique of civilization is the (human) applicant to Ishmael's one-gorilla school on what went wrong with humanity. In Socratic dialogue-type style, the nameless student learns the story of how *Homo* lived as a "Leaver" for two or three million years, only to become a planet-destroying "Taker" in the last 10,000 years.

Quinn, in the "person" of Ishmael, imparts some fundamentally important points concerning the history of our species. He notes for example, that hunter-gatherer Leavers, which is what we humans were until the Agricultural Revolution ushered in civilization about 10,000 years ago, enjoyed a peaceful, secure life of very little work. Of similar importance is his understanding of how civilization arrives: "Throughout history, the only way the Takers [agriculturists] have found to tear them [hunter-gatherers] away from that life is by brute force, by wholesale slaughter."

The book's indictment of civilization, then, is far-reaching and implies its fundamental refusal if the planet is to be saved from impending ruin. One concurs that the present is becoming increasingly apocalyptic, with its ensemble of worsening social, psychic, and environmental crises. But how is it that *Ishmael* garnered the Turner Tomorrow Fellowship, funded by mega-techno-capitalist Ted Turner? A closer look at Quinn's critique reveals it to be less ferocious or thorough-going than it might initially appear.

For starters, some of his basic terms

and descriptions seem inadequate to his task of critical analysis. Employing Leavers and Takers, for example, in lieu of primitive and civilized—or better yet, perhaps, undomesticated and domesticated—blunts or softens Quinn's contribution. It has the effect of making the crucial distinction less a matter of a qualitative, epochal shift of social existence and more a matter of moral mindset, of mere attitude.

He fudges this divide still further by the method of explicitly renouncing it. More than once, Ishmael says that agriculture itself is not the problem, nor is civilization. He concludes, in fact, in a way that clearly undercuts his entire thrust, by telling his pupil that "if being civilized means anything at all" it should mean peaceful coexistence with nature, respect for diversity, etc.

He also rules out the relevance of the structure and dynamics of society to the possibly terminal crisis of the totality. The challenge of reorienting humanity is portrayed as classless, a "common cause of all." Deep Ecology is never mentioned, but the entire lesson plan is contained by that ideology, especially the assertion that socio-cultural critique is irrelevant to the degradation of nature. With the argument emasculated in these ways, corporate giants like Ted Turner and Bantam books are not only assuaged, but confer their blessings.

Ishmael, upon closer inspection, announces that all will be fine with a simple change of heart, a dropping of the species-imperialist frame of mind. Real aspects of the real world, such as symbolization, division of labor, hierarchy, the core expansionism of the system of global capital, alienation, to name just a few, need not be mentioned.

Nothing real will need to be jettisoned, apparently, and the new mindset itself ends up sounding very much like the poisonous one we need to reject. An actual reversion to primitive ways would be "inane," he finds. What is required is that we go "forward" and be "inventive."

Given the seriousness of the times and the supposed seriousness of Quinn's intentions, *Ishmael* is a serious disappointment.

—John Zerzan

Bey Pamphlet: let-Down from TAZ

Radio Sermonettes, Hakim Bey, The Libertarian Book Club, (339 Lafayette St., Room 202, New York NY 10012), 40 pp., \$3.50.

by John Filiss

Hakim Bey's earlier work, along with his more recent Radio Sermonettes, reflects the outlook of one who has centered himself in two often disparate schools of thought—Eastern mysticism and anarchism. And, while the (sometimes) richness of these two fields should promote an interesting cross-fertilization, Bey's oft inability to pare down to the vital essence of the ideas he works with has seriously hindered his accomplishments.

Perhaps more relevant than Bey's mysticism (or intimately interlinked with it) is his contact with people not yet laden with modernism, or the angst and cynicism of modern life—cultures still infused with poetry, art and myth. Much of his theory attempts to recreate that sense of life through often similar means/ends in the context of our current day society. This presents an underlying question to the reader of which Bey himself is more than aware: Are art and myth in any of their forms inherently liberatory, the begetters of a life which is more deeply felt and lived, or are they mere offshoots and crystallizations of an inner richness which must be nurtured elsewhere?

The distance between T.A.Z. and the later Radio Sermonettes (RS) may not give a definitive answer to this question, but it might give some idea of Bey's own successes. Less certain, less inspired, at times hollow, perhaps the first letdown of RS is the quality of the prose itself. Bey's earlier work contained some of the most beautiful writing, as writing, to ever appear in the anarchist milieu. Bereft of metaphor and flight, poet become talker, RS is a disappointment by contrast.

Though RS ranges over a number of different areas, from Lascaux to Chinese Tongs, the main topic is the introduction of what Bey calls Immediatism, or, as he writes, "We nevertheless declare without hesitation (without too much thought) the founding of a 'movement,' IMMEDIATISM." Not only this excerpt, but what follows gives the sense of something thrown off rather than inspired. And though he makes some broader hints, Immediatism comes down in further description as essentially a closed-circle creative art club, with some curious and oft paranoid arguments in favor of secrecy.

The closet qualities of Immediatism bear some analogy to the attitudes of other underground and even some not-so-underground movements, which, always fearful of being pulled in by the Spectacle, learn that symbolic rebellion is, after all, symbolic.

Certainly there's a deeper pleasure value in the secret, the forbidden, or the hard to obtain. An aged grimoire like "The Sacred Magic Of Abra Melin, The Mage" is far more intriguing as a very rare, old and musty book passed carefully from hand to hand than as a \$9.95 paperback which can be ordered from any bookstore, although, obviously, the innate value of the writing within remains the same. What this says to me, is that representation is just that, and life goes on elsewhere. The bonds lying within the social and the personal are not to be grasped and torn asunder with the completion of some forbidden fetish totem

It's really not much of a surprise, as these things occur constantly in books, that the piece which contains the statement, "this monster called WORK remains the precise and exact target of our rebellious wrath... we must also learn to recognize work when it's disguised as 'leisure'" should be followed two sentences later by "To struggle to come together every Monday night (or whatever)... that struggle is already Immediatism itself."

It appears that Bey has never gotten down to the substance of work (or the sine qua non of civilization): effort. Nor is he seriously seeking its antithesis, the moment where the movement of life becomes effortless.

Physical disciplines which stress rotations of the hips and Feldenkrais movements, hatha yoga and qigong, are just one sliver of the whole of what we "should" be doing, of where effort would take us if there were enough hours in the day and time within the moment... all so that sometime, somewhere an effect should be made, a level of freedom reached. Never mind that these efforts themselves become an imposition, a new prison within the fabric of our day-to-day existence.

Efforts, programs, and promissory notes: authors everywhere have used this same schtick for eons, though not always as vehemently in favor of struggle as Bey. He writes as if we had something more we would like to toss into the crucible. I don't.

What is most frustrating about Bey (more so in RS than T.A.Z.) is that he handles such vital and interesting topics so superficially. So, often he seems on the verge of a breakthrough, of saying something really profound, and then he gets lost. On the positive side, his focus on the here-and-now, his continual attempts at offering solutions (possibly the most telling lack in anarchist literature) are commendable, and probably among the better to appear.

Though his work remains intelligent and engaging, Radio Sermonettes is perhaps too shorn of analysis to be taken all that seriously.



This pamphlet is available from FE Books for \$3.50 plus postage.

TAZ: Steal This CD

Continued from page 22

of the senses, but rather their apotheosis—not the result of freedom but rather its precondition."

Like the best spoken word releases by people like William Burroughs, the sonic accompaniment coordinated by Laswell is almost incidental—the musical amalgam could have been a montage of mere found sounds, administered by a sinister deejay in an anonymous nightclub. Is this the anarchist contribution to the books-on-tape craze? Even as literary background noise for armchair radicals on long car trips or busy postmodern homemakers who want to cook, clean and be educated simultaneously, it is an interesting prank.

Also, I can't endorse paying \$15 for

"TAZ, the album" at your local record-mart. Bey has almost certainly been paid in advance for his readings. His future royalties, if any, must be a nominal fraction of the cover price, so, don't support corporate corpses, especially when they are selling you a technological representation of your own desire for genuine rebellion!

But rather than use ascetic rhetoric to castigate Bey for "selling out," I simply suggest to those who would like to hear the "TAZ" spoken get it by shoplifting or pirating a copy. I found my artificial artifact of authenticity masked as culture in the used bin of a big record store—a promotional copy still in shrink-wrap probably discarded by an uninterested music critic—and stole it.



News & Reviews

Both of the best selling issues of this newspaper, our 1970 Special Women's Issue, which had to be reprinted three times to meet the demand for it, and our recent Queer Anarchy edition met with high acclaim for their coverage of gender issues. However, each was met with criticism for being "sectoralist" or even "pornography" in the case of the later edition.

Sissy Sabotage, who was responsible for the queer anarchy articles, has struck again with a zine entitled "HBS"—Horny Bisexual Sluts—in which s/he visualizes "a steamy, silly & at times astute gesture of erotic arousal & political insurrection advocating communal orgiastic omnisexual bliss in these times of talk-show voyeurism & vindictive morality." This zine should carry a warning label informing anarcho-puritans to beware of its prurient, rebellious content of prose, poetry, photography and advocacy of wanton lust. \$2 from Sissy Sabotage, PO Box 11589, Detroit MI 48211.

Speaking of special women's issues, The Alarm, a journal of revolutionary ecology, has published a "Womyn's Edition," which is its best effort to date. The question of the liberation of women and the understanding of patriarchy as the major system of the administration of domination has often fallen by the wayside in recent years. This issue of the Alarm ("a mechanism that warns of danger, arouses from sleep, etc.) brings those issue front and center through intelligent, radical and compelling articles about defense of the planet.

The authors contend that "the liberation of women is an essential and integral part of the liberation of the planet from the death grip of capitalist-patriarchal rulers." The women of the Eastern North American Native Forest Network, who publish this once-a-year well done magazine, have contributed a wide range of articles from a womyn's perspective. Highly recommended. Available from FE Books or Alarm, POB 57 Burlington VT 05302; phone (802) 863-0571; e-mail peacejustice@igc.apc.org.

Our congratulations to two publications celebrating their hundredth issue—The Nuclear Resister, PO Box 43383, Tucson AZ 85733, the newspaper of record for assaults on the nuclear state and its deadly machinery; and Dialogue, PO Box 71221, New Orleans LA 70172, which covers community efforts at peace, racial justice and ecological sanity in a city known for neither. Samples available from both, but send them a couple of bucks for postage.

One gets a sense of the strength of a movement by how many, PAZs—Permanent Autonomous Zones (using Hakim Bey's phrase from last issue)—are created

Continued on page 25

Fifth Estate Books

Back In Stock!

Bolo Bolo, Anarchy Comix & other FE Favorites



SOCIETY AGAINST THE STATE
by Pierre Clastres

Can there be a society that is not divided into oppressors and oppressed, or that refuses coercive state apparatuses? In this beautifully written book Pierre Clastres offers examples of South American Indian groups that, without hierarchical leadership, were both affluent and complex. In so doing, he refuses the usual negative definition of tribal society and poses its order as a critique of Western society.

Zone Books 218p \$11

BOLO BOLO
by P.M.

Bolo Bolo ranges somewhere between a satirical sci-fi novel and a (non-violent) battle plan for the "substruction of the capitalist and/or socialist Planetary Work Machine." Bolos are tribal sized units which group people around specific interests/ideologies/ideas/tastes or what ever sphere of commonality they chose. P.M. devises a time table and even a language necessary for the transition to a world of Bolos, and even if one refuses to take it completely serious, there is a wealth of insight and humor to make the reading worthwhile.

Autonmedia 192p \$8.00

ANARCHY COMICS #1 and #4

In these hilarious spoofs of modern life by a talented assembly of international cartoonists, authority enters the laughing gas chamber of anarchist humor.

Last Gasp \$2.50 each

AUTONOMOUS TECHNOLOGY: TECHNIQS OUT-OF-CONTROL AS A THEME IN POLITICAL THOUGHT
by Langdon Winner

Readers interested in technology, politics and social change will find Autonomous Technology a useful guide and a thoughtful inquiry into the relationship between technology and society. In it Winner outlines the paradoxes of technological development, the image of alienation and liberation evoked by machines, and he assesses the historical conditions underlying the exponential growth of technology.

M.I.T. Press 386pp \$11

ANARCHY OR CHAOS
by George Woodcock

Written as World War Two raged around him, Woodcock's writing is learned, yet filled with youthful enthusiasm. This volume is as fine a brief history of anarchism as is available today.

Lysander Spooner 124pp \$9.50

RADIO SERMONETTES by Hakim Bey
Libertarian Book Club 40pp \$3.50

Other Titles of current interest

FUTURE PRIMITIVE
by John Zerzan

Even (or especially) for those who disagree with him, Zerzan's essays are well worth reading as much for the questions they raise as for the (hyper)critical perspective of civilization he promotes. Included are his recent positions on primitivism, alienation and, postmodernism many of which first appeared in Anarchy magazine. Since many of these ideas are ones we have debated heatedly with him over the years, his swats at the Fifth Estate are a tolerable diversion.

Autonmedia/Anarchy 185pp \$7

DRUNKEN BOAT: ART, REBELLION, ANARCHY

editor Max Blechman
From the sagging dock of modernity, Drunken Boat sets out to sea. Leaving the shores of liberalism and Marxism, it aims to reveal and revitalize unexpected regions of anarchist culture: Kandinsky's art of the future, John Cage's zen-soundscape, B.Traven's pseudonymous itineraries, and

beatitudes of Kali-ma.

—from the Introduction
Autonmedia/Left Bank Book 288pp \$12

THE REVOLUTION OF EVERYDAY LIFE
by Raoul Vaneigem

This is a revised version of the 1983 translation, reviewed and approved by the author and includes Vaneigem's 1991 preface to the first French paperback edition. Written in 1963-65 and first published in France in 1967, Vaneigem's book complements Guy Debord's *Society of the Spectacle* which appeared in the same year. As the main programmatic statements of the Situationist International, these two works played a large part in the gestation of the French May events of 1968.

Left Bank Books 216pp \$16

THE STORY OF TATIANA
By Jacques Baynac

In 1906, at a Swiss luxury hotel, Tatiana Leontiev, a young aristocratic intellectual and revolutionary, assassinated a French business-

man in the mistaken belief he was the Tsar's Interior Minister. While tracing Tatiana's life, the book evokes the repression, tragedy, intrigue, and commitment leading up to the overthrow of Tsarism.

Black & Red 225pp \$6

GONE TO CROATIAN: ORIGINS OF NORTH AMERICAN DROP-OUT CULTURE
edited by Ron Sakolsky & James Koehnline

America was founded as a land of dropouts, and produced a crop of dissidents, visionaries, utopians, escaped slaves, white and black "Indians," sailors and buccaneers, tax rebels, angry women, "tri-racial isolate" communities—all on the lam from Babylon. 25 essays tell a hidden history of this continent.

Autonmedia-USA382pp \$12

Live from Death Row
by Mumia Abu-Jamal
A collection of essays by the condemned journalist. See details on Page 3. All profits go to the Mumia defense fund.

Live from Death Row
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Addison-Wesley 208pp., hb \$20

T.A.Z.: THE TEMPORARY AUTONOMOUS ZONE, ONTOLOGICAL ANARCHISM, POETIC TERRORISM,
by Hakim Bey

This collection of beatific verse, post-situationist pronouncements, anarchist animadversions, and postmodern speculations register various figures of Utopia (the hermetic margins of the East, romantic experimental communities of Europe and early America, and the drop-out cultures of the recent past and present) that have, as we approach the millennium, become rootless and worldly.

Autonmedia 141pp \$7

PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES
by Howard Zinn

"Engaging, informative, passionate and extremely well-written; the best critical survey of American history available."—FE Review Highly recommended as a basic radical history text.

Harper and Row 614pp \$13

MEMOIRS OF A REVOLUTIONIST
by Peter Kropotkin

Kropotkin's best known book and one of the great works of revolutionary literature. In it he brings alive the ferment of ideas and movements in late 19th century Europe. If one wishes to know what it was like to be a revolutionary when it meant being hounded,

Fifth Estate Books is located at 4632 Second Ave., just south of W. Forest, in Detroit, in the same space as the Fifth Estate Newspaper. Hours vary, so please call before coming by.

HOW TO ORDER BY MAIL

1) List the title of the book, quantity, and the price of each; 2) add 10% for mailing costs—not less than \$1.24 U.S. or \$1.60 foreign (minimum for 4th class book rate postage); 3) total; 4) write check or money order to: **Fifth Estate**; 5) mail to: **Fifth Estate**, 4632 Second Ave., Detroit MI 48201 USA. Phone 313/831-6800 for hours and more information.

exiled, Siberia, imprisonment or death, here is the book that tells it first-hand.
Dover Publication 557pp \$12

More News & Reviews

Continued from page 24

New from the Eastern North American Native Forest Network
THE ALARM: A Journal of Revolutionary Ecology
SPECIAL WOMYN'S EDITION
International actions in support of the planet, indigenous struggles, tactics and strategy, sexual politics, political philosophy from the womyn of NFN. See review on page 25.
NFN 40pp. \$4

HAVING LITTLE, BEING MUCH: A CHRONICLE OF FREDY PERLMAN'S FIFTY YEARS
by Lorraine Perlman
A remembrance of a friend, and the times and community in which he lived. "Lorraine's direct and unadorned style lets Fredy's life speak for itself; one cannot help but see it as exemplary."
—FE Review
Black and Red 155pp \$3.50

LOVE, SEX, AND POWER IN LATER LIFE: A Libertarian Perspective
by Tony Gibson
The revolution in sexual mores experienced in Western Europe over the past 30 years has largely bypassed the needs of older people. Gibson describes the contribution anarchist and libertarian writers have made towards the extension of the social revolution to older people and especially older women, who have suffered from aspects of sexism as well as ageism.
Freedom Press 104pp \$8.50

THE LAST DAYS OF CHRIST THE VAMPIRE
by J.G. Eccarius
One of the most blasphemous books we have seen since the classics of sacrilege. The book jacket states: "His power grew over the ages. Enslaving minds and bodies through both religious hierarchies and direct telepathic control, Jesus Christ the Vampire promises people eternal life for the price of their minds."
111 Publishing 180pp \$6

MUTUAL AID: A Factor of Evolution
by Peter Kropotkin
An anarchist classic which profoundly influenced theories of human biology. His thesis was propounded as a counterblast to the social conclusions drawn from the Darwinian "struggle for existence."
Freedom Press 278pp \$11

BEYOND GEOGRAPHY: THE WESTERN SPIRIT AGAINST THE WILDERNESS
by Frederick Turner
Traces the "spiritual history" that led up to the European domination and decimation of the Western hemisphere's native peoples who were as rich in mythic life as the new arrivals were barren. Turner follows the unconscious desire in the Western invaders for the spiritual contentment they sensed in the primitives they destroyed.
Rutgers U. Press 329pp \$15

FACING WEST: THE METAPHYSICS OF INDIAN HATING & EMPIRE BUILDING
by Richard Drinnon
From the first Puritan confrontation with Native Americans to the U.S. involvement in Vietnam, there have been two constants in American policy and purpose. One is a racism that perceives nonwhites as at once childlike inferiors and murderous savages. The other is a hunger for new land and economic markets over which to exert control. Drinnon examines the bloody course of American expansion westward to the Pacific, then to the Philippines, and finally to Vietnam. Highly recommended as a "core Fifth Estate text."
Schocken Books 570 pp pub. at \$17; now \$7

THE FINAL EMPIRE: THE COLLAPSE OF CIVILIZATION
by W.M.H. Kotke
Kotke's target is the entire course of civilized human society over the past 10,000 years.
Arrowpoint Press 396pp \$15

McLibel Trial Continues Demos Mark Junk Food King's 40th Birthday

April 15 marked the 40th anniversary of the opening, in Des Plaines, Illinois of the first McDonald's Hamburger Corporation restaurant. Helen Steel and Dave Morris, defendants in the United Kingdom McDonald's libel trial, flew to the U.S. to join an alternative, anti-birthday celebration in the Chicago suburb.

About 40 demonstrators marched at the facility which is now a museum and maintained as it was in 1955 when the junk food king had only sold "millions and millions." The group shouted slogans and carried signs charging McDonald's with exploitation of people, animals and the environment.

It is these contentions which, back in England, led the giant corporation to bring a libel complaint against the two environmentalists who have been associated with the ten-year London Greenpeace campaign against McDonald's. Under British libel law, which heavily favors the plaintiff, McDonald's has for years been able to silence its critics, but Steel and Morris decided to take on the company and are involved in the longest libel trial in British history. They have been in court since last June and the case may go until the Fall.

McDonald's had planned a gala anniversary festival and to open their Des Plaines landmark to the public, but when learning of the planned demonstration, canceled all events and refused comment to the media.

Earlier in the day, picketers demonstrated at a downtown Chicago McDonald's where Helen and Dave smashed a large birthday cake adorned with 40 candles. The 15th was designated an International Day of Protest against

McDonald's and the McLibel case which saw demonstrations in at least 20 countries as far flung as New Zealand, Poland, and Croatia and Royal Oak, Mich. In England alone, over 100 restaurants were picketed. Also, 120,000 leaflets were distributed in the UK and some people returned bags of McDonald's litter to the company as part of an "Operation Send It Back" campaign.

In the Czech Republic, 150 people marched through downtown Brno handing out leaflets after which a benefit with five bands was held. In Finland, protests were held in Helsinki, Tampere, Lahti, Vantaa and Kyvaskyla. In Helsinki, 250 people picketed the city's six McDonald's.

Under a banner reading, "Bloody Birthday, McDeath," activists from The Animals' Voice, Mut-Menschenrecht and Tierrecht and Naju-Nuturschutzjugend demonstrated for 10 hours at the Dieburg [Germany] McDonald's. The manager tried to bribe them into silence with offers of free Big Macs and Cokes, but "No Chance, Mr. Big Mac," came the reply.

Demonstrations in Spain were held along the Ramblas in Barcelona as well as in Alicante, Valencia, Madrid, Valladolid and Mallorca.

In Chicago, the media asked the two defendants why they had come to the corporate headquarters of their tormentors. Morris replied, they "were simply returning the favor," since so many McDeath executives had come to London to testify against them.

"This case wouldn't have lasted two minutes in the States," he said.

After a three-week recess which allowed for the U.S. jaunt, the trial resumed with a focus on the defendants' contention that the company exploits labor. As has been the case all along, McDonald's witnesses turned out to be a disaster for the company. Helen and Dave grilled Sid Nicholson, former McDonald's employment chief, who agreed that wages at the chain begin at the legal minimum, but defended it as adequate pay.

He admitted that all trade union activity is banned and even talking to a union representative about conditions at a restaurant is considered "gross misconduct" and grounds for instant dismissal. Next up, Dave and Helen will be questioning Robert Beavers, McCancer Senior Vice-President from Chicago, about the company's business practices and ethics and the decision to bring the case against them.

The latter line of questioning should be revealing since both legal corporate observers are wondering why the giant corporation brought a relatively obscure campaign into the light of international attention. Newspapers which previously never dared air criticism of the litigious company, now gleefully report every development in the courtroom. One observer said, "McDonald's had a hornets' nest of sort with the relentless Greenpeace campaign, but they brought the nest inside the house and then beat it with a stick."

The need for pressure on McDonald's continues. Demonstration at their restaurants and fund raising and donations for the McLibel Support Campaign, at 5 Caledonian Rd., London N1, England, are of a high priority. Please send them reports of all actions.

FE Announcements

Montague MA 01351.

Los Angeles' (De)Center is an autonomous, non-profit, collectively organized space providing access to anarchist ideas and culture, open daily 3-7pm. It offers hard to find anarchist and radical books, periodicals, zines, CDs and tapes and t-shirts. There are regular political events, a film series, and a Tuesday night coffeehouse. (De)Center is at 6122 1/2 N. Figueroa, Los Angeles CA 90042; phone (213) 344-7017.

The infoshop revolution is happening even up in Redwood Country! The Eureka (Calif.) Autonomy Infoshop at 510 3rd St., #1, features coffee, a meeting space, a reading room, a 24 headset listening system (!), workshops, poetry and free classes in such varied topics as solar cooking, provo bikes and aboriginal living skills. It's open 1-7pm, Mon.-Thurs.

Far from the woods in the big, bad city, anarchists have opened the Blackout Bookstore and Info shop on Manhattan's lower East Side. They carry a wide range of anti-authoritarian titles, publish a bi-weekly calendar of events, provide an in-store reading room and cheap access to computers and xeroxing. They need volunteers, welcome visitors, and would like donations of books and a second computer. Blackout is at 50 Ave. B, between 3rd and 4th Sts., New York NY 10009, and is open Sun.-Thurs., 10am-10pm and Fri. and Sat., 10am-Midnight. Call them at (212) 777-1967.

Massachusetts Earth First! is raising funds (and a bit of hell, they say) with a bumper sticker reading, "Earth: Love It Or Leave It." Send \$2 to EFI, POB 35,

Bruce Kayton's Manhattan "Radical Walking Tours" are continuing through the summer. He will be featuring tours of Wall Street which include the site of the 1920 massive anarchist bombing attack on J.P. Morgan and Co. and the first organized slave revolt in New York. Also, tours of the Lower East Side, Harlem, "Radical" Central Park and other areas which have a hidden history. Call for information on group or individual tours at (718) 492-0069.

The Prison Activist Resource Center, POB 3201, Berkeley CA 94703, is a project of Berkeley's LongHaul, an activist community center and political library. PARC is coordinated and maintained by prison activists and legal workers and serves as an information clearinghouse for political prisoners, POW's, prison abolition, control units, and AIDS in prison. They help other projects and assist in forming new ones.

PARC publishes "With The Power Of Justice In Our Eyes... A Handbook For Educators and Activists on the Crisis in Prisons," edited by Elihu Rosenblatt. It features essays from political prisoners such as Mumia Abu-Jamal and Standing Deer and a resource appendix with sample leaflets and fact sheets along with suggestions for actions. Send \$12 (or \$17 foreign) to the above address.

Columbus, Ohio Arawak City Autonomous Collective & Food Not Bombs has a newsletter with an extensive list of activities. Contact them at PO BX 10178, Columbus OH 43201 or call 614/261-7999.

Letters To The Fifth Estate

Dear FE:

After reading your articles in the Winter 1995 issue on the dropping of the atomic bombs on Japan, I couldn't help but feel a little bit of historical and moral context was needed to balance the distortion contained therein.

Let me first make a distinction: There is a valid case to be made that the Truman administration should not have dropped the atomic bomb on Hiroshima and Nagasaki because it was unnecessary in Summer of 1945 to continue demanding unconditional surrender of Japan. (I happen to agree with this view.)

But that is not the same as saying because it was unnecessary it therefore puts America on the same moral level with the Nazis in perpetrating their "Final Solution." To claim as your writer does that, "America and Nazi Germany found common moral ground at Nagasaki and Treblinka" is just ideologically-biased nonsense.

Look, the Nazi regime engaged in a systematic, methodical, cold-blooded policy to round up, transport, and ultimately exterminate millions of Jews. If Hitler had his wish fulfilled, European Jewry would have been completely wiped out; i.e., instead of "only" six million Jewish people killed, the genocidal policy would've consummated with the deaths of over twelve million Jews.

To equate this Nazi obscenity with Truman's decision to drop the atomic bomb on two Japanese cities is grossly inaccurate. One could only equate the American and German governments as morally comparable if the U.S. possessed an arsenal of, say, hundreds of A-bombs which it then proceeded to use for the conscious purpose of systematically exterminating the Japanese race. In other words, dropping hundreds of A-bombs not to force Tokyo to accept unconditional surrender, but to erase the Japanese from the face of the earth. Now that would indeed put us on the level of the Nazi.

I agree with the objective statement that "U.S. government actions resulted in the deaths of hundreds of thousands of Japanese civilians in the course of the war it waged against Imperial Japan." That's a fact. I also agree with the factual observation that, "Hitler's actions resulted in the deaths of millions of Jewish civilians in the course of a policy separate and apart from the wars he waged against Britain, Russia, and the United States."

The distinction though between the "innocence" of Japanese civilians killed by the U.S. Air Force and the innocence of Jewish people killed in Nazi gas chambers is crucial in moral judgments. Imperial Japan waged its wars through its citizens, i.e., the conscripts who did the fighting and the civilians who worked in the factories building the instruments of war. That's just as true with us; America fought the war through the American people. Therefore, it was believed at the time, bombing civilian industrial areas (even strictly urban areas) was a legitimate tactic in order to break civilian morale, as well as crush industrial capacity.

It's also very important to recall the historical train of events; what happened in the late summer of 1945 was horrible. But what happened in the preceding thirteen years in Asia which led to those days in August we now remember so painfully?

It must be remembered that throughout the 1930s the Japanese warlords chose a path of military expansionism which they clearly

saw would lead their country to war with America. They initiated a war of aggression with China, then finding themselves internationally isolated and economically crippled (from diplomatic and economic pressure mainly of the U.S.) they chose to initiate war with America to break the cul-de-sac their own policies had led them to.

They were responsible for their actions, which eventually led to disaster. It's true the Japanese people should not have been held responsible (and made to pay the price) for the crimes of their leaders. If they are guilty of anything it's of being duped into embracing an authoritarian ideology that glorified empire-building and the cult of warrior sacrifice. But, as in all wars, the only way to defeat the military ruling-class was to defeat its soldiers and the population supporting them. That's why the term "innocent" civilian should be used with care with regards to Japanese and German noncomba-

My point in reviewing these historical facts is that there is a tremendous moral difference between Japanese civilians in this period and Jewish civilians in Europe in 1942-45. For your writer to equate the U.S. government and the Nazi regime by calling on "perceived geopolitical interests" as similar motivations is just ambiguous nonsense.

And, if we are indeed guilty of the "mass murder of innocent Japanese civilians," why not extend your moral indictment to the Japanese themselves for their brutal bombings of Chinese cities which killed many hundreds of thousands of innocent Chinese civilians? Why overlook their conduct? In the interest of historical memory and moral truth we must deal with these issues honestly.

R. Yamada
Seaside CA

R. Relievo responds: Perhaps all analo-

An Exchange Bombing Civilians: A Moral Surrender To The Nazis?



American firebombs rain down on Kobe, Japan. Twenty-First Bomber Command razed 56% of the city in 1945, killing thousands more than last January's devastating earthquake.

tants in World War II.

Yes, what happened to Japanese civilians in major urban areas in 1944-45 was horrible. As your writer correctly noted, even before the Enola Gay took off in August 1945, conventional fire-bombing by the British RAF in Europe and American B-29's in the Pacific had already killed hundreds of thousands of German and Japanese civilians. The A-bomb accomplished the job that would have been required 300 bombers. I don't want to sound like I'm defending this, I'm only saying that the U.S. (and British) governments believed that in the age of 20th century Total War enemy civilians were no longer off-limits.

And, no doubt, if Tojo and his ilk could have retaliated for U.S. bombing raids, they would have sent Japanese bombers to obliterate America's industrial centers. (Incidentally, my mother, as a young school girl, survived two U.S. bombing raids on her hometown in Japan; she was, also, required to work in an armaments factory along with her classmates in 1945.)

gies are invidious. Any comparison of any atrocity always tends to diminish the real, lived experience of the victims. My argument was in no way intended to lessen the uniqueness of the Nazi extermination camps, a bizarre, extreme example of instrumental reason—the efficiency of mass killing—even when it cut against the overall "rationality" of Germany winning militarily. With their incredible toll and chilling applications of modern organization and technology, the camps are historically unique. Yet, America did become Nazi-like. You refer to the German regime's "systematic, methodical, cold-blooded policy," which is exactly the dehumanization and moral equivalence I meant to signify. Perhaps I was ambiguous, but the evidence shows that my comparisons are hardly "nonsense."

If I appeared one-sided in my analysis it was due to my chosen subject matter. Japan's warlords and Europe's fascists certainly were bad, and bore equal responsibility with rival empires for the massacres of their cities. Primarily, I intended to debunk lies surround-

ing American atomic attacks, and not to comprehensively examine the history of strategic bombing, hence my not incorporating a "moral indictment" of Japanese air attacks on China in the essay. A consistent ethical outlook deplors all butchery of human beings regardless of their nationality or the political system imposed upon them by their state overlords.

International opinion rightly considered Japan's aerial assault on Chinese cities in 1937-38, and Germany's terror-bombing campaigns over Spain, Warsaw, Rotterdam, and London from 1937-40 to be the criminal work of human monsters. Yet by 1942, U.S. and British politicians and air commanders had ditched their objections and adopted the same tactics and moral justifications.

Using this rationale for civilian "guilt"—the fact that portions of subject populations, manipulated by propaganda and coercion, are used as laborers in war industries—allowed the Allies to apply their own instrumental reason to the problem at hand. By early 1945, they had perfected through experience the right mixtures of incendiary bomb-types, aircraft formation tactics, and distances between aiming points to maximize death and destruction.

The most desired result of these attacks, only attainable under certain weather conditions, was the firestorm, an incredible fire-breathing dragon of wind and flame that ripped down city streets immolating everything in its path. Those who managed to escape cremation were often asphyxiated in the oxygen-depleted air.

Anglo-American air forces applied "rationality" over Germany and Japan alike in 1945, tearing up such large cities as Hamburg, Dresden, Kobe, and Yokohama, with the accompanying civilian decimation. The most effective of these slaughter sorties, in March, burned out 16 square miles of crowded Tokyo and incinerated over 100,000 people.

The 1940 Nazi bombardment of Rotterdam that horrified the world had killed less than a thousand; thanks to rational technical advancement, America's ability to deliver aerial devastation now dwarfed earlier crude efforts. This shared, brutalized instrumental reason was the purpose of my comparison with the camps, which have become the most notorious example of rationalized mass death, but not the only one, if we look honestly at history.

The civilians aren't innocent—school children, housewives, vegetable peddlers, hospital workers? Nazi leadership, too, claimed their victims were culpable by posing a threat to the homeland, the same reasoning American officials used when dropping napalm on densely populated Japanese cities made of wood. When a philosopher says no one is innocent, it's one thing. When a war planner does, it brings us precisely to the same spot where nazis and strategists all stand.

The common moral ground I meant to establish was that the enemies of fascism became what they opposed. In *The Pentagon of Power*, Lewis Mumford—who very early on called for opposition to Germany and preparation for war—put it this way: "[I]n the very act of dying the Nazis transmitted the germs of their disease to their American opponents: not only the methods of compulsive organization or physical destruction, but the moral corruption that made

it feasible to employ these methods without stirring opposition. . . This was an unconditional moral surrender to Hitler."

Making heroes out of the pilots and bombardiers who carry out airborne atrocities is unconscionable. To murder defenseless families of human beings is heinous, in Eastern Europe and Japan of the 1940s, or in Iraq and Oklahoma City during the current decade. Any ethical position that does not condemn all such slaughter—whose perpetrators, in uniform or not, always justify their actions as righteous due to sacred political goals—presumes a world view that I vehemently repudiate.

To those not familiar with the ferocity of Pacific combat between the Americans and the Japanese, contrasting it to the genocidal fury of German campaigning in Eastern Europe may at first seem facile, confusing the bitter nature of modern warfare with a blatant attempt by the Nazis at eradication of Jews, Slavs, and other "enemies of the Reich." A closer examination of the historical record reveals an American psychopathology during its war with Japan that was genocidal in spirit.



Another scene from "The Good War": American marines boil the flesh off of a Japanese soldier's skull, Guadalcanal, South Pacific, 1942.

"Emotions forgotten since our most savage Indian wars," American historian Allan Nevins wrote about U.S.-Japanese combat shortly after its conclusion, "were reawakened." The fighting became a race war, where atrocities by both sides were widespread. In this atmosphere, statements advocating the annihilation of the Japanese enemy were commonly voiced, suggestions that could never have been made regarding European foes.

Many American policy makers expressed quite clearly how they felt the Pacific victory should be achieved. In 1943, a Navy representative to an interdepartmental government committee called for "the almost total elimination of the Japanese as a race," on the grounds that this "was a question of which race was to survive, and white civilization was at stake." That same year, the British ambassador in Washington observed "universal 'exterminationist' anti-Japanese feeling here."

Responding to concern over the firestorms of 1945, Roosevelt's son and confidant, Elliott, told former Vice President Henry Wallace that the U.S. should continue bombing Japan "until we have destroyed about half the Japanese population," a goal which would have meant eradicating several tens of millions of people!

Also in 1945, Senator Thomas Hart commented, "Those savages [Japan's leaders] have, for many years, taught the Japanese that [world domination] is the divine mission of the Yamato race. It is in their blood

and must be washed out."

Paul McNutt, chairman of the War Manpower Commission, told a public audience that he favored "the extermination of the Japanese in toto." When asked if he meant Japan's military or the population as a whole, he confirmed he meant the latter, "for I know the Japanese people."

The genocidal rhetoric used by these American leaders and opinion-makers corresponds quite readily to the statements of Third Reich theoreticians. Though stated desires never became explicit U.S. policy, I reject your claim that daring to compare them with Nazi beliefs is "ideologically-biased nonsense."

The racism that American leadership articulated in conversation and public pronouncements found a different form of expression on the atolls of the South Pacific. Atrocities committed by Japanese soldiers in the island war are well known in America, enhancing the absolute good-vs-evil interpretation of the Second World War widely held here.

Less absorbed into our collective memory are accounts of U.S. soldiers and airmen who strafed shipwrecked enemy sailors, shot prisoners, cut off ears as souvenirs, extracted gold teeth from the dead, made letter openers and penholders from Japanese thigh bones, and boiled severed heads in lye to remove the flesh for trophy skulls.

Such procedures did not occur when Americans fought white enemies such as the Germans or Italians, and are reminiscent of ghastly Nazi death camp practices. (A detailed study of the fundamental differences in Pacific fighting from the European war, at least elsewhere than on the Eastern Front, is John Dower's *War Without Mercy: Race and Power in the Pacific War*, Pantheon, 1986.)

A substantial portion of the U.S. populace also displayed such racist, genocidal fury. A December 1944 poll asking what to do with Japan after the war found that 13% of the respondents wanted to "kill all Japanese." More intensive A-bombing of the home islands, which you feel would have indicated true genocidal temperament, was also desired by triumphant Americans. A *Fortune* magazine survey at the end of 1945 found that 22.7% of the respondents expressed regrets that the Japanese had capitulated so soon after Nagasaki, and wished the U.S. had the opportunity to use "many more of them [atomic bombs] before Japan had a chance to surrender."

Unfortunately for these patriots, all three nuclear weapons that America possessed in 1945 had been detonated, making further atomic destruction impossible. The incendiary sorties did not end, however, and two more huge raids were conducted after the atom bombs ran out. The biggest, the day before the surrender, mustered more than a thousand planes over Japan, hitting Osaka and four other cities. While awaiting the strategic results of their new superweapon, American military planners continued burning up civilians until the final bell.

The aerial onslaught devastated 66 urban centers and, in the descriptive words of its mastermind, Air Corps General Curtis LeMay, "scorched and boiled and baked to death" somewhere in the neighborhood of 400,000 Japanese civilians. Some estimates put the total at over 500,000—dislocated wartime populations make the exact figure impossible to calculate. This places the 1945 mass slayings of defenseless Japanese, in sheer volume of corpses, alongside both the ongoing genocide in East Timor and the consecutive bloodbaths in Cambodia (the U.S. secret bombing of 1970-75, and the 1975-79 Khmer Rouge massacres).

It is a strange practice to determine the reprehensibility of a state's policy in proportion to the statistical summary of human death: is the Bosnian tragedy somehow lessened because its carnage is quantitatively below WW II standards? By any reckoning, though, this mid-century American slaughter of half a million people is pretty significant killing, especially considering that nearly all of it occurred in just six months, from March to August of 1945.

In my view, a society that can, in Mumford's words, "employ these methods without stirring opposition" has become nazified. Those who support aerial bombardment of civilians in places like Korea, Vietnam, and Iraq are cheerleaders for new holocausts; those who carry out the campaigns are uniformed terrorists. Retaining one's humanity demands uncompromising opposition to the organized hecatombs of all states.

Network Forming

Dear Friends:

The Primitivist Network aims to promote networking of broadly defined anarcho-primitivists. The network is not an organization and has no fixed ideological line. It is designed to act merely as a means of fostering contact between like-minded people with the aim of generating projects that are broadly anarcho-primitivist in nature.

Individuals interested should write the address below with two stamps (or an IRC) to ensure receipt of the next network list.

At present, the Network is primarily centered in England and members are meeting every 2-3 months in London. The present members of the Network wish to encourage autonomous anarcho-primitivist projects and actions.

Feel free to use the network as a resource for this purpose. The limits of our imagination should be the only thing that holds us back.

Primitivist Network
PO Box 252

Continued on page 28



'MARIO BROTHERS'... HMF! I REMEMBER WHEN MARIO FIRST APPEARED, HE WASN'T EVEN THE STAR OF THE SHOW! HE WAS PLAYING SECOND FIDDLE TO A GIANT APE IN A GAME CALLED 'DONKEY KONG!' HEH HEH!

BEE-DUM! BUNNUNG! BOOALOO!

© 1992

Amphill
Beds MK45 2QZ England

Thoreau's Advice

To the Fifth Estate:

Best regards to Sunfrog for his "A Treatise on Electronic Anarchy & The Net" (see Winter 1995 FE). Folks seem to forget the megamachine behind the computer industry and the Net.

Also, it reverses Thoreau's dictum—simplify, simplify, simplify—to centralize, centralize, centralize. Best thing to do is slow consumption to diet the beast back somewhat.

All Health & Vigor,
Bull Thistle Press
PO Box 184
Jamaica VT 05343

Even Sanskrit

Dear FE Collective:

It would seem your paranoia of machines, even those capable of helping people, has reached a new plateau with "A Treatise of Electronic Anarchy and the Net," created by FE writer, Sunfrog. I doubt if anybody with half a mind would deny computers are being used everyday to subjugate people. The same may be said for the typewriter, the pencil, even Sanskrit etched in stone—all and more have been used in exploitative ways by everything from Assyrians to fascists to military-industrial bureaucrats. Even so, millions of people use these things daily without nefarious result.

I find Sunfrog's assertion that "the [computer] medium itself subverts our own mental and imaginal aptitude" completely fatuous. If we follow this line of argument, the same might be said for the artist's paintbrush, the musician's piano, and the hunter and gatherer's wood drum. Capitalism, of course, largely ignores the ecological balance, as you are wont to illustrate on the pages of FE. This is not to say every "invention" devised by

Continued from page 27
capitalism—the “megamachine,” as you call it—is inherently odious.

Sunfrog, thankfully, is thoughtful enough to consider the FE's paradox: the collective writes, designs, and probably keeps a mail database on computers. I imagine you also “hire” exploited wage-slaves to operate dangerous and toxic web-offset printing presses, to say nothing of the vast and faceless bureaucracy you “pay” to deliver the tabloid by second class mail. If we follow this logic more closely we see that you are guilty of murdering trees to mill the newsprint, and also complicit in adding more useless shit to landfills, that is, if the people who “buy” the FE don't bother to recycle.

Does it make sense to use printing technology where heavy metals and petrochemicals are used—and castigating it as pernicious computer technology? I'd say you have painted yourself into an ideological corner. If Sunfrog and Company were serious about finding “kinship with the animals,” they would have long ago chucked any semblance of technology overboard, declaring a PAZ in the outback—provided the indigenous population didn't object too much—and left “the zombie procession of automatons behind”. Anything less stinks of hypocrisy.

Bob Black, in Anarchy #41, hits the nail right on the head. He slams it harder than I do, but it's all in the windup. I wonder, as does Black, why you “persist in living in Detroit, the epitome of industrial urban ruin.” I was born in Detroit, too, like Bob Black, and lived there through Reagan's 80's, and I also “left and never looked back,” as did Black.

Finally, I bought the latest issue of FE in a corporate-controlled strip mall bookstore (Borders, owned by K-Mart), the glaring essence of modern consumerism. Borders had affixed a bar code sticker on the cover of FE, so it might be more effectively manipulated by computers. Considering FE's luddite dogma, a product code sticker on the face of your newspaper is entirely surrealistic.

Get a Horse,
Kurt Nimmo
Canton, Mich.

Sunfrog responds from on the road: I always look forward to the engaging dialogue and debate which emerges in the letters section of this newspaper, but if Kurt Nimmo's predictable diatribe is any indication of the prevailing technoid response to my “Treatise on Electronic Anarchy and the Net,” I'm not sure such didactic forays are always fruitful.

Nimmo's basic assertion appears to be, “If you don't like technological society, move to the outback.” This reminds me of the, “If you don't like America, move to Russia” rhetoric which was popular to sling at peaceniks and leftists during the Cold War era.

What both common sense and the *Fifth Estate's* ongoing critique demonstrates is that there is no perfectly pristine, so-called “outback,” no place untainted by the megamachine's ubiquitous tentacles or

uncolonized by technology's global dun-geon. At the same time, examples of the rural, communal, “Permanent Autonomous Zone” are plentiful in North America and I intend on joining or forming one soon (and not because Nimmo suggested it).

But even the most remote and radical PAZ maintains at least some connection to and complicity in the modern web. I'm equally impressed by how much relatively unspoiled wilderness remains on our continent as our post-nuclear family begins to roam. Does the fact that we use a gas-guzzling, American-made automobile to reach our quasi-idyllic destinations or that I'm writing this response on a lap-top computer prove the hypocrisy Nimmo contends has consumed us in our ideological corner?

I find it difficult to understand why Nimmo invokes Bob Black who harbors disdain for the FE collective because of where we live (probably not the genuine reason Black resents us). Why is it deplorable that we've made our journal a sort of micro-autonomous zone in the belly of the beast for three decades?

The Fifth Estate collective members engage in struggle in their native community of Detroit. This exemplifies a commitment to hold vigil on the home front where the enemies of freedom wage daily attacks against us. Is it somehow more noble to flee than defend our own community? While I have also left Motown since the publication of the “Treatise,” I do not chastise my comrades who remain.

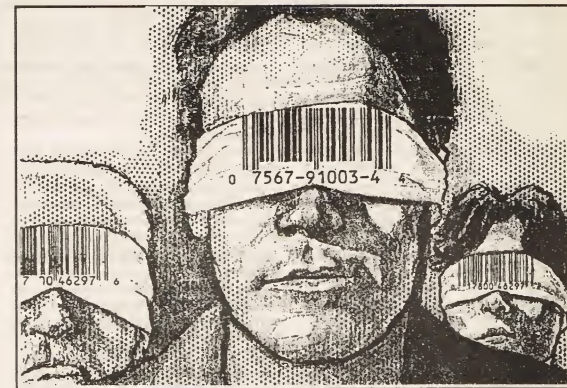
My Detroit kin may persist to resist in the “epitome of industrial urban ruin,” but Nimmo slings his inane remarks from one of our satellite suburbs. Detroiters daily bite the bullet of civilization's bulwark in the face of imminent collapse, while Nimmo lives in relative tranquility—I've seen the digs of Canton and metro-Detroit's other bedroom communities—where the citizens still reap the bounty of their own acquiescence to capital's consistent plunder. This is not to say that urban resistance is the only respectable way to rebel in these times, but it's hardly worthy of Black's and Nimmo's dubious contempt.

I do not assert, as Nimmo implies, that every human invention is inherently odious merely by virtue of the fact that it is a human invention, or that all inventions of these times necessarily serve the interests of capitalism, though most of them do. I only hoped to illustrate the manifold and problematic pitfalls inherent in our relationship with machines, exemplified by “the net,” and the need to explore creative alternatives to uncritically plugging in.

Yes, even the use of printing technology, the United States postal bureaucracy, and corporate-controlled bookstores, all of which Nimmo explains the FE are guilty of, are examples of our dependence on what Adorno called “the fetishism of means.” I argued why the personal computer, virtual reality and other postmodern gadgetry are qualitatively more dangerous for us and more useful for draconian mind-control than Nimmo's examples of “the artist's paintbrush, the musician's piano, and the hunter-and-gatherer's wood drum.”

The basic tenets of this position are not all that subtle or complex, but Nimmo doesn't seem to get it. His retort sounds like, “Machines don't domesticate people, people domesticate people.” He may be right, but if he is, then all tools are objectively benign before meeting the subjectivity of their operators; if so, the pencil is as exploitative as the computer and the sharpened stone as lethal as the nuclear bomb.

I originally embarked on my research about cyberspace more from fascination than



—from a leaflet for the Arrowbear Anarchist Conference, May 19-21. Contact AAG, POB 3223, Running Springs CA 92382; 310/490-7284

revulsion, less from paranoia than from curiosity, but as I devoured more articles and essays, the enchantment of futurism waned. The more I learned, the less I wanted to know.

At the prodding of a friend, I even spent a few hours surfing the net looking for cybernetic thrills and adventure, but found nothing as an exciting as any average titillation in the real world.

The Net Beast

Dear FE:

I skimmed Sunfrog's “A Treatise on Electronic Anarchy & The Net” with interest and amusement.

Sunfrog must have been caught up in one of those horrible dilemmas; how can you damn the beast if you have not slept with it. For Sunfrog to have written his treatise, he presumably needed to acquire the necessary data, which in turn means at least a little bit of exposure to the Net Beast.

I respect Sunfrog's conclusion that the net should be eliminated; if I came to that conclusion, I would not use the net either.

If we are to have an impact on our own lives, on the people who love us, our communities, we must live by the principles we espouse.

That has been the basic problem with a plethora of ideologies. The very people who espouse them do not live by them. They merely want other people to live by them.

My experiment with the net is not yet over. I have not come to any solid conclusions yet, but Sunfrog's treatise has made an impression on me and I have taken note.

Consequently, I will be very disappointed if I discover that Sunfrog has maintained an E-Mail address or associates any other way with the beast he has seen and condemned.

I have some helpful hints for those of us who are still in the balance:

Security: There are some excellent file encoders that the powers that be have a hard time breaking. I recommend using these. Append your message to be sent as an encoded attached file. Chances are good that no one will make heads or tails of it in transit.

Saving paper: Don't do printouts. I've got an old printer gathering dust; I hardly ever use it. Need to convert electrons into wood pulp? OK, but remember, every time you press “print” you help the timber barons remove forest.

I shall now send this letter to the Fifth Estate by “Snail Mail,” because the FE does not have E-Mail. This entails rummaging around for a stamp—I am out of them and

so have to pollute the air by getting in my car to go get stamps. I stick my “floppy” (at least it is reusable) into a disposable wood pulp receptacle—an envelope—which I also had to pick up at the shops.

Posting the letter triggers a sequence of events and energy consumption that make me shudder. The U.S. Post Office goes to work on getting my wood pulp package to its destination. Some unfortunate person has to traipse ‘round to the FE office with the sent object; I'm sure that person could find something better to do with their time.

Non Serviam!
Stephen Goodfellow
Highland Park, Mich.

Sunfrog responds:

Thanks to Stephen Goodfellow for his challenging and respectful reply. The fact that he acknowledges “skimming” my article (as opposed to actually reading it word-for-word) offers concrete evidence of how all our thought processes have been distorted by the “menu-driven” entertainment evident in computer programs and shopping networks.

Despite what his conclusion implies, my article was by no means intended as a defense of “snail mail” or the United States Postal Service. Choosing e-mail over Uncle Sam's diesel & buggy express is an understandable compromise. The ethics which bind my entire argument require abandoning much more than merely computers or the internet, but creatively destroying an entire mega-industrial matrix and its accompanying paradigm of amnesia and acquiescence.

All the detrimental hazards of technological society are intertwined. Choosing to publish an “old-fashioned” newspaper rather than join the myriad of electronic networks may look like an empty choice like so many of consumer society's “either/or” decisions which pit competing miseries against one another: Dole/Clinton or Pepsi/Coke, blah, blah, blah.

But computers and the Internet are not “value-free” inventions. They do not grow on trees. They, no less than the components of the postal system, are based in the extraction, production, and transportation sectors of the petro/industrial/chemical grid which is destroying the planet.

We have a vision of direct and egalitarian relationships with each other and the wild world which do not depend on the industrial grid. We are critics of an entire technological mindset, not merely the tools and toys which represent it. E-mail may be an “experiment” for some; for us it remains an

Don't Lose the Fifth Estate

If you move but don't notify us directly, you will miss the next issue. Second class mail is not forwarded, even if you notify the Post Office. Please write us before moving and include your old address and zip code.

abomination.

A Bad Experiment

To the FE:

Lately, I've been studying skills for rural living on my own and in some classes, keeping my eyes and ears open for possibilities. A lot of rural places are pretty grim and lonely and dangerous in ways that manifest themselves differently from urban areas.

Plus, there is the economic depression of the rural infrastructure designed primarily for the "extraction industries"—mining, timber, agribusiness and ranching. Most small, regional ways people used to "make a living" in both the recent settler and pre-1492 epochs have been driven out of existence by the highest and higher tech.

So, getting out of a city to escape being in the roaring vortex of the nothingness of crowds of neurotic people and flashing money structures, can land one in some strange zones of gravel pits and suffering of both the land and people. What a hideous, bad experiment.

Peter Kalberer
San Francisco

Anarcho-Voting I

To The Fifth Estate:

Thanks for your last ish! Just wanted to say that your articles on anarchists attempting to work within the system were quite oversimplified (See "Anarchy and Elections," Winter 1995 FE). Just because a few egotistical individuals in Montreal give anarchism a bad name doesn't mean all anarchists should avoid the electoral process.

As I've said many times, I think the half-hour Americans spend every two years voting will bring about as much change as their investment is worth.

Nonetheless, I hope you enjoy some of the flyers I've enclosed.

Jason Kirkpatrick
Arcata CA

Anarcho-Voting II

Dear FE:

I enjoyed the articles in your last issue about anarchy and elections, but I disagree with the general message that anarchists have no place in electoral politics and should avoid voting booths altogether. I think anarchist should poke their heads in everywhere and fuck with all the mechanisms of the state either by monkeywrenching them or using them for our own means.

It's too easy for anarchists to simply reject voting along with the majority when the arena of electoral politics is so dominant in controlling the world we're all currently forced to live in.

I've written for the FE before and also

ran for mayor of Los Angeles with the idea I could get some of the same radical ideas out to more people. The basics of my platform were that individuals and communities should be self-sufficient. We should have control over our own housing. We should grow our own food. We should be free to have space that is not controlled or owned by the rich or government.

When I qualified for the ballot, I got to speak on TV shows and although I didn't usually get much time, I was never censored. I got written about in several articles in the mainstream press. The LA Times gave every candidate a short article in its opinion section and I said what I wanted. Most articles about me didn't say much, but occasionally they quoted me or at least mentioned the basis of my platform.

I also got to speak at about 20 community forums or debates to audiences of conservative Jewish businessmen, black churchgoers, militant Latino activists, college students and even 100s of high schoolers where I said they should take over their schools while angry teachers and parents looked on unable to do anything.

Somehow, I got 647 people to vote for me. That's a lot of folks I don't know and never met. I did this all in the electoral politics arena that anarchists are supposed to reject. I had no illusions of trying to win or create a new political party or take a leadership role in anything. The elections and the media that covers them were just another forum for me to spread some of the things I believe into a larger group of people and a fun way, also.

Completely writing off voting also is a very popular idea. Most anarchists can't stomach voting for any of the candidates. I have no problem making it to the polls to vote no on a more cops or anti-immigrant initiative or yes on a single payer health care or save the local mountains initiative.

Avoiding voting can also mean for some anarchists not being informed enough about local issues, local development, the local crooks who are running the government, who is funding them and what they get out of it. It is the system that governs our country. You can just avoid it. Good luck. Or you can use it for your own means all the while pointing out how full of shit it is, which is an idea many Americans can agree with.

Most importantly we must point out how we have better ideas. As anarchists, too often we ghettoize ourselves, preaching to the converted and passing on our propaganda to those who agree with us. In LA, our small, long-running group is a clique most people don't know exists. We're more involved in infighting than we are in reaching out beyond our milieu. Most people still think anarchy is what is going on in Bosnia according to Dan Rather.

We must make our way into mainstream society via any or all forms of communication. One fun and effective way is to use the mass media that is supposed to control the flow of information and use it to disseminate ours.

Adam Bregman
Los Angeles

E.B. Maple responds: The preceding two letters are different than what we've often gotten in response to our putting forth the traditional anarchist anti-electoral position. Rather than advocating the passive act of voting, these two readers have run for office!

Unmentioned in Jason's letter is that he is an elected official of his Northern California city where he sits on the town Council. The leaflets he refers to are radical in

nature including one announcing an anarchist gathering.

First, it seems to me all arguments favoring electoralism as a tactic are easily negated if one begins with an irrevocable principle of opposition to the existence of the political state and not participating in the mechanisms of its governance.

The logic behind this anarchist principle goes beyond a simple ethical rejectionism since historically electoral or governmental participation by anti-statists has either been a disaster, such as in Spain, or a clear move away from the fundamentals of anarchism as was the case in Montreal we chronicled last issue. Also, (and I'm sure both Jason and Adam would agree) nothing fundamental regarding the state or the economy can be changed through voting or the rulers wouldn't let it exist as an option.

That all said, let's look specifically at each letter since there can be exceptions to every rule especially among anti-authoritarians. We want to see what works, not create dogma. Adam's argument seems to me no different than that of the socialist parties such as the Socialist Workers or Workers World who regularly field candidates and which give pretty much the same rationale for their participation: "We don't expect to win; we don't think revolution will be achieved at the ballot box, but since public attention is focused on the process, it gives us a chance to get our ideas across."

There is obviously some truth to this as Adam's experience shows, but I wonder what tangible results remain for him or for the idea of anarchy after the votes are tallied. Maybe a few people who had never heard of anarchism learned a little, but nothing is left of even large scale campaigns following the voting other than an affirmation of the state and the legitimization of political rule.

Also, Adam doesn't speak to the question of how much time, money, people power and resources he utilized in his effort. If he ran his entire campaign single-handed or with a friend or two in support, then, why not? He enjoyed it, but if you really want to "make our way into mainstream society"

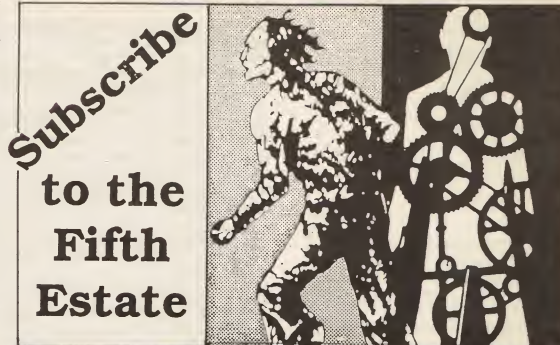
through electoralism, one should advocate a serious effort to do so. Run anarchist candidates, create a campaign staff, seek endorsements, put on election rallies, print bumper stickers, buy TV ads, etc. That's what the mainstream does and that's what "serious" anarchist candidates would have to do (or did as in the Montreal case). Does he suggest this? I hope not.

Unfortunately (or perhaps fortunately), the advocacy of the elimination of the political state, the capitalist economy and its industrial megamachine does lend itself very well to glad-handing politicians. What electoralism leads to, if it is taken on as a serious endeavor, is an opportunistic dilution of revolutionary ideals and soon becomes indistinguishable from the activity of the gaggle of leftists and liberals who are also trying to make their way into the mainstream.

Now, Jason is successful; he was elected and ran on an admirable program of left/liberal social and environmental issues. If one is going to live under capitalism, having people in positions of government in upscale, all-white, privileged enclaves such as Arcata, probably will make life there a little nicer for most people and easier on the environment, but it has little to do with anarchism. One of Jason's campaign slogans, which calls for "Actively support Arcata small businesses," isn't exactly what you would have heard Goldman, Kropotkin or Berkman shouting, but it is if you want to get elected. I'm glad Jason is in office although what is possible in Arcata isn't in Detroit or other grittier areas of this society.

It's not as though anarchists of any perspective have much to show for their efforts, so I'm not real critical of either of their efforts. But if we are interested in authentic, autonomous projects which will act as a base for the revolutionary transformation of society or as the locus of resistance to the empire, voting and office-seeking seems pretty ineffectual. I'm not quite sure what Jason meant by his last remark about a half-hour investment to vote, but I take it to mean you will get very little.

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Typed letters or ones on disk are appreciated, but not required. Length should not exceed two, double-spaced pages. If you are interested in writing a longer response, please contact us.

Continued from page 29

I know working in small collectives is often frustrating, but a resurgent anti-authoritarian movement is currently being created. A variety of projects including the radical environmental movement and a wave of community centers and info shops are opening around the country that need the participation of anti-authoritarians to remain viable. Electoralism is only a diversion from such solid autonomous and radical activity.

Killer Analysis

To the Fifth Estate:

Hey! This is Marko. I met some of you folks at the Earth First! Round River Rendezvous in Tenn. this past summer.

I saw your special Fermi II ish, and as usual, y'all had the killer analysis going on.

I think the anarchist influence on E.F.! has made it one of the most happening gigs around. I'm glad to see the critique y'all spearheaded back a bit actually had a positive impact.

Adios,
Marko

FE Note: The critiques mentioned in the letter above are available as a pamphlet, "How Deep Is Deep Ecology" (1987) for \$5.50, and "Return of the Son of Deep Ecology" (1989) as a FE back issue for \$2; both can be ordered from our book service.

Light a Fatty

Dear FE:

A response to Zerox Vermont's letter last issue: The mildest form of hallucinogen or psychedelic, marijuana, may allow the individual to transcend the ego and life's hierarchies. This may allow the anarchist the clarity needed to plan his or her resistance.

This is why the CIA abandoned its experiments with Mary Jane, as the reaction of the subjects to marijuana were unpredictable. In other words, the CIA found it an unreliable drug for its purposes. People whose behavior is unpredictable when stoned cannot have their minds controlled by the government.

Anyone a government considers uncontrollable is, by definition, a free citizen. Therefore, we suggest all FE subscribers light up a big fatty as a small measure of resistance, as well as being a small step on the long road to clarity.

Grace and Mike Hogan
Amsterdam, Holland

I Scream, You Scream

To The Fifth Estate:

Peter Kropotkin once wrote of a familiar idea that "man is the result of the environment in which he grows up and spends his life." This writer believes that social existence determines consciousness and that most people who seriously stop consuming for a moment and think hard about how human personality is formed, molded, and to some degree manipulated, will perhaps also agree with that central thesis.

This theory of environmental influence on personality might explain this writer's opinion on a photograph and the image it produced about eight years ago while thumbing through one of mass media's many gems, National Geographic. The theme of the photograph was the common one of wild man meets technology and loves it.

The photograph was of tall African tribesmen dressed in tribal gear with feathers, bones, dyed cloth, etc. The setting was a

jungle and in the center of the picture was an open refrigerator with the tribesmen standing close beside it eating ice cream cones. The caption stated that the indigenous ones preferred to keep the refrigerator open as they ate the ice cream.

Eight years later, and after heavy doses of radical literature such as the Fifth Estate, I came to the conclusion that not only are images dangerous, but this particular one of technology, consumer items, and the hunger for them is false. Looking back at the photograph, would the tribe want the refrigerated techno-package if they knew what it would entail? After discovering the radical change that would have to occur, the total transformation of every aspect of their lives, would they still want ice cream that's rotting their teeth?

To answer these questions it is important to understand where these indigenous peoples and others like them are coming from, that is, how they organize themselves.

Societies without a surplus, societies without refrigerators, are societies without a State. Perhaps community is a better word, for they are communities who live cooperatively without government, without hierarchical arrangements of power and wealth. They are egalitarian, an egalitarianism that is not administered from above or from anywhere else; it comes from a tradition of free agreements.

Their economy is not an economy at all, but a lifestyle of subsistence living. That is not to say these indigenous ones must scrounge around all day just to satisfy their basic needs of food, shelter, clothing, and medicine for the entire community. The surrounding environment has no owner and they use of it just what they need and no more.

Pierre Clastres and other anthropologists point out that these communities usually spend on average only three hours a day on the basic necessities of life. Three hours, not of the hustle and bustle pace of the modern world, for the conception of work is nonexistent. It is a pace more like a leisurely walk, for they are not working, but living. And what about the rest of their day? It is up to them, be it hunting, exploring, playing, smoking, sleeping, etc.

Could the absence of prisons and mental institutions give us an idea of the health of the community and of the individual and could the absence of revolutionaries give us an idea of the acceptance of their living arrangements?

Perhaps the question isn't whether the tribesmen will choose the techno-package or not, but when will the indigenous ones be put to work. Clastres made the sobering observation that, "men work more than their needs require only when forced to."

Benjamin P. Hurst,
Wage Slave
Lincoln NE

FE In The Trash

Dear FE:

I apologize for not writing sooner. I have been moving around for the last two years and lost track of the passing time. I have enjoyed your paper immensely for several years now—since I found a copy in the trash can at Wayne State during the Gulf War.

You have had a profound impact on me from that time on. Back then I was a promising engineering student and everything felt wrong. Now, I pass the time sanding dry-wall and trying to figure out how to live everyday life.

For Anarchy,
Don Bickel
Warren MI

Rock Fuck The Vote

Dear Fifth Estaters:

Wow! I just read your newspaper after maybe 25 years and feel your stance is as close to mine as anyone's. I parted ways with your paper and many others on a senseless pursuit of marxist purity. Hey, I was an asshole; what can I say?

After reading an article, "Disaffected Youth are Truant from Polls" in the Nov. 16, 1994 Wall Street Journal, that venerable organ of international capital, I was painfully reminded of the ideological sellout of american rock bands during the hype prior to the 1992 sham elections.

The sham was relatively successful in 1992, in part due to the gratuitous assistance of the bands whose prime motivation was simple greed for public exposure and the record sales it engenders. The Journal was disappointed, however, because this crap didn't carry over to the 1994 elections. I feel and hope the youth of america just woke up!

Historically this sellout has been an ongoing thing on the american music scene

with numerous '60s bands campaigning for George McGovern during his 1972 presidential run. The same self-proclaimed "peace candidate" who, a few years later, led the clamor for american forces to invade the Khmer republic (Cambodia) to punish the Khmer Rouge for killing people by killing them.

Today, we have so-called "political bands" such as Megadeath and Warrior Soul, running the gamut from the popular to the obscure, telling american youth to vote. For what? Democrats or republicans? Clinton or Bush? Is there a difference? I can't tell.

In the ultimate paternalism, the Journal article featured a quote by Warren Bennis, a business professor at the University of Southern California, who stated, "There is a collective attention deficit disorder—they (the youth) are impatient, and they want change immediately in their own lives." Hmm, now that is something that caught my disordered attention for real.

Well, Prof. has-Bennis, you are right! We want change immediately, if not sooner, and we really ain't going to get it by voting.

Rand W. Gould
Pontiac, Mich.

Zapatistas & Laundry

Dear Friends at the Fifth Estate:

I recently saw T. Fulano's article, "Insurgent Mexico," in the fall issue of *The Alternative Press Review*. [FE Note: the article originally appeared in the Summer 1994 FE and was reprinted in APR.] Having had the good fortune to live here in Mexico during these desperate times in which the zapatista movement has been a blazing star on the horizon, I'm eager to pass on some information and exchange some points of view with you.

First, to summarize the letter I sent to

APR, the Zapatista Army of National Liberation (EZLN) never signed an agreement with the government. Instead, after a thorough process of consultation with the indigenous communities that make up their base of support, they rejected the government's offer as an attempt to buy them off and to reduce a national revolutionary struggle to the local level.

Second, I share your disgust at the consumer society and also recognize that it's probably economically and ecologically impossible for the entire world to make commodities the center of life as the First World does. But I think it is an error to say that the zapatistas suffer from the influence of consumerist ideology. In your article, you do justice to the more profound causes of the struggle, but to then characterize the EZLN as "fighting for television sets" is really a distortion of everything they have said in their communiques, interviews, and speeches. If they did mention television, stoves, refrigerators, and washing machines in their demands (which



they alone have the right to determine), I don't think this means they have fallen into the consumer trap.

T. Fulano, I assume you have gotten rid of your own stove and refrigerator and you don't wash your clothes in a washing machine if you are going to say that an indigenous woman should not have a machine that could save hours of drudgery. I don't imagine you've ever spent several hours a day scrubbing clothes on a rock by a river. Not just one day, but every day for the rest of your life. Not just your own clothes, but clothes for an entire family. Not just clothes that smell a little funky under the armpits, but clothes soiled with dirt from the fields. I think the appropriate place to start reducing dependence on commodities is right up there in the land of the blind and the home of the KKK...

C. Cualquiera
Somewhere in Mexico

T. Fulano responds: Cualquiera

missed the point. The essay did not merely express disgust at consumer society, but was an attempt to critique epochal social developments. Consumerist ideology, as my article indicated, was an important component in the consolidation of power by the Mexican state (a phenomenon also true of state socialist societies). Conversely, one of the reasons for the continuing relative cohesion of indigenous resistance to empire has been a certain fidelity to old ways and a refusal of (or lack of access to) industrial development. Clearly, revolutionary movements like the zapatistas have also been animated by the spectacle of consumer plenitude as the messages of mass communications have seeped into the rural fringes of industrial civilization. Thus rising expectations of the society at large have fueled resentments and radical agitation among specific marginalized sectors. All this was laid out in my essay.

Development spurs revolt, yet it simultaneously tends to undermine the very wellsprings of community and solidarity that underlie an ability to resist. How can this crisis be understood and perhaps resolved? I don't pretend to have any unambiguous response or answer: I ended my exploration of this problem with a call for solidarity with the people of southern Mexico, whatever the outcome. But I felt compelled to ask (and I believe it imperative for radical critique to ask), whether this troubling dialectical development would lead the oppressed to limit their horizons to a fight for a "reformed" industrialism and a correspondingly precarious niche at the bottom of the hierarchy. It's easy to declare that these are not at all the intentions of the Mayan *campesinos* (or the possible unforeseen outcome of their actions) but if their demands include the accoutrements and appliances of industrial civilization, in addition to land and clean water, don't they indicate the influence of consumerist ideology?

True, I live in the industrialized world, enjoying its cornucopia of freeways, television, packaging and allegedly labor-saving devices. Nevertheless, one of the most important contributions of anti-authoritarian politics and radical ecology has been to demystify the illusory nature of this alienated existence (thus converging in many ways with the outlook of traditional indigenous peoples). If third world revolutionaries are demanding televisions (and with them "everything necessary to make housework easier," as the zapatista document phrases it) and in the first world radicals are smashing the same machines in demonstrations, the issue of development is clearly one which needs to be addressed from both ends of the spectrum.

Unfortunately, Cualquiera reduces the question to whether or not I personally wash clothes by hand. As a matter of fact, I have washed my clothes by hand, with water drawn from a village well. In Portugal, where I lived for a time in a small village, I didn't reap the rich experience of local women, who did it as a group activity one day every week or so. But I know what hard work washing is, and I rather think there is something to be said for it. (In fact, the introduction of washing machines by a few households while I was there aggravated muffled class antagonisms in the village, isolated certain women in their houses, and wasted large amounts of water from the village commons.) My companion and I also lived quite well without a refrigerator, by the way (and still do without a television and several other almost ubiquitous gadgets),

but we did use a simple stove. I believe it necessary to be pragmatic, which was precisely why I raised these issues as *explorations*, not as absolute judgments.

Survival being what it is here, my life in Detroit is decidedly different than it was in the village. I use a washing machine, a car, and many other industrial processes and machines. I try to make careful decisions about how and what I use, and I don't always make good ones. I doubt that my correspondent, most likely a self-styled enemy of capitalism and the state, has decided in the name of principle to throw away money and passport. But is this really the point?

Does questioning industrialization and the ideology of development automatically render one a defender of human misery? Cualquiera seems unaware that working to overcome one kind of drudgery can bring about another. Washing machine factories (and TV factories, too) have to

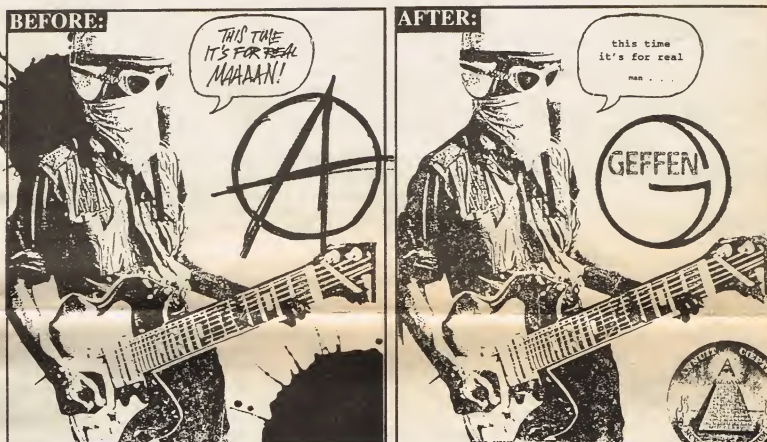
cisely where we should be most cautious.

I detect a similar lack of caution in Cualquiera's description of zapatista decision-making. Perhaps I was inaccurate in describing a cease-fire as a peace accord and stand corrected. How the proposed agreement was later rejected is another issue. We don't know exactly how 98% percent of the population rejected the peace accord, and most written material produced so far on the zapatistas is vague on the matter of their internal politics. Either we have to accept uncritically the words of the zapatista representatives or we keep a critical distance. I'm for maintaining criticality, while trying to find ways to show solidarity with social struggles there.

Dimly Informed

To the Fifth Estate:

When I read in your last issue "Mont-



be built, maintained and supplied with energy. Perhaps Mayan women can get jobs in them and take on the notorious "double duty" so common everywhere in the developed and developing worlds, working ten hours a day for Whirlpool or Westinghouse and then a few more in the evening watching tv while folding clothes at the laundromat. (I won't accuse C. of never having experienced this form of drudgery.)

Cualquiera's concern for poor women is touching; industrial planners, state bureaucrats and developers everywhere share it. Yet it lacks a critical understanding of the problems modernization brings; even an awareness of gender politics is missing. Indeed, if the problem is women's work, why must the solution be found in factory construction and the concomitant nightmare of power plants, steel mills, distribution bureaucracies, ecological devastation and the rest, rather than in a relatively low tech focus on the age-old division going back to the origins of patriarchy and class society, namely, having men share such tasks? That might make laundry day a rather festive affair.

Despite the perfunctory qualifications, Cualquiera seems to fancy the industrial option, what Ivan Illich calls the "conventional wisdom of today's good guys." And since the zapatistas "alone have the right to determine" their needs, outsiders apparently should engage only in an entirely unreflective solidarity. Yet that is pre-

real Anarchist Candidates off and Running." I barely recognized the party I work with, the CDME, and more specifically, Ecology Montreal. I felt compelled to respond to this unverified assault waged by someone who seems dimly informed about us.

First of all, the author, Michael William, begins on the wrong foot. The CDME (specifically the ME, Ecology Montreal) is not an anarchist party, nor was the mayoralty candidate presented as an anarchist. Social Ecology incorporates strains of anarchism, but we are not an anti-electoralist party.

The author's hostile sarcasm thoroughly infused the article and was rarely toned down enough to garner some sense about the campaign. I wondered sometimes if the writer lives in the city or not.

Dimitri Roussopoulos, who was one of several candidates, seemed particularly targeted with scornful invective. Speculative irrelevancies about his past and present economic activities heavily flavored what was supposed to have been an overview of the candidates Ecology Montreal presented. Of the space devoted to six candidates, five received a token appraisal of a sentence or so, while Roussopoulos accounts for three-quarters of the verbiage.

As for the community paper, Place Publique, charged by a rival of Roussopoulos with being founded for use as a campaign instrument to promote his candidature, that would seem to be a very

costly and laborious way of achieving this end. Place Publique, like all papers, is partisan.

Specifically, its mandate is to promote community activism, urban heritage and ecological issues. It's a tall and ambitious order in a city where these papers come and go, or are sedate or reactionary excuses for bringing together advertising.

In the name of a supposed impartiality, should the paper have ignored that the CDME was the only left-alternative to the three main contenders, two of which were center-right and right? In the same vein, why is the litany of criticism so focused on our party? Our electoral complicity was marginal and our program is light-years closer to a decentralist, anti-authoritarian vision than the other parties. Was there so little to criticize in the other parties?

The portrayal of Place Publique goes well beyond being uncharitable. In a passage where William refers to a cartoon

that cast our mayoralty candidate, Yolande Cohen, in an excellent light, he glaringly failed to indicate that it was not of the paper's making and that it first appeared in La Presse, Montreal's most important French daily.

No one is spared being passed through the mill; even "Bicycle Bob" Silverman, our town's exemplary cycle advocate, is smeared. In 20 years, Silverman's organization has brought about more tangible improvements in making the streets less bicycle-hostile than William could achieve in a few lifetimes of trashing left-activists.

About Bernard Bourbonnais' score of 23% in the ward of Mile-End, he says nothing, simply because he has nothing good to say about Ecology Montreal. Unfortunately your journal uncritically accepted the rantings of someone interested in trashing a movement that is a potentially strong voice of contestation in Montreal's municipal politics-as-usual.

Bernard Cooper
Westmount, Quebec

Michael William responds: I am accused of expressing "hostile sarcasm" toward electoralism, in other words, of agreeing with a traditional—and eminently sensible—anarchist, anti-statist approach. Bernard Cooper, for his part, expends little

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More Letters

Continued from page 31

energy making a philosophical case for electoralism, which he takes as a given, preferring to attempt to discredit my article and to exercise damage control vis-à-vis the CDME's dismal showing in the most recent election.

In North America, "libertarian municipalism" is the most developed in Montreal. Since the late 80s, I have documented the phenomenon in several articles in *Demolition Derby*, *Anarchy* and the *Fifth Estate* (copies of the articles are available from the address below).

These tales of the antics of local partyists have hopefully been informative for the many anti-authoritarians who don't have to deal with an organized anarcho-electoral pole in their city. (From hardcore pacifists I expect only the knee-jerk organizational patriotism displayed by Cooper.)

In my article, I didn't say that the CDME is an anarchist party. In effect, the Democratic Coalition, one of the groupuscules of which it is composed, is social democratic.

As for Ecology Montreal, not all members are anarchists, but there has been a clear anarchist connection from the outset. "The social ecology and urban theories of Murray Bookchin" (the most prominent libertarian municipalist theorist) have influenced the party, according to CDME candidate Phillip Chee. Bookchin traveled from Vermont to address an Ecology Montreal policy conference.

Another element has been the number of anti-authoritarians running for office (at least seven the last time), not to men-

tion quite a few more who support the party. Pro-party puff pieces emanating from Montreal have also begun to appear in anarchist journals outside Quebec, such as Phillip Chee's article in *Kick it Over* (Fall 1993) and Larry Cambone's shorter piece in the *London fortnightly Freedom* (mid-January 1995).

Some of the more prominent partyists have managed to gain access to the local media, increasing their visibility and damage potential. When libertarian municipalism reaches a critical mass in a city it begins to take up a lot of space in an anti-authoritarian milieu, polarizing people with respect to it. Hence, the numerous anti-electoral activities during the last election which were mentioned in my article.

Roussopoulos, the owner of Black Rose Books and a self-described anarchist, was instrumental in founding Ecology Montreal and remains the spokesperson I most often see quoted. As a catalyst in channeling local energies in the direction of bureaucratic statist reformism, Roussopoulos has played a confusionist and destructive role here in the eyes of many.

Concerning Roussopoulos' firing of two anarchists at Black Rose when they attempted to collectivize the project, which Cooper dismisses as "speculative irrelevancies" on my part, documents are available from me at the address below. Cooper downplays this kind of activity on Roussopoulos' part. Others, I think, will find it instructive about how this guy operates.

Also a given for Cooper is that community newspapers should support political parties. One must back the "left-alternative" lest other, more sinister, alternatives

take power. In my opinion, on the contrary, achieving autonomy with respect to party rackets constitutes a necessary first step.

According to Anarchos Institute founding member and CDME mayoral candidate Yolande Cohen, the mayor would continue to "provide the main orientation" in a CDME regime. There is no reason for community newspapers to reward such (would-be) oppressors with front-page plugs, as in *Place Publique Milton-Parc's* case. Also, four out of five of the journal's editorial committee members belong to Ecology Montreal and three ran for office in the last election. Backing the party and its candidates under these conditions is hardly surprising.

Cooper says that I smeared former anarcho-candidate "Bicycle Bob" Silverman by mentioning that he had been publicly cheer leading for cops on bicycles. Roussopoulos, meanwhile, has been "pressuring the police for foot patrols" according to a profile in the *McGill Daily*. These pro-police statements are Silverman's and Roussopoulos' problem, not mine.

Party-thinking's capacity to turn people rotten certainly seems to know no limits.

Michael William
CP 1554 Succ. "B"
Montreal, Que. Canada H3B 3L2

Misanthropic Rage

To the Fifth Estate:

I have been a subscriber in the past and, income permitting, may be so in the near future. I am presently incarcerated in the Federal Correctional Institution at Florence, Colorado for the crime of armed

bank robbery.

Fed up with an inability to earn a decent living and motivated by anarchist philosophy and misanthropic rage at consensus reality, I attempted to launch my own personal revolution, robbed two banks, got caught on the second one, and sentenced in December 1993 to nine years. I should get out in the year 2002, maybe 2001, depending on good time.

The Bureau of Prisons and I are not getting along. I came in with the intent of being a "model prisoner," just to ease my time, so I could concentrate on reorganizing my life when I get out. I owe \$3367 in restitution and have no outside resources, so they gave me a job as a janitor in Unitor, Federal Prison Industries.

Then, over a minor rules infraction, they took the job away. So, I told them that if they weren't interested in getting their restitution and in helping me rehabilitate by giving me an income, I had no reason to cooperate with them. I asked to be put in "The Hole," and intend to remain here for the next eight years.

I need to develop some contacts on the outside. I had a few when I was out, but lost all the addresses when arrested. I got your address from a publisher's directory at the library here before coming to the Hole.

The reason I'm writing is that I understand there are a few anarchist prisoner support groups around and also some zines that are free to prisoners. Please send them to the address below.

Richard S. Hack 87690-011
FCI PO Box 6000
Florence CO 81226

Have A Wild Summer!

1995 Summer Gatherings & Actions

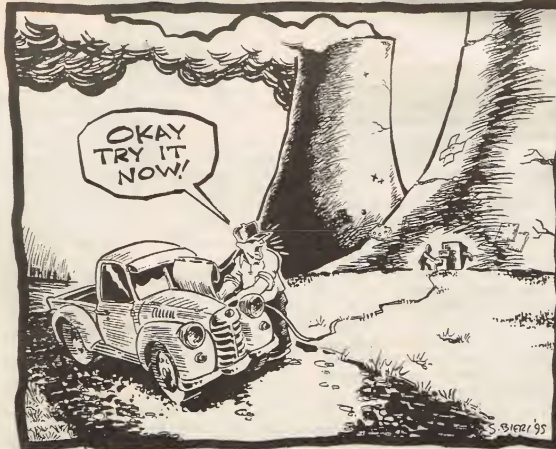
National Nomadic Festival Through September 2

A traveling RV-gypsy gathering that will join with local people in 14 cities across North America to create temporary autonomous zones, make art, cook food, establish squats, play music, celebrate, & protest. For a complete list of cities, call Arrow at 212/614-0393 or write: 209 E. 7th St., NY NY:

Tentative Dates & Places
July 9-15, Albuquerque or Taos
July 16-23, Bay Area
July 23-29, Eugene OR
July 30-Aug. 5, Seattle WA
Aug. 6-12, Vancouver BC, at LaQuena Coffeehouse, contact Martha, 604/251-6626
Aug. 13-19, Minneapolis, contact Steve, 612/222-7911
Aug. 27-Sept. 2, Chicago, Contact Rich, 312/581-3480

Born of Fire: A Gathering of Heretics & Lunatics, Autonomists & Tribalists July 18-22 • SF Bay Area

Deviants of all stripes will be coming together for a few days to live and play outside of spectacular society and its various systems of oppression: work, school, church, and the state. Contact Matty, 510/601-7476 or write 3833 Clarke St., Oakland CA 94609.



Ten Days to Shut Fermi 2 Permanently July 28-August 6—Ann Arbor & Monroe, Mich.

The Fermi 2 Action Project, a ten-day conference/encampment/direct action protest to demand the immediate closing of the Fermi 2 nuclear power facility in Monroe, Mich. It is centered in Ann Arbor, July 28-August 6 and includes rallies, trespass actions, occupations, music, door-to-door outreach, workshops, an anti-nuke film festival and the Greenpeace boat, Moby Dick.

For complete schedule of events & registration info, contact The Fermi 2 Action Project, 3948 Grayton, Detroit MI 48224; or call 313/886-0608.

Dreamtime Village Corroboree Aug. 1-31

The Corroboree is a marvelous experiment in festivity fostering an alternative village with an enormous vision. Dreamtime Village, & many "intentional communities" like it across North America, is a pilot project for invoking Fourier's concept of "attractive labor," a geography of fantastic, utopian dreams tempered by down-to-earth-grass-stains-on-yr-knees & dirt-on-yr-hands projects. From the community's newsletter, the *talkingmail*: "No Entertainers, No Spectators: This is a Participatory Festival featuring a constantly shifting tableau of work projects, performances, dance, cooking, installations, gatherings & workshops."

Dreamtime Village, Rt. 2, Box 242, W. Viola WI 54664, (608) 625-2217.

Public Fool Bus

Accompanying the Nomadic Festival will be the Public Fool Bus, an amalgam of erotic pranks & merry magic following some of its sister festival's scheduled stops (see above). The Fools' folly will follow a slower, more spontaneous schedule with more rural stops and an infusion of anarchic frolic. For more info, send an SASE to 4743 Hlawatha S., Minn. MN 55406; or call (612) 649-4961.

30th Anniversary Issue

Spring 1996

Vol. 31 #1 (347)

\$2.00



History of The Fifth Estate Part I: The Early Years

"The Fifth Estate supports the cause of revolution everywhere."
—FBI Report

by Peter Werbe

In my estimation, the above twelve-word summary by the nation's secret police serves adequately as an abbreviated history of this paper on the occasion of its 30th anniversary.

However, it will definitely not satisfy my friends and comrades on the FE staff who urged me on our 20th and 25th anniversaries to write a comprehensive account of the newspaper's long existence as a radical publication.

It is not due to an inflated sense of self-importance that people feel the story should be recounted, but rather because the history of this paper mirrored a period of large-scale rebellion in its early years and continues today to give expression to a body of ideas which find little exposure elsewhere.

ment of a March on Washington to end the war in Vietnam. The finished product was passed out to friends and concert goers. When I received a copy of the first edition at a University of Detroit Mr. Bo blues concert, I was amazed that a paper with radical content could be produced by young people like myself.

Such a publishing venture doesn't seem so out of the ordinary today, but 30 years ago, with the exception of a few newspapers like New York City's *Village Voice*, little similar to this was being printed anywhere. The mainstream press didn't

review Dylan, or publish calendars (certainly not for poetry readings and the like), and articles critical of the growing U.S. involvement in Vietnam was unheard of except in a few socialist papers.

Saved From An Early Extinction

The fledgling FE stumbled along for a few issues, (changing its self-description by the second issue to "The Voice of Liberal Detroit") covering the emerging alternative arts, culture, and political scene. But in early 1966, after Ovshinsky moved the paper's office from his parents' basement to a mid-town Detroit storefront near Wayne State University, it became almost a one-man operation. The

move, however, saved the paper from an early extinction when it was quickly discovered by young activists from the newly-formed Detroit Committee to End the War in Vietnam, John Sinclair's Artist Workshop, and others in what was a bohemian, arts, radical politics, student, youth ghetto. Overnight the paper's office became a bustling center of writers, photographers, and artists, all anxious to contribute their efforts.

As the anti-war, civil rights, hippie, New Left and alternative culture movements grew in Detroit, so did the paper. Our pages became a forum for the new and rebellious ideas that characterized the era. By late 1966, the FE relocated to a high-visibility, hippie hang-out area known as Plum Street where we opened a book store above our offices. The early paper's content was a mix of articles about psychedelic drugs, the anti-war movement, rock and roll, the alternative culture, and anything that was anti-authority.

Denouncing "the Pigs"

Though the 1960s have received a bad name in some quarters for hyperbole in writing and excess in action, they are exactly what attracted me to it. When I look back through crumbling early issues of the FE, with their colorful psychedelic artwork, articles denouncing "The Man" and "the pigs" and "Amerikkka," and photos of exuberant young people holding up clenched fists or dancing with abandon at a "Love-In," much of the writing and ideas still look good to me even after the passage of a generation.

The nation-wide underground press movement was enormous in scope, with at least 500 regularly appearing tabloids, and perhaps thousands more which disappeared after only an issue or two. The FE office's mimeograph machine was used by numerous high school, civil rights and anti-war groups, dissident union caucuses, and even GLs, to print newsletters. To the horror of their officers, active-duty GLs circulated hundreds of anti-war papers and newsletters at U.S. bases, on ships, and even in Vietnam.



Portrait of the author exiting the FE office after the National Guard tear gassed it during the 1967 Black rebellion. —photo C.T. Walker

Continued on page 6

Tales From The Planet



The British libel proceeding brought by McDonald's against two activists with Greenpeace London over their fact sheet, "What's Wrong With McDonald's," continued into the new year with no end in sight. The \$26 billion a year junk food giant objects to the leaflet's characterization of them as abusing animals, destroying the rain forest, conning kids, creating mountains of waste, and being anti-labor.

The trial began in June 1994 and on Dec. 12, 1995 became the longest civil case in British history. Libel laws in England generally favor the plaintiff and numerous other critics of McDonald's over the years have backed down or retracted their statements.

However, the defendants, Dave Morris and Helen Steel, assembled 180 witnesses to support the truth of the pamphlet. They've included environmental and nutritional experts, trade unionists, animal welfare experts, former McDonald's employees, even the corporation's top executives, and four infiltrators employed by the company.

According to Dave Morris, one of the defendants, "It's clear that McDonald's aim of suppressing the leaflet has totally backfired."

This summer, in an attempt to settle the suit which has given the company a major public relations black eye, McDonald's board members flew to London in an attempt to arrange an end to the case. However, Morris and his co-defendant would not agree to any settlement which involved a cessation of distribution of the leaflet in question.

Recent testimony has included several ex-employee witnesses who testified about unsafe and unsanitary work condition at McDonald's outlets, adulterated food, and how "any active member of a union will not be tolerated" by the management.

The trial may run until Summer 1996.

In arenas around North America, the "sport" of trophy hunting has been colliding with professional basketball. The Grizzly Project, a group from Nelson, British Columbia, are exposing the NBA's newest expansion team, the Vancouver Grizzlies, for using the threatened animal's namesake. They've encouraged demonstrations at all Grizzlies road games.

The team's marketing strategy is complicit in the ongoing slaughter of the bear, says Candace Batycki, the group's founder.

"They are targeting children with a mass-marketed cartoon logo depicting an attacking bear," she says. Batycki, who hikes frequently in grizzly habitat, says the opposite is true: grizzlies typically shy away from encounters with humans.

"This harmful image only serves to further the myth of a dangerous predator," adds Irwin Oostindie, Grizzly Project communications director. "Their logo can be found in Vancouver on everything from McDonald's french fry containers and

Coke cups, to plastic pencil cases and other commodities for kids."

The grizzly in Canada continues to lose habitat to logging, mining, oil and gas exploration and road building which accompanies extractive industries. Estimates of the bear's population range from a low of only 3,000. Only 700-900 are left in the U.S. BC is one of the last places where grizzlies can be hunted legally and trophy hunting is the major cause of bear mortality. Meat is seldom if ever taken.

The grizzly is the slowest reproducing large omnivore in North America yet legally licensed hunts in British Columbia take 300 each year, leaving cubs to die as well if the target is a female. Poachers are estimated take to an equal number, much of it for grizzly body parts and organs used in Asian medical remedies.

Batycki says the basketball team owes "dues" because of the choice for its name. Trying to outflank public criticism, the Grizzlies team management recently joined with the BC Ministry of Environment in a provincial management scheme called, "A Future for the Grizzly." Although the team committed \$200,000 to the plan, the Grizzly Project calls it "greenwashing," since it still allows for the issuance of thousands of grizzly hunting permits in 1996.



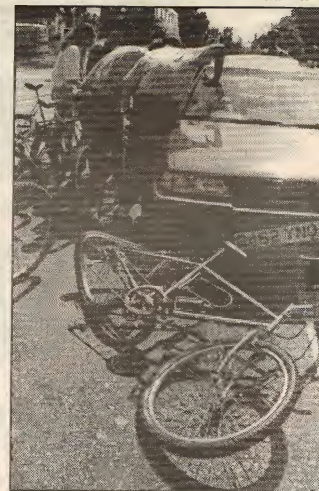
ing permits in 1996.

The Project fought for two years to abolish trophy hunting, but the Ministry plan, after intense pressure from the guide-outfitters and forest industry lobbies, creates a network of so-called grizzly "sanctuaries." Although hunting is banned within these areas, habitat destroying clearcuts, mining and roads is still permitted.

Grizzly Project demonstrations have already occurred in Seattle and at the Grizzlies' new Vancouver "gladiator's arena," General Motors Place, where spectators view pre-game videos depicting "virtual wilderness" projected on massive monitors above the court.

The Project will provide a schedule of the Grizzlies' NBA games in North America this Spring, and since demonstrations and leafleting are usually not allowed at sports facilities, they promise bail money and legal defense aid for anyone arrested.

For information, contact the Grizzly Project: PO Box 957, Nelson BC, Canada V1L 6A5, phone/fax, (604) 355-BEAR (2327), The Bear Hotline at (800) 836-5501; or e-mail: grizzly@worldtel.com.



200 cyclists caused a major traffic jam August 5 for lunchtime, beach-bound motorists by pedaling slowly along Brighton, England's one-way road system. This Critical Mass demonstration was a protest of the reliance on cars and the government's road construction policies. Some motorists became so irate they rammed several bicycles from behind.

—story and photo by Alec Smart

A loose coalition of people coordinated by the radical city environmental group, Reclaim the Streets, occupied a major intersection in London, July 23, and held a street party in protest against the overuse of private motorcars.

Police sealed off a subway stop in anticipation of the action, but a crowd of nearly a thousand took the train one stop farther and swarmed onto Upper street. Within minutes, they turned the area into a vehicle-free zone. Banners were unfurled and stretched across the street's four lanes and anchored to traffic lights and lamp-posts.

A ton of sand was dumped, creating a children's play area complete with padding pool. Huge tripods were erected at the ends of now pedestrianized Upper road with a person suspended within each to deter traffic. Food stalls, sound systems, a rock band and an armored military vehicle with blaring speakers were installed.

Police vans, sirens wailing, screamed into the area, but were unable to halt what had now developed into a public festival. Most people, including this writer, found the street party by following a hovering police helicopter.

Several thousand more people swelled the gathering including diners and local residents. By 8:00 pm the revellers had dispersed although a hard core group of 200 stayed to confront riot police who had arrived to clear the area. 20 arrests were made.

There have been numerous anti-road struggles in the UK (See FE, last issue) and there are currently 22 road building schemes in Britain in the planning stages. Nine have been shelved due to pressure from environmentalists.

—Alec Smart Black & Green, 10 Waterloo Place, Brighton BN2 2NB, East Sussex, UK

FE Note: Alec sends us numerous stories, but our limited printing schedule allows for publication of very few of them. He would welcome other outlets for his stories and photos.

Flag loving patriotism went down to an inglorious defeat Dec. 12 when the U.S. Senate failed to muster the votes needed to pass a Constitutional amendment to protect Old Glory from "physical desecration." The 63-36 tally was a scant three votes shy of the two-thirds needed.

The country would have seen thousands of its symbol going up in smoke if the amendment had passed, since a campaign of defiance was in the works to send charred remains of flags to politicians.

A 1989 U.S. Supreme Court decision struck down a Texas law banning flag burning as unconstitutional after an RCP member in Texas had been convicted of the charge.

Patriots and political opportunists supporting the amendment were vague on exactly what constitutes "desecration," but who it would be used against was clear from earlier Senate hearings.

When a group of protesters stood in the back of the room and gagged themselves with flags, South Carolina Sen. Strom Thurmond inquired of a witness, "Those people back there, with the flags over their mouths, for I can't imagine what reason—if we passed this Amendment, could we have them arrested?"

By the way, the only officially sanctioned form for disposal of worn or soiled U.S. flags is burning.

Southeastern Michigan's big, real bad nuclear reactor has been up and operating for a while, so the sensible response is—"Run For Your Life"—the third annual run/walk event to shut Fermi 2. It'll held be Sat., May 18, registration at 10:30 am, with the event starting at noon; \$1 registration fee; call 313/242-0102 or write Mark Farris, PO Box 1069, Monroe MI 48161 for info.

As of this issue, our cover price is \$2. Subscription rates have been raised accordingly. Distributors and bulk sellers will be notified as to increased costs. Hopefully, this raise will bring in needed revenue (see p. 4).

Fifth Estate

The Fifth Estate is a cooperative, nonprofit project, publishing since 1965. The people who produce it are a group of friends who do so neither to secure wages nor as an investment in the newspaper industry, but to encourage resistance and rebellion to this society.



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I'm Sticking With The Union?

"Hey! What are you guys doing here?
You hate unions!"

—A strike supporter

by E.B. Maple

The labor militant who aimed this question at us was surprised, almost shocked, to see a group whom she considers anarchists critical of unions, shoulder-to-shoulder with striking Teamsters and newspaper reporters, squaring off against the cops at a suburban Detroit printing plant late one night last summer.

Actually, we don't "hate" unions at all, certainly not in the manner of the companies which operate The Detroit News and The Detroit Free Press, corporate rags that have been trying to smash their labor organizations since the Great Detroit Newspaper Strike began last July 13. What our friend sees as "hate" has been our effort over the last twenty years to create a radical understanding, free of leftist mystique, of the role unions have historically played within the political economy of capital.

But the question she asked us is an important one, and in many ways expresses the contradictions and ambivalence we often feel when we transfer our theories to daily life experiences. If unions are nothing more than the institutional way capital purchases labor, why were we out there on Mound Road facing off 250 cops from 20 different suburban forces that balmy September night?

The cops were suiting up with shields, helmets, three-foot riot staves, and gas masks. Our main defenses were bandannas over our faces to ward off the pepper spray and some flimsy sticks from our picket signs. The cops were preparing to force approximately 750 strikers and supporters away from a blockade of the printing plant gate which company trucks had to pass through to distribute the Sunday paper produced with scab and replacement workers.

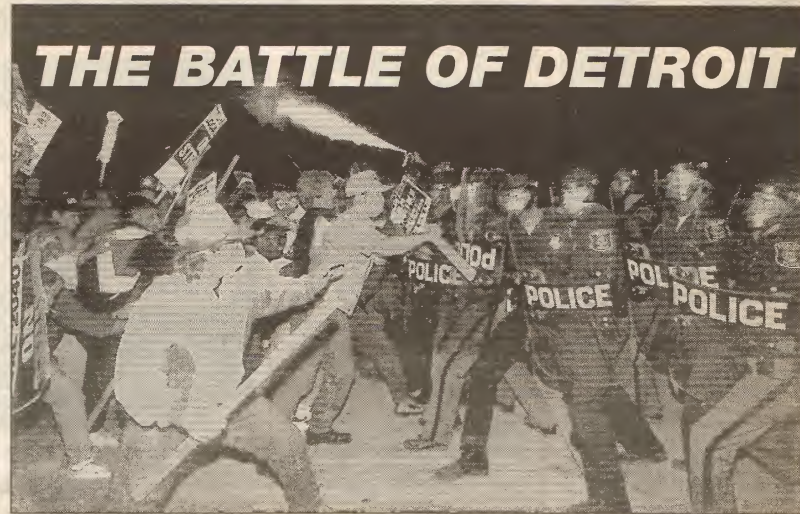
Initially, we had no reason to think this would be little other than a ritual strike, followed by negotiations and a return to work. Many of us were drawn to the side of the strikers by their refusal to knuckle under to the humiliation the company intended for them, and by our friendship with several members of the Newspaper Guild, the association of reporters.

The unions had made enormous concessions in previous contracts and the workers hadn't had a raise in six years. Although the papers made a handsome profit in 1994, they forced the strike at a point when the unions were neither anxious nor prepared for a strike. Besides the reporters, five other locals of Teamsters, Pressmen, and Lithographers walked out.

1,200-Man Corporate Militia

Unlike past work stoppages, the papers decided to print a joint issue during the strike and immediately hired several thousand replacement workers recruited from around the country. They also brought in a heavily armed 1,200-man corporate militia from the Vance Corporation, whose specialty is strike breaking and picket line violence. It soon became abundantly clear the intent of the management was not the negotiation of a new contract, but the elimination of its unions.

The unions were determined to stop the circulation of the paper by calling for a subscription boycott, to which up to 300,000 people responded, and to stop the



—photo Daymon Hartley

Striking newspaper workers and supporters defend their picket line from a police baton charge, Sept. 1995.

papers from leaving the main printing plant or local distribution centers. Confrontations at The News' Sterling Heights, Mich. printing plant and distribution centers were extremely intense in August through October, with often up to a 1,000 workers battling the cops, sometimes resulting in victories for the strikers. Even in the face of numerous arrests and vicious police attacks, the picket lines often held until late hours of the night, forcing company trucks to leave the plant 12 hours behind schedule.

After years of being pushed around at demonstrations, to watch 40 cops in full riot gear charge a blockade of determined pickets and be repulsed after a brief, but furious battle, was extremely heartening. That night, the police knew they needed a 200-man reinforcement to do the job since the strikers were not prepared to give an inch.

As soon as the strike began, it quickly took on a quality, no one had expected, least of all the major belligerents. The papers expected resistance but nothing like what they encountered. Numerous local and international unions offered support in what soon became a city-wide effort unseen since the heyday of Detroit unionism in the 1930s. By December, the strikers were publishing a 325,000 circulation Sunday paper of their own. Solidarity and aid was sent from locals across the country. The feeling in the labor movement is that if unions can be defeated in Detroit, they can be defeated anywhere.

Although the union bureaucrats have a tight lock on overall strategy, rank-and-file self-organization has been an exceptional feature of the strike, particularly in highly coordinated late night attacks against newspaper distribution centers where tens of thousands of dollars in damages were inflicted by trashing offices and dozens of cars belonging to scabs and the company.

Also, an incredible camaraderie has developed among middle-class reporters who remain on strike (50 percent have returned to work) and the more working

class, industrial staff (very few who have crossed the picket line). Benefits, parties, fund-raisers and other gatherings have become the sites of not only friendship and solidarity, but also of an increasingly radicalized view of the world of corporations, workers and cops.

The down side of the strike has been the increasing toll, financial and psychological, exacted from the strikers and their families as the dispute rolls through its seventh month. Time is on the side of management. More and more reporters have left town for other jobs, and the industrial workers face the necessity of finding other work as well.

Capital's Affirmation

Radicals have always faced the question of whether it is possible to struggle within capital without actually affirming and extending by going no further than demanding piecemeal reforms? In the case of unions, John and Paula Zerzan pointed out in these pages two decades ago that rather than a triumph of some sort, the establishment of the first labor organizations marked a crushing defeat for humanity. Unions arose only after the early 19th century machine-breaking Luddite movement had been subdued by the English army and legal system.

When the representatives of early workers' organizations accepted the duality of labor and capital, and formally agreed to bargain over the selling price of the commodity of human labor, they acquiesced in enshrining capital as a permanent and dominant institution.

From the first, unions became junior partners in the racket of capital, accepting the new economic system's definitions and rules as their own. This was, and is, particularly true in the area of labor discipline where unions act as the first line of defense against independent or radical thrusts within the working class.

When radical labor formations, like the IWW, violated the standards for conduct, they were quickly snuffed out by a combination of government repression and vigi-

lante action, usually without a word of protest from the official labor movement (or, as in the case of the McCarthy era, with direct participation from the union bosses). Radical historians note that any militant labor struggle which went beyond the capital/labor compact found itself not only being confronted by the state and management, but the union hierarchy as well.

But even conservative unions had to provide something tangible for their members or they would have been immediately discarded. Their major function has been to raise the average selling price of labor artificially—meaning if the price of labor were left to fall to its "fair market value," U.S. and European wage workers would be looking at pay scales similar to those of Mexico or Sri Lanka.

Capitalism is the only economic system humans have created in which a good crop is a curse. If you have an abundant harvest of potatoes, the price falls. The same is true with the sale of human labor. If there is a lot of it, and there is, the price plummets in a manner no different than if it were rutabagas for sale.

Within a strict, radical critique of capital, the struggle over hours, working conditions and wages is viewed as simply which sector of the system gains what portion of the wealth produced. But to those functioning within capitalism as wage workers (most of us), these questions often determine the misery quotient of our lives.

The current round of attacks on unions is part of a world-wide effort by capital to enforce austerity measures which began with workers and the poor, but has now extended to the middle-class as well. Seeing little resistance, corporations are emboldened to increase the rate of work and reduce the rate of pay, all of which means more profits for their stockholders.

Also, the tasks unions once fulfilled for capital have ceased to be as important in an era when revolutionary resistance to

Continued on page 32



**Pura Arcos
1919-1995**

"She never stopped thinking, questioning, and learning."

On October 12, 1995, our community lost another elder and member of a generation of anarchist revolutionary veterans now passing into history.

Purificación Pérez Benavent (Pura Arcos), companion of FE staff member Federico Arcos, was born June 26, 1919 in Valencia, Spain. She later moved to Barcelona. A very bright and promising student, Pura went to work at age thirteen to contribute to her family's income while attending night school at the Escuela Moderna.

Pura was very active with the local federation of the Barcelona *Mujeres Libres*, and became a member of the organization's national sub-committee. She participated in the *sub-comités* of branches of the CNT, FAI and the *Federación ibérica de juventudes libertarias* (the Libertarian Youth), often serving as recording secretary to meetings. She trained to drive a streetcar, but never did. In 1936 she met Federico Arcos in the Libertarian Youth. They lived half a block away from each other and would walk home together from the Ateneo Libertario.

Pura was not happy with the attitudes and methods of the so-called leaders, the *militantes responsables* of the *comités*, and when the opportunity arose to teach children at one of the collectives, in Tabernes de Valldigna, she accepted. Emma Goldman once said, "To see the Revolution you had to go to the towns and villages... It is in Madrid, Valencia, and Barcelona where my heart sinks." As Federico remarks, "Life in such collectives was like a big family. Everyone was devoted to each other and to their ideals." Pura found happiness among the people of Tabernes.

When defeat of the revolution came, instead of attempting to flee the country, Pura went into hiding. Later, she moved back to Barcelona with her family. She remained in hiding for two years until things calmed down. If the fascists had found her, she would have been one more in the long list of those executed. Pura spent the following years supporting libertarian prisoners.

In the 1950s, Pura emigrated to Canada with their young daughter to join Federico. There she learned English, worked as a nurse, and collaborated by correspondence with the libertarian press, particularly the *Boletín de Mujeres Libres* (edited in London from 1963 to 1977), and with the magazine *Mujeres Libertarias*, until its demise in 1993. She carried on an enormous correspondence with friends and comrades in Europe and the Americas, and supported Canadian women's and

Welcome to our 30th anniversary issue—although you are reading this as we are already into our 31st year. 1965 seems like ancient history or just a heartbeat away, depending on your current age. The cover logo on page one over our chronicle comes from our 1968-71 period.

As always we would like to express our gratitude to each reader, each Sustainer, each contributor. On the occasion of this anniversary, we feel this sense of gratitude even more deeply. Without your support, none of this would happen. We appreciate the patience with which all of you tolerate our sporadic publishing schedule although we have given up promising to appear more frequently.

We're planning a celebration on Sat., April 13 (see notice on this page) to give formal recognition to the passing of our third decade with a wild party. We hope as many of you as possible will join us.

Wish Us A Happy 30th Anniversary; We Need It

Unforeseen expenses, in addition to the skyrocketing cost of newsprint, have made this issue the most costly we've ever printed. It has brought our bank account to zero.

To keep the Fifth Estate solvent, we're asking readers for donations when renewing subscriptions or ordering books; even an extra dollar is helpful. Or, consider holding a fund-raiser for the paper. Please contribute so we can maintain our office and keep publishing.

Send donations to 4632 Second Ave., Detroit MI 48201.

What could be a better recommendation for British director, Ken Loach's excellent film about the Spanish civil war and revolution, "Land and Freedom," than the fact that the national committee of the Communist Party-dominated Abraham Lincoln Brigade has pressured its Detroit members not to participate in a local conference where it is being shown?

Though the Brigade is romanticized by liberals and Stalinists alike as having "fought the good fight," the international volunteers actually functioned as counter-revolutionary adjuncts to their sponsor.

Although many combatants in the Brigade were genuinely moved by the fight against fascism—and believed the CP lies that anarchists and trotskyists were agents of Franco—others knew better and dutifully carried out Stalin's policies in Spain.

One such veteran of our acquaintance was a commissar in the Brigade who

peace groups as well.

Pura will also be fondly remembered for her beautiful dried flower arrangements. It was a skill she exercised for many years, even overcoming a period of blindness and returning to her art. Her work was displayed in many handicraft shows and won several awards, and was frequently given in our own community to observe birthdays, births, marriages and other festive occasions. Pura's framed flowers can be found in innumerable households all over the world.

At a crowded memorial to Pura, FE staff member Marilyn Rashid's remarks spoke for us all:

"Pura was a very unique, strong and intelligent human being, and I feel hon-



**Join Us for the Fifth Estate's
(a little belated)**

30th Anniversary Celebration

Saturday, April 13, Cass Cafe

4620 Cass Ave. at W. Forest

6:30 pm: Pot Luck Supper

8:00 pm-2:00 am: General Festivities

This is the only general and the only party we support

For information or directions call the FE office at 313/831-6800

bragged to us without remorse that he had "killed more anarchists and trotskyists than fascists" in the Civil War. "Land and Freedom," based loosely on Orwell's *Homage to Catalonia*, sets the record straight, so no wonder these apologists for counter-revolution are irate.

Society of the Spectacle, Detroit Dept.: A local man shot himself to death in front of hundreds of onlookers following a standoff with police in September. He had just killed his mother-in-law and was cornered on a freeway where he kept the cops at bay by holding a gun to his head and threatening to shoot himself.

Onlookers displayed a festive air with many wielding camcorders and still cameras. Others did play-by-play accounts of the action for family and friends on cellular phones. Maybe the crowd had dreams of selling their footage to TV, but more likely, in a world where everything has

become entertainment, they were merely creating home videos for personal consumption with themselves as the news anchor.

The Trumbullplex, Detroit's anarchist housing and theatre collective, has risen phoenix-like from the ashes of a fire at one of their houses last September. With the help of residents and friends, the house is healed, and with the advent of Spring, performance programs will begin again.

The collective is currently looking for housemates for their two-dwelling, direct democracy, mutual aid, anti-authoritarian project.

Contact them at 4210 Trumbull, Detroit MI 48208, or phone 313/832-0114 and ask for Kim or Cara.

Visits, donations and ideas are perpetually and joyfully accepted. Call for upcoming theatre events.

Pura would remind us of the women in the back rooms working and cooking to feed all the men. One story did not negate the other; rather, each enriched the other and made us understand the complexity of that time.

"I appreciated Pura's wisdom, her sharp wit, her strong clear memory. She... had a consistent love for poetry, for literature... She was very proud of her family, devoted to her daughter and grandsons and to her infant great-granddaughter. Pura was a very humble and unassuming woman who lived her life, fulfilled her ideals, and never stopped thinking and questioning and learning. It is with love and profound respect that we will remember her."

"Pura was a woman who, because of her involvement in the *Mujeres Libres* and the anarchist cooperatives, knew all about the potential for true liberation and for sexual equality. And so she knew and understood, too, the frustrations we all experience... the failure of those projects to achieve the expectations we have for them. Federico, for example, would describe with his characteristic fervor a meeting of the anarchists with Durruti, and

But Still In Danger of Execution Mumia Saved From The Electric Chair

When Mumia Abu-Jamal's date with Pennsylvania's executioner was indefinitely postponed Aug. 7, 1995, ten days before scheduled, it came as a surprise to the ex-Black Panther's defense team. Judge Albert Sabo, who displayed gross prejudice at both the original trial and the current hearing, had never before granted a stay in the 32 death sentences he has handed out to Philadelphia murder defendants.

But as expected, Sabo, who presided at Jamal's 1981 trial for killing Philadelphia police officer Daniel Faulkner, denied Mumia's petition for a new trial on Sept. 15. The judge, who holds the national record for death sentences, issued a 154-page ruling rejecting each of Jamal's claims that he was framed and that 19 constitutional violations occurred during the proceeding.

In a note to Jesse Jackson, who was present when the stay was issued, Mumia wrote, "I am not under an active death warrant, although I remain under an active death sentence, thus I still sojourn in hell." He continues to live on death row in a 8X10 foot cell containing a cot, a sink and a toilet. "It is like living in your bathroom all day long, all night long," Mumia said at an earlier date.

None of Jamal's supporters expected Sabo to admit his own conduct constituted the basis for overturning the conviction. But many were stunned that the judge denied every claim so quickly in the face of the widening Philadelphia police corruption scandal.

Sabo's ruling declared that testimony during the hearing attesting to police intimidation, the silencing of eyewitnesses who would have testified to Jamal's innocence, and the coercion of others to frame him as the killer were "nonexistent events." Noelle Hanrahan, co-coordinator of Equal Justice USA, a Mumia support group, said, "Sabo is seemingly oblivious to the daily revelations about the police framing defendants."

"Rogue Cops" The Rule

Philadelphia was rocked last summer by exposure of a widespread pattern of brutality and perjury by city police in up to a thousand cases involving primarily African-American residents. Although such behavior is standard procedure across the country, particularly in departments with poor, inner-city jurisdictions, it took recent similar revelations in Los Angeles, New Orleans, Chicago, Detroit and Pittsburgh to force even the corporate media, such as Time and Newsweek, to admit the wide-spread existence of "rogue cops." However, the latter phrase disguises the fact that although illegal behavior, corruption and brutality against the poor may be limited to a minority of officers, it is the manner in which big city (and many smaller) police forces operate on a regular basis.

In August, six Philadelphia cops pled guilty to framing defendants, repeatedly lying under oath to obtain warrants, to stealing money, to assault and other civil rights violations. So far, 42 convictions have been overturned including that of a church-going grandmother who spent three

years in prison after police planted drugs in her house. Federal investigators have subpoenaed over 100,000 arrest records from six Philadelphia police districts over the last decade including the one in which Mumia is accused of killing Faulkner.

The first two cops to crack in the scandal had, among other offenses, paid a prostitute in one of their frame-up cases. Equal Justice USA notes that another prostitute, Cynthia White, a key prosecution witness against Mumia altered her initial story of seeing a smaller man shoot the slain officer in order to fit the police version. After the trial, White, who had numerous soliciting convictions, was able to work at her trade without police interference.

Defense Attorney Jailed

Sabo, a former Philadelphia County undersheriff, concluded, however, there was no evidence that Jamal's claims were consistent with "the Philadelphia Police Department's pattern and practice."

During the hearing, Sabo affirmed almost every prosecution objection and routinely denied those from the defense. Leonard Weinglass, Mumia's chief counsel, was fined \$1,000 by Sabo for returning evidence photos too slowly although he was approaching the bench with them. Another defense attorney was jailed for 45 minutes for arguing too long. Sabo also stunned courtroom observers when he wistfully began a long digression with a witness about the location of a long shut Philadelphia swimming pool.

Although the hearing revolved around the question of fairness, witnesses have come forth to bolster Mumia's claim of innocence. A former Sunoco gas station owner's testimony corroborated defense contentions that a third man shot Faulkner. However, when the witness attempted to file a report in 1981, he testified that he was intimidated into signing a false statement and was eventually harassed by police to the point where he closed his business and left town.

As part of continuing hostility toward Mumia and his defense team, Sabo barred

25 witnesses from testifying at the hearing and restricted questioning of those who did take the stand.

Demonstrations were held in many North American and European cities on Aug. 12 to support Mumia, including 8,000 people who gathered in Philadelphia for a Free Mumia rally. The demonstration was the largest held in Philadelphia since the bi-centennial celebrations held there almost twenty years ago.

According to Jane Henderson of Equal Justice, "The stay of execution is a direct result of the groundswell of public protest." She said the Pennsylvania Supreme Court had received almost 100,000 letters demanding that Judge Sabo be removed from ruling on the appeal.

Meanwhile, the Philadelphia chapter of the racist and vindictive Fraternal Order of Police called rallies of its own to demand Mumia's execution in the weeks prior to the stay of execution. On July 19, 300 armed, off-duty cops took to the streets chanting, "Four More Weeks," as they picketed the headquarters of Local 1199 of the National Hospital and Health Care Employees Union in Philadelphia which was the scene of a Jamal fund-raiser.

Then, driven to a frenzy by the temporary stay of execution, several thousand enraged cops, gathered in Philadelphia's Independence Square, Sept. 16, and, in an odd twist on the 1960s slogan, shouted, "Burn, Baby, Burn," in reference to Mumia's sentence of death in the electric chair.

NPR: A Brief for the Prosecution

Also, the cops continued pressing their boycott of prominent personalities supporting Jamal. These have now multiplied as an Aug. 9 New York Times ad asking for a new trial contained 100 names including those of Susan Sarandon, Maya Angelou, Noam Chomsky, Laurie Anderson, Norman Mailer, Spike Lee, Roger Ebert, Salman Rushdie, Sting, Gloria Steinem, and Paul Newman.

This has led to a cynical characterization of Mumia's well known supporters as partaking in a cause celebre, as if their

status disabled them from speaking out against an obvious injustice. Actually, there is little to gain for any of the signers, given the current racist climate, by supporting a new trial for an African-American convicted of killing a white cop.

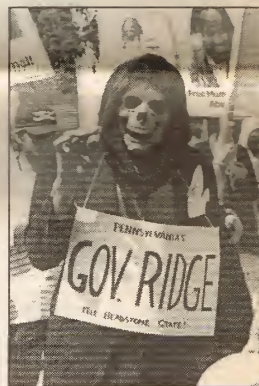
Other liberal sources folded early. National Public Radio, which had canceled Jamal's death row radio commentaries under pressure from Sen. Bob Dole and the Fraternal Order of Police in 1994, deciding the "highly polarized and political controversy" was inappropriate "without providing the context of the controversy" virtually dropped all reporting of the case from May 1994 until Aug. 17, 1995. Jamal's scheduled execution date. Then, NPR's Scott Simon aired a lengthy feature, which the media watchdog group, Fairness and Accuracy In Reporting, labeled "a brief for the prosecution."

Mumia now awaits the ruling of the state supreme court on his motion for a new trial. While much of the flurry of activity engendered by the impending execution last summer has subsided, activists urge supporters to remember the determination of the cops and the governor to still the radical voice of Mumia Abu-Jamal.

Help Save Mumia Abu-Jamal

Write Gov. Thomas Ridge, Main Capitol Bldg., Rm. 225, Harrisburg PA 17120; phone 717/783-1198 or fax 717/783-1396 and demand that Mumia be freed.

Contact Equal Justice USA, POB 5206, Hyattsville MD 20782; 301/699-0042.



photos/ Langle/NFN

The black flag of anarchy flew over Burlington, Vt. during four days of militant protests for Mumia Abu-Jamal at the National Governors Conference, July 29-August 1. There were 24 arrests. Penn. Gov. Thomas Ridge who signed Mumia's death warrant was in attendance.

On July 29, a parallel People's Economic Democracy Conference was held with 2,000 attending. Its theme was the Contract On America. This was followed by Burlington's largest demonstration ever with 200 marchers constituting a militant Mumia bloc. The march was led by Vermont's Bread & Puppet Theatre who carried a giant Save Mumia float.

While the governors were feasting on the waterfront, the Lake Champlain ferry passed their tent with a huge FREE MUMIA banner hung over the side.



The History of the Fifth Estate: Pt. 1

Continued from page 1

Liberation News Service in New York City sent out twice-weekly news packets with reports of protests and features from around the world including much from the North Vietnamese side of the war. The Underground Press Syndicate was established to coordinate connections between the papers and promote their distribution. It was estimated the combined weekly circulation of the alternative papers was two million.

On FE publication day, thousands of papers were distributed to local stores by a collective specializing in the distribution of radical periodicals. Hundreds were mailed to GIs in Vietnam who apparently were not offended by either our call for the victory of their enemy in the field, or for them to mutiny as a way to end the war. Soldiers often wrote to tell of how our papers were passed along from unit to unit throughout the war zone or in the U.S.

Also, a small army of street sellers would assemble at our offices to grab a

FE offices were tear gassed by the National Guard) and other urban black insurgencies, the police rampage at the 1968 Chicago Democratic Convention, the escalation of the U.S. war against the civilian population of Vietnam and revelations of massacres like that at My Lai, the domestic counter-insurgency murders of Black Panther Party members, the assassinations of Martin Luther King (to halt his potential for labor organizing and anti-war opposition) and Bobby Kennedy (who would have beat Nixon handily in the 1968 elections and probably ended the Vietnam war), the Tet Offensive, the murder of the Kent and Jackson State students, and the 1970 declaration of martial law in Canada to combat Quebecois separatists. These and other similar events came down on us child revolutionaries with an intensity we hadn't anticipated.

We suddenly realized that the Empire we had characterized as "a house of cards" was fighting back tenaciously and with deadly force. Our publishing efforts re-

the radical fervor of the staff, quit the paper following his disagreement with a vote to print a front cover taken from a Cuban poster featuring an array of guns and the quintessential one-word slogan of revolutionary impatience, "NOW!" in six-inch letters.

During that period, FE staff members traveled to North Vietnam, Cambodia and Cuba to meet with the "enemy" in a show of solidarity with those at the forefront of combating "U.S. Imperialism." Although we may have exhibited a large degree of naiveté about the nature of the Stalinist regimes we glorified, the fact that young people in their teens and twenties took on the tasks of internal opposition to a monstrous war machine still seems admirable to me.

End of the 1960s

Every important social and political current of the 60s found expression in the pages of *The Fifth Estate*. The anti-war, civil rights, gay, feminist, youth and labor

publishing projects began to burn out. By 1972, the FE had resumed its twice-monthly schedule after appearing weekly for almost a year—a schedule, which combined with our intense political work, had nearly destroyed our brains and bodies. For five or six years, many of us had literally done nothing else night and day other than movement work, never taking a vacation, rarely even a trip to the movies. (People were dying in Vietnam: how could one justify "entertainment"?)

Relentless contestation—unending rounds of meetings, demonstrations, rallies, occupations, deadlines, conferences, arrests, courts and the like—took its toll. Although these activities contained the positive moments of an oppositional movement (being at a march with a million people or with thousands of young men burning their draft cards is indeed a rich and memorable experience), they were also emotionally grueling.

People throughout the movement began bailing out. Jobs, families, gurus, ru-



bundle of papers for resale at demos, concerts and shopping malls. The cover price was 15¢ and the sellers kept a nickel. We had to fight constant battles with cops, military brass, security guards, principals, and foremen for the right to distribute our paper without harassment. Later, 80 FE coin boxes were installed across the city.

Making Love and Revolution

The early paper reflected the lives of people who thought either the Age of Aquarius or World Revolution (or both) was at hand, and who believed that we were a vital part of it. Maybe this sounds like youthful foolishness today, but in the 1960s the empire appeared to be unraveling at home and abroad. We saw ourselves at once as the allies of Third World guerrilla movements which were assaulting U.S. foreign bastions, and as the leading expression of revolution at home, "within the belly of the beast," as we glamorized it in those days.

To us, making love and revolution to the sounds of the MC5, the Stooges, and other seminal Detroit rock bands was fun as well as a serious calling. Add the entire psychedelic experience and we were a long way from the lifestyles of either our parents or from the last generation of revolutionaries who had their origins in the 1930s labor movement.

The edge of "fun" began to diminish, however, with the advent of events such as the massive 1967 Detroit uprising/riot (the

flected this change. There was less "fun" and more "struggle" in our pages. We became a weekly with a circulation of 15-20,000: strident calls for revolution became standard fare on our covers with frequent images of armed Black Panthers or Viet Cong guerrillas. By 1969, our founder, feeling increasingly isolated by

struggles, were cumulatively referred to as The Movement. In retrospect, it seems incredible that the rag could have been pulled out so quickly from under a social phenomenon of such breadth and depth. Although the reasons for the dissolution of the movements of that era and the collapse of the underground papers are complex, I would date the watershed event as the 1972 elections to mark the official end of the "60s."

The emergence of the 1970s "Me Generation" and the Reagan years began with the massive defeat of presidential "peace candidate," George McGovern, and the landslide re-election of the war criminal, Nixon. Our realization that the American voting public was unwilling to elect a Democrat with a barely tepid anti-war platform, and instead chose to return to office the person responsible for the mass slaughter in Vietnam, was a blow from which the anti-war movement and the New Left never recovered.

The dreaded Nixon, who had won office by less than a percentage point four years previous, had actually *improved* his popularity despite all the returning body bags and illegal bombings of North Vietnam and Cambodia. Also, the ending of the hated draft and the Vietnamization of the war began to erode public support for The Movement which had become increasingly more radical in its beliefs and actions.

Those at the core of the resistance and

ral communes, even leninist sects, plus a host of other activities were sought to provide some respite from years of relentless revolutionary agitation. Alternative papers across the country began folding at a rapid rate as internal disputes, lack of purpose, financial problems and official repression took its toll.¹ By 1975 Liberation News Service and the Underground Press Syndicate had disappeared and all but a few radical publications ceased publishing within a very short period.

In 1974, I joined the exodus, leaving the paper after eight years, for a combination of the above reasons (with the exception of a guru and leninism). Rather than endure what one staffer suggested would be a "dignified death," the remaining FE members began thrashing about for a new identity and took on a fortunately short-lived perspective of labor militancy influenced by the International Socialist group before managing a burst of energy in what was to be a precursor to the many fashionable alternative arts and political weeklies that exist today. For about a year the FE was a lively and innovative bi-weekly publication, both editorially and in its design.

Internal Contradictions

Soon, numerous internal contradictions began to crash in on the paper, and by 1975 it was almost terminal, deeply in debt to printers and suppliers, almost de-

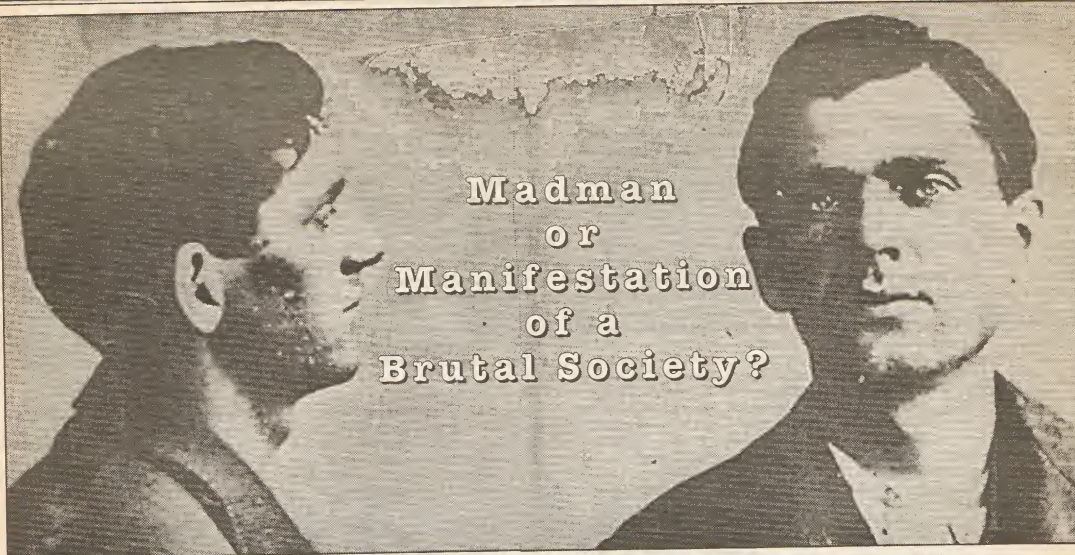
Continued on page 9

What Does "Fifth Estate" Mean?

People always ask about the origin of the paper's odd name. It is odd, and for our purposes over the last twenty years, an unfortunate one. The title refers to the three powerful French estates at the time of the 1789 revolution—the aristocracy, clergy, and common people. A wag in the 1920s quipped that the popular press exercised such power over public opinion, it was literally a fourth estate—so, apparently the fifth is one up on the fourth.

So, we've been saddled with a terribly dumb name for three decades which seems all the worse in later years since the quantification of life is nothing we are fond of and we oppose estates of any sort. Although we've often considered changing the title, it seems more trouble than it's worth, particularly since we still encounter people who remember us fondly from the 60s and are glad we are "still keeping the faith." Also, the name signifies a continuity we don't want to lose.

Madman or Manifestation of a Brutal Society?



Leon Czolgosz in Buffalo police custody after his attempt on President William McKinley's life, September 1901.

THE MICHIGAN ROOTS OF LEON CZOLGOSZ

by Jeremy Kilar

At the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo, New York, on September 6, 1901, Leon Czolgosz became America's third presidential assassin when he shot William McKinley with a .32-caliber revolver hidden in his handkerchief-wrapped hand. The president died eight days later. Apprehended at the scene, Czolgosz (chol-gosh) was tried, found guilty and executed on October 29, less than two months later.

As he was shackled to the electric chair, Czolgosz calmly voiced his oft-repeated explanation for the homicidal deed: "I killed the president because he was the enemy of the good people—the good working people. I am not sorry for my crime. I am sorry I could not see my father." Czolgosz's last words may have been a final lament for the family support he seldom received in his youth.

Born in Detroit in 1873, Leon Czolgosz grew up in Michigan during the last quarter of the nineteenth century, experiencing the harsh realities of life—especially the working-class realities of poverty, job insecurity and family instability—that determined his character. Like present times, when widespread anger and excessive violence often result from unemployment, a shrinking job market, family disruptions, changing values and a legacy of brutalization, societal convulsions a century ago also prompted violent acts.

Explanations of Czolgosz's attack have often been shaded by ideological bias. Psychiatric evaluations and public officials' comments during and after the trial and execution concluded that Czolgosz was sane. His deed was disturbing, yet at the time, politically inspired assassinations were common internationally. One year after the execution, however—and until quite recently—psychiatrists and historians advanced the belief that the assassin was indeed demented.

Czolgosz came to be described as a loner, a delusional daydreamer and shiftless wanderer. In short, he was irrational. His murderous act could not have been brought on because he was "victimized" by nineteenth century society. Insanity became a convenient explanation that did not challenge beliefs in an egalitarian, free, capitalist America. "Such a monstrous . . . wanton murder of the President," one contemporary observed, "[by] so insignificant a citizen, without his being insane or degenerate, could be nothing short of a miracle."

Today, psychological historians reaffirm the initial diagnosis that saw Czolgosz as a committed anarchist who acted rationally. His anarchism was consistent with a revolutionary fervor that

can Assassins cites a series of national economic upheavals—the 1886 Haymarket riot, the 1892 Homestead Steel strike, the 1894 Pullman strike and the 1897 Latimer Mines massacre—as significant events that shaped Czolgosz's anarchist beliefs. While these national traumas—especially the indiscriminate killing of nineteen Slavic workers by deputy sheriffs during the Latimer strike in Hazelton and Latimer, Pennsylvania may have cemented his anarchism, Czolgosz's sensitivity to oppression was formed as a youth by exposure to the hardscrabble life of the foreign-born laboring classes.

The Czolgosz family came to Detroit in 1873, following their father's arrival earlier that year. Paul Czolgosz, Leon's father, born in Prussia, who later emi-

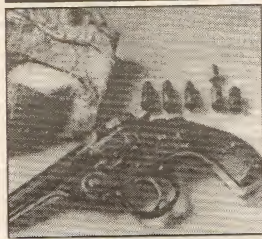
mother took in washing. The family lived in a rented brick house at 141 Benton Street on Detroit's northeast side in an area known as Polacktown and attended St. Albertus Parish, the city's first Polish Catholic church. Their landlady, who lived on the third floor, later described the Czolgoszes as a "law-abiding family."

Polacktown, made up mostly of Poles from German-occupied Poland, was nestled within the bustling industrial town. Yet, in 1870 Detroit was still a compact, walking city of only eighty thousand inhabitants. But as population swelled, competition for work intensified. Laborers like Paul Czolgosz earned between \$1.33 and \$1.50 a day, working ten or twelve hours a day, six days a week. Ethnic discrimination made it difficult for newly arrived immigrants to find consistent, year-round employment. Most workers moved from job to job due to seasonal layoffs, illnesses or unstable market conditions.

Efforts to establish a family history of the Czolgoszes in Detroit have turned up little information. Known as a card player, Paul Czolgosz was nonetheless a hard-working laborer. Even twenty years after arriving in America, Paul spoke little English. Apparently, Leon attended the nearby Catholic grade school but was not a regular student.

Soon after the family immigrated to Michigan, the United States plunged into four years of severe depression. While in Detroit, Leon's parents struggled under a shaky economy that offered little security and reduced the family's lifestyle to a subsistence level. A year later, the Czolgoszes had saved enough money to buy a saloon grocery store. Despite a reputation for frugality and hard work, Paul Czolgosz could not make a success of the business venture, which certainly tempered the family's belief in the American success story.

When Leon was four, the 1877 nation-



"Like present times, when widespread anger and excessive violence often result from unemployment, a shrinking job market, family disruptions, changing values and a legacy of brutalization, societal convulsions a century ago also prompted violent acts."

developed worldwide in reaction to complex changes in the socioeconomic order during the last decades of the nineteenth century.

The final quarter of the nineteenth century has been described as one of the most oppressive and exploitative periods in America. Low pay, long hours and insufferable working conditions brought about demands for radical alternatives to capitalist democracy.

Historian James W. Clarke in *Ameri-*

grated to Slovakia, was a landless peasant working as a hired agricultural laborer in Poland. Paul came to America "for bread" and maybe to accumulate enough savings to some day buy land in Poland. His itinerant lifestyle, common to Polish immigrants, made life an unpredictable struggle.

Leon, the fourth child in the family, was born within a month of his mother's arrival in Detroit. His father had found a job with the city's sewer system; Leon's

Continued on Next Page

wide railroad strike affected both Detroit and his family. When railroads in dozens of cities cut wages an additional 10 percent in May of that year, to an already volatile national mood exploded. A strike erupted in Martinsburg, West Virginia, workers rioted in Pittsburgh and Chicago and nine workingmen were killed by state militia in Baltimore, Maryland.

In Michigan, Governor Charles M. Croswell, anticipating trouble, asked the War Department for the use of federal troops to control possible insurrection. President Rutherford B. Hayes ordered all available federal troops moved from Fort Mackinac to Detroit in July. Though violence was minimal in Detroit, the impressions of angry workers and economic dislocation were stark reminders of the culture of poverty and violence and the fragile economic lifestyle that plagued the Czolgosz family.

The bitter struggle and violence of 1877 reaffirmed the belief among laborers that they were a hopeless, powerless class. Working-class leaders began agitating for the formation of workingmen's organizations. Socialist unions and political parties emerged in Detroit in the late 1870s.

In 1878 Detroit craftsmen secretly formed the city's first Knights of Labor assembly. At local saloons and beer halls the Knights preached to workers in English, German and Polish. Efforts were also made to organize street-railway and utility workers. During these years radicals in the labor movement dominated discussions and depicted wage earners as victims engaged in a class struggle. The Czolgosz family could not have avoided the conflicts and realities of such divisive economic times. In 1880, with little to show for his seven years in Detroit, Paul Czolgosz moved his family to Rogers City, Michigan.

After six months in Rogers City, the Czolgoszes relocated to a farm six miles north of Posen. Halfway between Alpena and Rogers City in Presque Isle County. Posen was predominantly Polish and steadfastly dedicated to Old-World customs. Men and women in European-peasant garb still tilled the fields there.

Paul Czolgosz farmed, but also may have worked in nearby sawmills. Over the next five and a half years Leon attended a Catholic school, public schools and, when older, night school. Although he spoke and read English, Leon preferred reading in Polish. Because he read for hours, Leon's parents considered him their best-educated child.

Shortly before the Czolgosz family arrived in Posen, an incident occurred that reminded the Polish settlers of the friction between capital and labor, and ethnic and class differences. Albert Moliter, a German farmer near Rogers City, was tyrannical in his treatment of his Polish farm hands. Long hours, poor wages, harsh working conditions and general mistreatment caused twelve of his laborers to murder him. Although some historical sources claim Paul Czolgosz was one of the twelve, the incident apparently occurred before the family arrived in northern Michigan. Even in rural Michigan the Czolgosz family could not escape the sense that as wage earners and small farmers they were an exploited class.

During the early 1880s the labor movement spread into the smaller industrial sawmill towns of northern Michigan. In 1881 sawmill workers in Muskegon struck for ten-hour workdays.

The following year, the Workingman's Party in Muskegon captured most city offices in the spring 1882 elections. Later that summer, salt block workers struck the large Bay City sawmill owned by Henry W. Sage & Company. Absentee-owner Sage fired all employees, many of whom were recent Polish immigrants. In Detroit, the Knights of Labor demanded ten hour workdays. In May 1885, lumber drivers, asking two dollars a day, struck the sawmills in Alpena. By 1884 Detroit's Labor Party had elected five state representatives.

Amid this industrial turmoil the Czolgosz family abandoned rural life and moved to Sable Street in Alpena in 1885. Paul Czolgosz got a job at a nearby lumber yard and Leon, at the age of twelve, began work in an Alpena factory. When Leon became a full-time wage laborer, he was forced to give up going to school. Shortly after the Czolgoszes moved to Alpena, Leon's mother died following the birth of her eighth child. Leon, who had always been close to his mother, was left to adjust to workday life alone.

Although little is known of the im-

In 1883, the Knights of Labor's Michigan Labor Journal began publishing weekly in Alpena. Its articles depicted restive laborers exploited by long hours, low pay and unsafe working conditions. Strikes and violence were often detailed. The difficult, dirty and dangerous workman's existence was something Leon could identify with.

Undoubtedly, Leon was aware of the May 1885 Alpena lumberwagon drivers strike. It preceded the "Great Strike in the Valley" that began in July in Bay City and Saginaw, then spread north to Oscoda. Striking Polish and German sawmill workers demanded ten-hour workdays, weekly pay and a restoration of wages recently cut because of a drop in lumber prices. Violence flared and 150 Pinkertons from Chicago and the state militia, sent by Governor Russell A. Alger, arrived to restore order. By the time the strike was called off in September, the workers had gained nothing. Many of them were let go by the owners; others resumed working twelve-hour days at the old wage rate.

Leon Czolgosz worked the next five years in Alpena. During that time, he

quit his job. He told his brother, "I can't stand it any longer." Leon, who never returned to factory work, grew more reclusive. For the next three years Leon's life revolved around reading, hunting and doing odd jobs in and around the family farm outside Cleveland. He also turned increasingly toward anarchism.

By 1901 he was convinced that labor organizations and political involvement were fruitless solutions for labor's grievances. President William McKinley's reelection in 1900 was a triumph for capitalists and may have provided the catalyst for Leon's deadly scheme. After McKinley's death, Leon claimed he had resented the president's espousing prosperity as he campaigned across the country when there was no prosperity for the poor man. "I am not afraid to die. I don't believe we should have any rulers. It was right to kill him."

His anarchist views materialized out of frustration. He acted, as Emma Goldman later said, out of "societal necessity." He committed the act for what was his ideal. The good of the people.

—Jeremy Kilar, professor of history at Delta College at University Center, Michigan, authored *Lumbermen and Laborers in Saginaw, Bay City and Muskegon, 1870-1905*. This article first appeared in the November-December 1995 *Michigan History Magazine*, a bi-monthly publication now in its 80th year (Call 1-800-366-3703 for more information).

EMMA

During the autumn hysteria following the September 6 attempt on President McKinley's life, police in Buffalo and Chicago attempted to connect America's most famous anarchist, Emma Goldman, with Czolgosz's act.

Disillusioned with a socialist local he had belonged to, Czolgosz attended one of Emma's lectures in Cleveland earlier in 1901. Leon approached Goldman during the intermission for suggestions on anarchist books to read. She wrote in her autobiography *Living My Life* that she was struck by his "most sensitive face."

Several weeks later, he made a surprise call on her while she was ending a visit to the Chicago home of Abe Isaak, the editor of the anarchist newspaper *Free Society*. Using the pseudonym Nieman, Czolgosz rode with her to the train station and again inquired about anarchism. As Emma boarded the train, she asked her Chicago friends to introduce Nieman to some of their comrades.

Czolgosz's interest in anarchism was more instinctual than researched, and this ignorance, combined with his repeated references to acts of violence and secret societies, made Chicago anarchists suspect he was a police infiltrator. When a letter arrived from Cleveland revealing that Nieman was an assumed name and voicing suspicions against the young man, Isaak published a warning in *Free Society* that Czolgosz was an agent provocateur. Goldman, in New York, was angry at this quick condemnation. After the assassination, she always wondered if the unjust spy accusation prompted Czolgosz to violently prove his sincerity.

Czolgosz was grilled for hours by Buffalo police in their "sweat box" the day of the shooting, and soon mentioned how impressed he was by Goldman's Cleveland lecture. Probing for an opportunity to arrest had "Red Emma." Buffalo cops sweated Leon



Czolgosz meets the President in Buffalo, New York, 1901.

pact on Leon of the death of his mother, evidence suggests that it was traumatic. Shortly before her death, his mother admonished Leon to attain "greater understanding and be more learned." She had selected Leon as the child to gain upward mobility for the family. Though Leon continued to read, work demands and the loss of his mother's encouragement made formal education impossible. When his father remarried a few years later, Leon never accepted his step-mother. Although he remained quiet and solitary and was at times disobedient, Leon was never thought to be, even in hindsight, an abnormal child.

While working in Alpena, bashful Leon had few close friends. He confided most often in his older brother Waldeck. In later years, Leon became fond of hunting. He hunted daily during the fall and winter, and his brother remembered how good he became at shooting rabbits with a breech-loading shotgun. Leon also carried a family revolver, "with which," Waldeck recalled, "he was quite skillful."

An avid reader living the working man's life, Leon was an impressionable,

grew more withdrawn and isolated himself from the community. Such national events as the Haymarket affair in Chicago in 1886, followed by the subsequent hanging of four anarchists charged with the deaths of seven policemen, may have further convinced Leon of the gross injustices laborers experienced at the hands of capitalists. Haymarket remained in the news until 1887 and was used by the Alpena Labor Journal as a popular reminder of the bitter disputes that continued splitting capital and labor.

In 1889, when Leon was sixteen, the Czolgosz family left Michigan to move to Natrona, Pennsylvania, near Pittsburgh. There, Leon worked in a glass factory; two years later the family moved to Cleveland, where Leon found work in a wire factory. He joined a strike initiated by a cut in wages in 1893, and was promptly fired along with other striking workers. Eventually, he rehired under an alias and worked steadily in the wire factory for four more years.

But the 1897 Latimer Mines massacre that left nineteen dead prompted Leon to

History of the Fifth Estate

Continued from page 6

void of staff following several serious personality clashes, and dependent upon commercial advertising including X-rated movies and cigarette ads for revenue and salaries. The remnants of the staff printed a notice in the paper that they would soon close up shop unless they received an influx of new participants.

A number of us, including several other former staffers and friends, who were influenced by the writings of Fredy Perlman, Jacques Camatte, Jean Baudrillard, council and left communists, and the Situationists, answered the call. Eleven of us had constituted ourselves as the Eat the Rich Gang and undertook a number of projects in 1974-75, including publishing *Wildcat*, and *The Irrational in Politics* at the Detroit Print Coop, producing a number of *Fifth Estate* inserts, setting up study groups, as well as some sabotage activity and radical pranks.

When our group arrived at the *Fifth Estate* office, the three remaining staffers were less than enthusiastic about us rejoining the paper. But, by an 11-3 vote, we (the new staff) decided to become a monthly, to no longer accept ads (they were the voice of capital, we said), and to stop paying salaries. The three holdovers were horrified and left after a few issues.

Unlike those remainders of the 60s who devolved into dreary workerism or cynicism, we were enthusiastic about the ideas we had discovered and were happy to discard Marx, Lenin, political parties, unions and all of the rest of what the left held dear.¹ In my estimation, the readiness on our part to adopt new and challenging analyses of what constituted revolutionary activity is what accounts for our maintaining one of the few newspapers to survive the 1960s.

Although the University of Michigan's Labadie Collection of libertarian and radical materials lists us as the oldest continually publishing anarchist paper in American history, when we set out on our present course in Summer 1975, we had no idea any anarchists had survived the 1930s, nor did we identify ourselves as such. We were quite surprised to discover a small, but thriving anarchist movement whose activity was primarily confined to publishing journals.

We were soon contacted by a group of older comrades who were the remaining participants of the 20s and 30s anarchist movements with whom we established cordial and rewarding relationships. These stalwarts of another era have almost all passed from the scene, but their memory

as committed, militant, unswerving proponents of "The Ideal" remains with us as a model of resistance and vision.

Articles in the new monthly *Fifth Estate* were based on the ultra-left perspectives gleaned from our readings of Camatte, Jean Baudrillard, the Situationists, Wilhelm Reich and others. Other perspectives developed from exciting discussions hosted by Fredy and Lorraine Perlman at their home where we furiously debated and discussed ideas contained in the books and pamphlets published at a rapid pace by the Black & Red.²

By 1980, we decided the dictum, "All isms are was-isms," was correct and began extending the anti-authoritarian critique beyond the obvious oppression of capitalism and the state to uncover deeper roots of the repression of the human spirit and the biosphere. This led us to the positions often characterized as anti-technology and anti-civilization which this paper is best known for advocating.

Writing the last two sentences makes me realize this may a good place to end Part I of this history. Our story from 1975 to the present is much more difficult to relate quickly and simply since it involves the development of complex ideas as well as events. Also, in a sense, we're still in the midst of it.

The rest of the story will be told in a future installment.

FOOTNOTES: ¹ Dylan's use of amplified instruments was very controversial at the time since he was considered a folk artist, not a rocker, who backed himself with only acoustic guitar and harmonica. When he began his second set at Detroit's

Masonic Temple with a full rock band including guitar great, Mike Bloomfield, a portion of the audience began chanting, "We want Dylan," and a handful walked out. Laconic as always, Dylan responded from the stage, "Who'd ya come to see?"

² At some point in the 70s, our definite article, "the," literally fell off the layout when we adopted our current masthead. (The one on this cover from the 50s contains the "the.") This deletion caused the Post Office to list us as *Fifth Estate* which is how many readers refer to us as well.

³ Many underground papers, including this one, had become dependent on ad revenue from record companies who correctly saw our publications as the best venue for tapping into the emerging youth culture. However, as mainstream media got "hipper," and rock papers, such as *Rolling Stone*, more corporate, the radical press was left high and dry with ads falling off to almost nothing.

⁴ In 1974, The Eat the Rich Gang helped organize a successful demonstration against an assemblage of Detroit's wealthy and distributed a cookbook we had produced for the event entitled, "To Serve The Rich." It contained recipes calling for human ingredients and included dining on Split Priest Soup, Rocky Mt. Oysters Rockefeller, a Hearst Patty, and others named after long gone politicians and corporate heads.

A disdainful Marxist we knew advised us we'd have better spent our time on a pamphlet about socialism. "Socialism is about work," he sternly reprimanded us. "I thought it was about ecstasy," I said. "No," he assured me. We took him at his word and looked elsewhere for a political philosophy.

⁵ Lorraine Perlman's memoirs of Fredy, *Having Little, Being Much* is an excellent resource for an understanding this period. Also, FE back issues contain the ideas which are the well-spring of our current publishing efforts and the original form is certainly superior to their being summarized. Also, Bob Hippler's essay, "Fast Times in the Motor city," in *Voices from the Underground: Insider Histories of the Vietnam Era Underground Press*, edited by Ken Wachsbarger (available from FE books, \$25) is a good account of our first ten years.

CAUGHT IN DRAGNET

down well into the evening with relentless leading questions. In a statement Leon signed at 10:20 p.m., the following exchange was recorded:

Q.—Have you ever taken any obligation or sworn any oath to kill anybody; you have, haven't you; look up and speak; haven't you done that?
A.—No sir.
Q.—Who was the last one you heard talk [against rulers]?
A.—Emma Goldman.
Q.—You heard her say it would be a good thing if all these rulers were wiped off the face of the earth?
A.—She didn't say that.
Q.—What did she say? What did she say about the president?
A.—She says—she didn't mention no presidents at all; she mentioned the government.
Q.—What did she say about it?
A.—She said she didn't believe in it.
Q.—And that all those who supported the government ought to be destroyed; didn't she believe in that?
A.—She didn't say they ought to be destroyed.
Q.—You wanted to help her in her work, and thought this was the best way to do it, was that your idea; or if you have any other idea, tell us what it was?
A.—She didn't tell me to do it.

Chicago was the city where only 15 years earlier, the Haymarket anarchists had been arrested, prosecuted and condemned to hang for their "inflammatory" writings and speeches. [See Letters, page 26.] The anarchist community there was still a significant social force, and the police were determined to ensnare the influential Goldman in an assassination conspiracy. Though Czolgosz steadfastly refused to connect Goldman with his decision to kill McKinley, Police in Chicago after the shooting detained nine of Emma's friends in an effort to induce her to return. As McKinley lay wounded, she immediately did return to Chicago. She was

convinced by comrades, however, to hide out and give the Chicago *Tribune* an exclusive interview before she turned herself in. Funds were needed for legal expenses and the paper was offering her \$5,000. She was betrayed and arrested four days after the assassination attempt, while staying at a friend's house and before the interview could take place.

In custody, she added fuel to fire by refusing to denounce Czolgosz, though many friends counseled that she distance herself from him. Calling Leon "the poor unfortunate, denied and forsaken by everyone," she offered sympathy. Goldman biographer Richard Drinnon wrote, "In a life filled with high drama Emma often showed exceptional courage. But her refusal to join the pack in its cry against Czolgosz approached the sublime: in jail in Chicago, in imminent danger herself of a long prison term or worse, she managed a breathtaking disregard for self in her willingness to extend sympathy to the pathetic slayer. Even reporters, who held a professional disbelief in the possibility of any idealism, were genuinely puzzled by her expressed willingness to nurse McKinley, even though she sympathized with Czolgosz. In vain did she try to explain her solicitude for both of the protagonists in this tragedy."

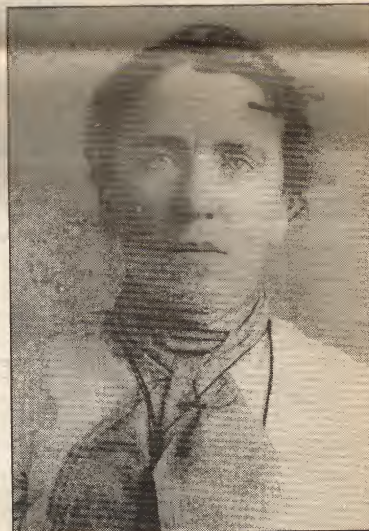
Though Buffalo police concocted and publicized lurid fantasies about Czolgosz being in love with Goldman and following her from town to town, the Erie County D.A. found insufficient evidence to attempt extradition proceedings. Emma was released after fifteen days in a Chicago jail, during which time a policeman punched her in the mouth and knocked out one of her teeth.

On the way to Auburn prison after being sentenced to die, Czolgosz resisted

continued efforts to provoke him into implicating Goldman. "I knew Emma Goldman and some others in Chicago," he reaffirmed. "I heard Emma Goldman speak in Cleveland. None of these people ever told me to kill anybody. Nobody told me that. I done it all myself."

Awaiting execution at the "chamber of the condemned," as New York's death row was then called, Czolgosz was further harassed by the prison superintendent. During an interview, the warden asked him, "You know Emma Goldman says you are an idiot, and no good, and that you begged a quarter of her?" Czolgosz simply replied, "I don't care what she says. She didn't tell me to do this."

The apparatus of judicial murder worked faster in those days. Czolgosz was awakened before dawn on October 29 for his trip into eternity, less than eight weeks after stepping up to McKinley in the Buffalo receiving line and shooting him twice. Leon demanded to make a statement with "a lot of people around," but his request was denied. He was taken to a rubber platform and belted into the electric chair. To facilitate that era's technology, salt water-soaked sponges were strapped to his head and below his knees. At 7:12



Mugshot of Emma Goldman taken by the Chicago Police Department, Sept. 1901.

a.m., Czolgosz was killed with 1,700 volts of electricity. Earthly remains of his existence were obliterated. His clothes and belongings were burned, and a container of sulfuric acid was placed in his casket to speed the decomposition of his body. It is recorded that he was buried in the prison cemetery, but the location of his grave is unknown.

—Information from Richard Drinnon, *Rebel in Paradise: A Biography of Emma Goldman* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1961).

We want to save the world, and we want to save ourselves. It's the same thing. The problems confronting us are enormous and at every level: personal, social, planetary. My aim is to suggest that they are all symptoms of one problem, and to propose a solution.

PARADISE GARDENING

By Joe Hollis



We want to save the world, and we want to save ourselves. It's the same thing. The problems confronting us are enormous and at every level: personal, social, planetary. I will spare you a list. My aim is to suggest they are all symptoms of one problem, and to propose a solution.

The problem: to find a way to live on earth which promotes our health and happiness, is conducive to the full development of our innate potential and at the same time democratic; that is, available to all—which does not use more than our share, and is harmonious with the biosphere's evident drive toward increasing diversity, complexity, and stability.

Our world is being destroyed, in the final analysis, by an extremely misguided notion of what constitutes a successful human life. Materialism is running rampant and will consume everything because its hunger will never be sated by its consumption. Human life has become a cancer on the planet, gobbling up all the flows of matter and energy, poisoning it with our waste. What can stop this monster?

Nothing. Just this: walk away from it. It is time, indeed time is running out, to abandon the entire edifice of Civilization, the State, the Economy and walk (don't run) to a better place: home, to Paradise.

1) Paradise is, first of all, a garden. A garden in which everything we need is there for the taking.

2) Paradise Gardening is a way of life which serves to maintain the garden, and is in turn maintained by it. Odum

calls this the "ecosystem manager . . . an organism that utilizes a small fraction of the total energy budget and in return provides a service which aids the system in its function and continued survival." (The concept "illustrates the idea which man should imitate in his attempts to manage a natural ecosystem.") Genesis, with the characteristic compression of myth, says we were put into the garden "to dress it and keep it." Same thing.

3) Paradise Gardening is not work. Work is a subjective concept: one person's play may be another person's work. Work is whatever you are doing when you'd rather be doing something else. Paradise Gardening is not work in the same sense that what a bear does all day is not work. This is the distinction which the Taoists make between doing and not-doing. Genesis refers to the same matter in saying that only outside the garden do we have to earn our living "by the sweat of our brow."

4) Paradise Gardening is not agriculture. From chemical to organic agriculture is a step in the right direction, but only the first step. Agriculture itself is, after all, half of the one-two punch that knocked us out of Paradise in the first place. (Good farmers, to be sure, love nature; but they love her in the context of plowing her up every year and deciding what to grow next. Our addiction to annual species and disturbed habitats has put us at odds with the main thrust of the biosphere (and ourselves).

OH, EARTH IS PATIENT AND EARTH IS OLD AND MOTHER OF GODS, BUT HE BREAKS

HER.
TO-ING, FRO-ING, WITH THE PLOW TEAMS GOING,
TEARING THE SOIL OF HER, YEAR BY YEAR.
—Sophocles, *Antigone*

Every Spring, nature begins again to clothe the earth in beauty, the process of succession, the initial strands of the intricate web, rebirth of the Tree of Life. And every autumn we scrape it off, rake it into barns, take it to market: we increase human diversity and complexity (butcher, baker, candlestick-maker . . .) by appropriating to ourselves processes which are meant to benefit all. Paradise is a habitat and a niche. Eliade refers to the universal "yearning for Paradise." Memories coded into our genes of our place, our fit. How, after all, does a bird (for example) select a place to build a nest? So many factors to consider (and such a small brain). It just picks the most beautiful spot available. It was born with a "template" of paradise. Concerning this, the Book of Odes says, "The twittering yellow bird, the bright silky warbler, comes to its rest in the hollow corner of the hill," and Confucius commented, "Comes to rest, alights, knows what its rest is, what its ease is. Is man, for all his wit, less wise than this bird of yellow plumage that he should not know his resting place or fix the point of his aim?"

Like any other creature, we are our niche. By our physiology and behavioral programming we are born to live a certain kind of life. Paradise is our birthright and our duty.

Now, instead, we take up a niche in civilization. The premise of civilization is

that if everyone is a less than complete human being (I'll be the brains, you be the back), it will be better for all of us. This insulting premise has guided us for so long that many are unaware of an alternative. We equate "making a living" with "making money." Thus we spend the best hours of our lives pursuing our careers being part of the cancer.

But everything needed to be completely human is available to us in the environment—the garden and neighborhood. We can rely on the truth of this because "human-ness" is a creation of the environment, the most recent manifestation of a coevolution between our genes and all the other genes out there that has been going on since the beginning of life on earth. Much chancier is the possibility that everything we need to be completely human is available to us in the city, or through money.

The last time we lived in paradise it was as foragers: hunters and gatherers, omnivorous, opportunistic exploiters of a variety of environments. Specialists, not of disturbance, but of diversity.

This lifestyle has gotten a lot of attention recently (at the very time the last vestiges of it are being eradicated). The view that foraging is a superior adaptation to agriculture is now well established in academia, and the same theme appears in popular literature (e.g., Bruce Chatwin, *The Songlines* and Vargas Llosa, *The Storyteller*, both inspiring).

A revolution in the study of the human niche was prompted by the realization that

foragers, far from living on the brink of starvation, as previously imagined, actually had more leisure than anyone else (Lee and deVore, *Man the Hunter*). Boserup (*The Conditions of Agricultural Growth*) suggests that there have never been any agricultural revolutions, in the sense of a sudden invention of a great new way to produce food, but rather increases in food production always come at the cost of even greater increases in labor (or fossil fuel) input. These techniques were always well known to the producers, but resisted until finally demanded by rising population (or the demands of the upper classes for a surplus, a cash crop). "Agriculture permits denser food growth supporting denser population and larger social units, but at the cost of reduced dietary quality (less diversity to choose from), reduced reliability of harvest (eggs in less baskets), and equal, or probably greater labor per unit of food. . . agriculture is not a difficult concept, but one readily available to hunting and gathering groups. . . ." (Mark Cohen, *The Food Crisis in Prehistory*).

Human, Domesticated, Farmed

Agriculture in turn, allowed population to expand more rapidly. Any attempt to live a foraging life in the modern world would seem to be only an interesting but ultimately irrelevant exercise of the "historic village" variety. "There is no going back" is merely a truism. What those who recite it mean to say is that there is no changing direction, progress can be only a straight line—from an original home in nature to a world eventually completely human, domesticated, farmed.

At this point, I would rephrase the "problem" with which this essay began: How can we, with our contemporary tastes and population level, live and coexist as foragers (ecosystem managers)? "Caught in the devil's bargain," how can we "get ourselves back to the garden"? (J. Mitchell, "Woodstock").

The strategy proposed here, Paradise Gardening, may be described as "intensified foraging." David Harris, in a series of papers, explored "alternative pathways to agriculture." Particularly valuable is his distinction between "agricultural manipulation and transformation. . . agricultural utilization may, and, if sufficiently intensive, usually does lead to the transformation of a natural into a largely artificial ecosystem: the replacement of a tropical forest by plantation, of temperate woodland by wheatfields. . . But agriculture may also proceed by a process of manipulation which involves the alteration of selected components of the natural system rather than its wholesale replacement—a method of cultivation which involves substituting certain preferred domesticated species for wild species in equivalent ecological niches and so stimulates the structure and functional dynamics of the natural ecosystem."

Harris has recently edited a collection of papers (*From Foraging To Farming*) which further explores the emerging realization "that many 'non-agricultural' peoples were in fact engaged in intensive and sophisticated plant exploitation, previously unrecognized because their plant management practices did not fit our idea of agriculture."

Our goal is to "naturalize" ourselves in the environment. This will involve changing ourselves and changing the environment: convergence toward "fit." Perfect fit means the free and easy flowing of matter and energy between ourselves and

our environment: life lived as a complete gift—from the garden to us, from us to the garden.

But that is in the future; what we need now is a process, leading to that goal, which is justified on its own terms. Focus on the ideal Paradise Garden will tempt us to take shortcuts, perpetuating the same old pattern of selling out the present for some imagined "better" future. "No act is good unless its goodness is seen in the immediacy of the act. An act which justifies itself by appealing to a later good . . . all appeals to reason, expediency, and necessity, are appeals to the very forces that wreck all ideals. One must have courage and be willing to take risks" (Wm. Thompson, *Evil and World Order*).

Ecology teaches that a "pioneer" (disturbed) environment favors life forms that are fast-growing but short lived, widespread, "greedy"—designed to capture the maximum of sunlight, and unoccupied soil. But eventually they are succeeded by trees, which, because they invest energy in making wood, grow more slowly at first, but are more stable, longer-lived and finally, faster growing, more influential, the dominant species, towering above.

We have spread ourselves over the earth, and used or burned just about everything that's easy to get. The age of the greedy ones draws to a close (they don't know it yet). At last, we may hope, the "competitive advantage" passes to the practitioners of permanence, rootedness, slow growth and steady accumulation, the vertical expansion of the human spirit into realms uncharted, or long

Perfect fit means the free and easy flowing of matter and energy between ourselves and our environment; life lived as a complete gift—from the garden to us, from us to the garden.

forgotten. A tree derives its satisfaction from the view achieved.

The process of Paradise Gardening involves:

—Extricating our life-support system from civilization/the Economy (bluntly, money), and reattaching it to the natural world of garden and neighborhood. This will be a gradual process requiring a real analysis of our needs and expenditures. Thus, for example, cars and gasoline are not needs, but only the means to the satisfaction of needs.

Getting And Spending Money

The solution is not gasohol but reducing the reason for traveling (usually the getting and spending of money). Concerning this, the Tao Te Ching says, "The country over the border might be so near that one could hear the cocks crowing and the dogs barking in it, but the people would grow old and die without ever once troubling to go there." (Ch.80: see Needham, *Science and Civilization in*



China, Vol. II for a discussion of "the political program of the Taoists: the return to cooperative primitivity.")

The key to the self-justifying nature of the process is this: things made or done by professionals or machines may be technically superior to one's own efforts, but are generally lacking in a quality which, following Castenadas, I will call "heart." Satisfaction from things bought usually peaks at the moment of purchase and declines rapidly. Needs which are met by the interaction of ourselves and nature are more deeply met, and there are wonderful surprises along the way. The truth of this will be evident to anyone who has ever made anything "from scratch." What seldom occurs to us (Someone doesn't want it to) is that an entire life can be constructed on this basis.

—The (re)integration of needs: not to the market for food, the spa for exercise, the doctor for healing, theater for entertainment, school for learning, studio to create, church for inspiration, etc., but to the garden for all these at the same time.

—Enriching the garden by naturalizing useful and beautiful species and learning

to incorporate them into our lives. We begin, of course, with the present and potential natural vegetation, to which may be added species introductions from similar areas worldwide; then slight modifications of the environment—micro-habitat enhancement—and the resultant possibilities for new species: a palette of plants, a Cornucopia never available to previous generations.

A well-known biologist proposes, "Planned biotic enrichment: It is within the power of science [you and me] not merely to hold down the rate of species extinction, but to reverse it. Among the principal topics of community ecology now under intensive study is the species packing problem. . . . Theoretically, assortive equilibria can be planned that exceed any occurring in nature. Species might be drawn from different parts of the world. . . ." (Edw. Wilson, "Applied Biogeography"). Wilson goes on to discuss "the creation of new (biotic) communities" and "ecosystem manipulation: the ultimate game. . . the very size of the world's biota is itself a challenge that only generations more of study will encompass. The possibilities for ecosystems manipulation. . . offer creative work that is orders of magnitude even more extensive. . . ."

—Hand labor. We all have two hands, one lifetime, twenty-four hours in every day. These are democratic factors. Working by hand on a small piece of land we can create a Paradise with relevance for all. Money, machines can't get us there any faster, in fact, can't get us there at all, but lead us astray.

We live during a narrow "window of opportunity." Having come, at last, to the realization that a revolutionary shift of consciousness and lifestyle is required, we find that we have only a few generations to do it in before it will be too late to make a transition (environment degraded, resources depleted, species extinct, soils eroded/polluted, population doubled. . .).

Our enemy is a paper tiger because it can't deliver the goods. The world waits for examples, to be shown, not told, a better way. Paradise Gardening is vastly more meaningful than the Biodome experiment, and anyone can play.

We have been putting this off for too many lifetimes now.

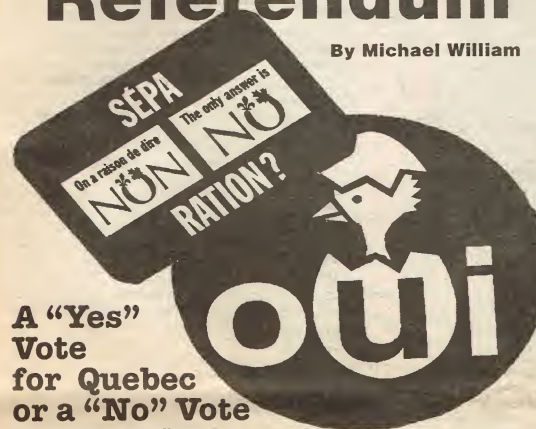
YOU SEE THE BEAUTY OF MY PROPOSAL IS IT NEEDN'T WAIT ON GENERAL REVOLUTION I BID YOU TO A ONE-MAN REVOLUTION THE ONLY REVOLUTION THAT IS COMING R. Frost, "Build Soil"

Author's Note: I intend to write another article, dealing more with local practice, as well as produce a newsletter by and for persons engaged in the realization of Paradise as a garden. Please send comments and suggestions to me at 3020 White Oak Crook Rd., Burnsville, NC 28714. An excellent resource for beginning Paradise Gardening is *Cornucopia*, S. Facciola, Kampong Pub., 1870 Sunrise Dr., Vista CA 92084. It is an astounding publication listing 3,000 edible species, many more thousands of cultivars, sources of supply and information for each entry.

The December North Cass Community Union Newsletter gave some startling statistics about the 48201 Zip code the FF office is in. Its population is a scant 13,916 and falling. The media income is \$10,001, the lowest of the 192 metro Zip codes, and the racial composition is 69 percent black.

The Plague of Nationalism Continues in the Quebec Referendum

By Michael William



A "Yes" Vote for Quebec or a "No" Vote for Canada Affirmed the Nation State

"Nationalism offers them something concrete, something that has been tried and tested and is known to work."

—Fredy Perlman, *The Continuing Appeal of Nationalism*

In the corner of my block lies an empty lot. One day, fifty trees, mainly conifers, each set into a metal container, appeared in the space.

I asked a man who was arranging benches what was going on. He explained that the lot had been rented for two months as an art concept. A stage was to be installed which could be used to perform or as a speakers' platform by anyone who wished.

The idea, he enthused, was an ephemeral park, an urban park which appears and then, poof, disappears. Our brief conversation ended, and I went away wary. The project was not without possibilities, perhaps, but for one thing, what about those trees? They looked pretty artificial ensconced in those containers.

As announced, a stage soon appeared. However, not much seemed to be going on whenever I passed by beyond the occasional person or two sitting on a bench. Then, one afternoon, I was awakened by music and speeches coming from the park. It was the beginning of "200 Names For a Yes," a pro-independence initiative during the run-up to the Quebec referendum. 200 artists and intellectuals proclaiming their need for a Quebec state, five minutes each corner, Monday to Friday from noon to one.

The event was the brainchild of François

Gourd, a 70s countercultural celebrity-cum-guru. Gourd had spotted the park and saw possibilities in it as a springboard for the nationalist racket.

I turned up at the event, distributing an abstentionist poster of mine and anti-nationalist tracts that I and another person had done. One day as I was coming home with groceries I noticed that the crowd in the park was a lot bigger than the usual 20-30.

Lucien Bouchard, the leader of the Bloc québécois, a pro-independence party which sits in the federal parliament in Ottawa, had decided to pay a spontaneous visit to Ephemeral Park (as it became known). Bouchard is a charismatic demagogue with a flair for whipping up a crowd. After a yes vote, he was saying, divisions would disappear and Quebecers would be united. The man is clearly living in a fantasy world.

I headed back to my place, grabbed some tracts, returned, and started to hand them out. I was quickly approached by the cops, who wanted to know what I was distributing. I was told that I could distribute material only after the event ended, and a cop positioned himself close to me to make sure I stayed put. Since people were coming up to ask for my tract, I was allowed to distribute it to those who requested it—as long as I didn't move.

One intellectual type complained that my abstentionist literature objectively supported the no side. I explained that I was neither sovereigntist nor federalist (pro-Canada) but *anti-state*. Such alternatives, however, were beyond his dualistic mindset, and fortunately I was soon able

to get him to buzz off. Another joker yelled that I was a "vendu à Trudeau" (a sellout to Trudeau). Talk about a time warp. Trudeau was Canada's Prime Minister during the last referendum 15 years ago.

Bouchard's speech ended. The crowd began to disperse. A woman, freaking out at the phrase "Fuck the referendum" on my poster, tore it up. A man pushing a baby carriage said that if he wasn't minding his baby, he'd knock my block off. Another man theatrically stuffed my tracts down a sewer hole, and then asked for my name and address. Sure thing, chump.

Articles about the "200 Names" event appeared in student and community newspapers and in the dailies. As word spread that it was the noontime place to be, sovereigntists in need of a nationalism fix flocked. François Gourd, the master of ceremonies, cajoled and worked the crowd. As referendum day approached and tensions built, the event often took on proportions of a (mini) mass hysteria.

The sound from the crowd and the p.a. system echoed down the block, penetrating into my room even with the windows closed. This caused an interesting effect because emotions and tones of voice were all I could make out since most of the words were inaudible. Resentment, pride, anger, hope, joy. The word "oui" itself became a leitmotif, uttered exuberantly, almost orgasmically. Oui, oui, oui, oui, oui.

Sometimes I would stick my head out the window to catch a bit of what was being said. "The same cassette" as 15 years ago, as one former sovereigntist put it concerning present-day Yes-side discourse. I'd heard it all before: I was pro-sovereigntist in the seventies and voted yes in 1980 (the last time I voted, two years before I became a libertarian). An obsession with creating a Quebec state is deeply rooted here, particularly in the intellectual milieu. The "200 Names" event rapidly took its place in the vanguard of the spectacle, weaving comfortable illusions, sugar-coating the pill of the state, sucking people in. These artists have no influence over the policies of the Parti québécois, the party presently in power, and will have none in an independent Quebec. "Useful idiots."

Quebec Nationalism In Historical Perspective

In 1760, a British army defeated French troops and took control in Quebec. During the 1830s, a movement which was influenced by the French and American revolutions appeared. It objected to the toothlessness of the Quebec parliament and the fact that major decisions were made by appointees of the British Crown. Representatives of the Crown (sheriffs, justices of the peace) resigned or were driven out in some areas, creating zones no longer under British control. The rebellion ended when the British army intervened and crushed it following several military encounters with the insurgents.

From 1840-1960 an inward-looking conservative nationalism predominated. Reflecting the strong influence of the Catholic church, it emphasized defending the family, the nation, the church and the French language. In the 1930s a portion of the intelligentsia flirted with fascism. From the mid-30s to 1960, the political landscape was dominated by the now-defunct Union Nationale party, a coalition of nationalists and religious conservatives. Though not a sovereigntist party, the Union Nationale wrested taxation powers away from the federal government, providing increased provincial financial autonomy.

During the 50s, the federal government applied a Keynesian interventionist approach and set up the structures of a welfare state. This was opposed by the Union Nationale from a right-wing perspective (opposition to a welfare state) and from a nationalist one (opposition to federal encroachment on provincial domains such as health, education and social services, which were traditionally run by the Catholic church).

Urban Guerrilla Activity

In the early 60s an urban guerrilla group, the Front de Libération du Québec (FLQ), erupted on the scene. Fueled by leftist anti-imperialist ideology, the FLQ viewed Quebec as a colony of Canada and advocated an independent Quebec state. The organization carried out a series of bombings and actions which culminated in the 1970 kidnappings of a Liberal Party politician and the British Trade Commissioner based in Montreal (the former was executed and the latter set free). The federal government implemented the War Measures Act, placed soldiers in the streets of Montreal, and carried out mass arrests of sovereigntists, the vast majority of whom had nothing to do with the FLQ. During the crisis triggered by the kidnappings, the state was able to neutralize and eliminate the FLQ, and urban guerrilla activity in Quebec vanished, never to reappear.

In 1968, the Parti québécois (PQ) appeared, marking the beginning of the modern mass sovereignty movement. In the words of PQ Vice-President Monique Simard, the purpose of the party is to "achieve sovereignty. Our party is a coalition of people united around this objective, even though, on a social and economic level, their outlooks may be different." The party, therefore, is a united front which spans the spectrum from far left to far right. Although people with a conservative social agenda remain part of this mélange, the overall tenor of the movement is quite different from the Union Nationale of the 30s and 40s.

The influence of Catholicism plummeted as the churches emptied and many Quebecers turned virulently anti-clerical. A more liberal, at times counter-cultural mood replaced the social conservatism of the previous era. At the same time, the pendulum swung away from non-interventionism towards a belief that the state plays a key role in linguistic, cultural and other areas. The PQ officially rejected ethnic nationalism in favor of "territorial nationalism". On a psychological level this meant discarding the identity "French Canadian" and taking on "Québécois," altering the relationship of identity with respect to the one million francophones outside Quebec and cementing the idea that identity and the Quebec state are synonymous.

However, territorial nationalism, which posits that one's primary loyalty should be to the "Quebec nation," proved dysfunctional: all non-francophone groups (18 percent of the population) voted massively against independence in both referendums. Thus, Quebec nationalism remains a de facto ethnic and francophone nationalism. This disconcerts the PQ, which would very much like to present independence as more than an ethnic nationalism to the international community. At the same time it is often the PQ itself which stokes ethnic nationalism to red-hot proportions.

The PQ took office for the first time in 1976. The party quickly passed Bill 101, which banned English on commercial signs, made French the official language of work, and obliged immigrant children to attend French schools, among other provisions. 15 percent of anglophones

(whose first language is English) left the province, and those who remained learned French (as a general rule) and made sure their children learned it. Per capita incomes of francophones (whose first language is French) forged past those of anglophones.

In 1980, a referendum on sovereignty was held, which the federalist side won by 60 percent. The PQ was reelected in 1981, but lost to the Liberals in 1985. In 1994, the PQ was voted back in on a platform of good government and a promise to hold a second referendum within a year. The referendum was delayed when polls showed the sovereignty option stuck at 40-44 percent.

Then, a 20,000-person mega-poll in which sovereignty scored only 40 percent threw the sovereigntists into a deep depression. At this point, the Bloc québécois intervened. In return for participating, it demanded that the referendum question be softened to include an offer of a political and economic partnership with Canada rather than a complete break. The PQ reluctantly agreed. This caused the Action démocratique party (a new organization founded by ex-Liberals) to jump on board, and the three parties formed a common front.

The No Campaign

The referendum kicked off at the beginning of October 1995 with the No side forging into an 8-10 point lead. "No to sepa-ration" signs appeared with the two parts of the word placed on opposite sides of the sign to give an impression of the traumatic, irrevocable nature of the option. The No side served up a number-crunching menu of gloom and doom, warning of soaring unemployment, higher interest rates, an increased deficit and difficulty in (re)joining NAFTA and NATO. It also claimed that the proposed partnership with Canada was unrealistic and that Quebecers would not be able to keep Canadian money and Canadian passports as the sovereigntists promised.

The Yes Campaign

Upbeat and feelgood, the Yes campaign offered a sharp contrast. Politicians soothingly assured that independence would be painless, despite what their own studies showed. In contrast to the monotonous sepa-ration signs, the Yes camp produced a profusion of brightly colored Oui signs with the o replaced by a daisy, a one dollar coin (to symbolize keeping Canadian money), a picture of North America without any borders(!), and a peace sign (!—the PQ backed the Gulf War and is itching to rejoin NATO). A "five minutes of racket" to support sovereignty took place, with people across Quebec banging pots and pans, honking horns, etc. "Spontaneous" demos, the wide use of stickers and graffiti—these and other methods increased visibility and infectiousness.

Yes-side literature advanced familiar reasons to vote for sovereignty:

- "To put an end to constitutional squabbling that has been costly financially and energy-wise in order to devote ourselves to building Quebec." However, the proposed partnership with Canada following independence only promises further squabbling. After a Yes victory, unhappy No voters would be in a mood to squabble.

- "To recuperate the \$28 billion a year in taxes we send to the federal government and to decide for ourselves what to do with our money." Obscured here is that it will be politicians and elites—the same people as now—who will do the deciding in an independent Quebec.

- "To affirm that we are a francophone

people of America who take responsibility for and pride in our language and our culture." "To integrate immigrants properly by giving them a desire to live in French." It is clearly to be hoped, for a variety of reasons, that non-francophones in Quebec will learn French (hardly synonymous with "live in French"). However, these statements indicate the dangerous tendency of every nationalism to assert the domination of one ethnic group over the others.

By mid-campaign the mood had shifted and the sovereigntists began to have the wind in their sails. A more aggressive approach was needed, however, it was felt, to push past the 50 percent mark. This took several forms.

First, the appointment of Lucien Bouchard as chief negotiator with Canada in the event of a Yes victory. This was illustration of how a charismatic spokesperson, highlighted daily by the media, establishes a relationship through the spec-

organ social democratic influence in the rest of Canada preceded its appearance in Quebec. "It is clear that the Parti québécois government is not social democratic," the secretary general of Quebec's second largest trade union flatly affirms.

In addition, who knows what parties will exist in an independent Quebec, when the left/right popular front parties formed to achieve sovereignty will presumably no longer have a *raison d'être*. Not surprisingly, in a speech shortly after the referendum, Bouchard expressed his desire for a "rapprochement with the business community that voted no." And a statement by an anti-poverty group noted that "right after the victory of the No camp, the PQ's first act was to sacrifice the province's poor by announcing draconian budget cuts."

A third method employed by the Yes camp was primarily psychological. Aimed at the 25 percent of soft nationalists, it focused on identity and was intended to



"Crushed!"
A pro-independence poster illustrating what Quebec nationalists claimed the pro-federalist Canadians wanted to do to the province.

resonate deep chords in its target audience. A Bloc québécois deputy set out the underpinnings: "If, as I believe, Quebecers form a people, it is normal for them to give themselves a country."

Therefore, if creating a state is normal, a francophone who remains unmoved by the proposition is... not normal. Sovereigntists express this accusation through a variety of metaphors: that one has not grown up, has remained a child or an adolescent; that one is spineless, on one's knees; that one is a traitor. In this "vast enterprise of emotional blackmail," as it is termed by Daniel Dubious, a critic of the Yes campaign, anyone who doesn't get with the program becomes "a scum bag betraying his or her ancestors and future generations."

Hitting a new, more strident note in this identity-oriented campaign was an ad by a nationalist organization claiming that without a Yes vote, Montreal would become less than 50 percent francophone. This theme and related one's concerning threats to the French language (always a sensitive issue here) were then taken up by other spokespeople. It is certainly true that francophones in Quebec are a small group in a primarily English-speaking North American sea. The question of long-term survival is a legitimate one, although many francophones do not believe that French culture here is threatened now that Bill 101 is in place.

Often lost in these polemics about language and demography, however, are crucial questions: Which culture? Language... to do what? The debate is invariably framed in terms of preserving the status

quo rather than in terms of radical change and thus is profoundly conservative.

The Abstention Campaign

To speak of an abstention campaign might be something of an exaggeration. A number of activities, however, did occur. People previously involved with the now-defunct La Sociale bookshop printed 1,500 copies of an attractive poster which read in part: "Neither Canada nor Quebec nor countries nor states: We're not voting!" Teams postered the city, and persons unknown reproduced phrases from the poster and made stickers. Another unknown malcontent put up signs at Ephemeral Park. "Recycled Ideas. Recuperated Artists" read one, while another stated: "The Imagination Yields to the Nation-State." Norman Nawrocki of Rhythm Activism recited an anti-politician poem at a referendum-theme poetry reading and I handed out tracts at the event. It is worth noting that not all self-proclaimed anarchists abstained or spoiled their ballots. One such person was even spotted covering up half a dozen abstention posters with ones announcing a show in which she was featured!

So intense is the siren song of independence that it is often hard for francophone anarchists to resist. Some contend, for example, that in tail-ending the nationalist movement, they can become the tail wagging the dog. The creation of an independent state in Quebec, they argue, would be a transitional phase toward... the abolition of the state. ("Independence thus becomes a stage in the march of peoples toward a classless, borderless planet," states *Rebelles*, a Montreal magazine.)

By "integrating the elements of a revolutionary libertarian-socialist project," the editorial continues, "we will be able to give independence the social context it presently lacks." We are talking, don't forget, about a handful of people here in relation to millions of sovereignists who have no intention of abolishing the state. Ultimately, these "libertarian-socialists" function as additional "useful idiots" for the nationalist politicians in power.

Native People

Separate referendums were held by Cree, Montagnais and Inuit native groups which inhabit the sparsely settled northern half of Quebec. "The message is clear: we will refuse the forcible inclusion of four people and traditional lands in an independent Quebec state," said Montagnais spokesperson Guy Bellefleur, after his group voted 99 percent against sovereignty. The Cree and Inuit voted 96.3 percent and 95 percent respectively against independence.

The Final Days

In the final days before the referendum, emotions approached fever pitch. Sovereigntists were euphoric at the prospect of winning, and fearful of the enormous psychological blow of a second defeat. Overconfident at the outset, federalists panicked now that polls showed the sovereigntists within reach of victory.

On referendum night, a friend who took a long walk through the streets of Montreal related that the city appeared deserted: everyone was parked in front of their TV sets or watching in bars. This mass raptiness was the first indication that the abstentionists were the big losers: a whopping 93.5 percent of Quebecers voted. The evening turned out to be an emotional roller coaster, with the No side finally

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Would You Let This Man Stand In The Way Of Your Bottom Line?

Not if you want to succeed in business today. In the modern international marketplace, competition is tough. If the corporations which have brought us the standard of living we have recently come to enjoy are to continue doing so against an increasing foreign challenge, the killing field must be made level. The only way to do that is to do business with the Peoples' Republic of China.

Sure, people disappear in China, from well-known dissidents to a lot of people we don't even hear about, but people disappeared in Latin America, particularly during the seventies and eighties, and it didn't hurt the marketplace appreciably. In fact, leading advocates for the broader interests of the business community at the time, such as Jeanne Kirkpatrick, were full of praise for the security forces that did the job. And, let's face it, a lot of these people in prison in China are probably troublemakers anyway. They might very well have no more use for the kind of world Business is making than they did for the one Communist Party officials have already built. Given a chance, they could easily come to see the relations of production in our two worlds as fundamentally the same. Besides, political repression may be a little unsightly, but it makes for a far more manageable labor force and brings wages to more competitive levels.

European and Japanese companies have already discovered the benefits of this historic opportunity and so have an ever-larger number of American firms. Three decades of the Maoist program of capital accumulation through ideological terror, regimentation and austerity have created the foundation for unparalleled economic growth. Add to that the increased market orientation of the Deng Xiaoping era, and you have a bonanza! This largest of all economies of scale promises unprecedented profit. Our factories in China make workers do things we wouldn't dream of asking them to do in the States, Europe, or even Japan. Finally, operations in China can be a laboratory for new techniques that can be brought back to the United States when restrictive environmental and workplace regulations have been reformed and the work force has become more conditioned to a globally competitive environment.

People who complain so loudly about the harshness of conditions in the Peoples' Republic of China should remember that life can't always be fair here either. Business imperatives are pretty much the same everywhere, and everywhere businesses and governments have to deal with the demands of special interest groups like workers, consumers and people who care too much about the ecological consequences of development. The game is just played a little rougher in China, that's all. We should take the long view: the qualitative line dividing our two ways of life is narrowing all the time. In China, those now employed are working more profitably, wealth is beginning to trickle down and there is a growing middle-class that can afford to live well. This is the essence of modern society everywhere. And here in America, people are being educated to accept a diminishing public sphere, increasing censorship and police presence, productive prison populations and a government more protective of its secrets as the fair price of an orderly and comfortable society. Americans support the Contract with America; there is no reason why we can't support a Contract with China, too. People in power everywhere are finding it tougher to be nice guys, so why should we be so hard on the Chinese?

The rising international class of managers and entrepreneurs, and the governments which represent their general interests have the same concerns around the world; there's no reason why we can't get along. Why, more and more, we even enjoy the same lifestyles! American businesses have used the



transfer of plants and services to China as a way of dealing with the pressure of employees and environmentalists, just as our enhanced support at this difficult time is allowing China's administrators and businessmen to deal better with the forces threatening them. After all, we don't have to like everything it does to see that, if the present regime is overthrown, our own losses could be catastrophic.

It is true that increased cooperation between our two increasingly overlapping spheres of economic interest has had its share of problems, but as our governments have become more reasonable, most of these are disappearing. The high price of bribes and arbitrary changes in regulations are temporary phenomena and will change just as soon as the People's Liberation Army and the Communist Party are reformed. There is only one problem which we and our Chinese friends find truly disturbing: that is the danger that the hostile forces we are both facing, rebellious workers, human-rights and environmental extremists, may follow our example and begin cooperating among themselves. Those who speak of global human rights don't understand how easily the implications of their logic can be extended beyond the capacity of our system to accommodate. The burgeoning cynicism felt toward the institutions of government, business, religion, and their underlying principles, by ordinary citizens in China, the U.S. and around the world, could become an explosive desire to destroy our entire political economy and much else, and replace it with a different social organization or production, consumption and life in general directly responsible to them. If that ever occurs, the international business community and the world's governments may well face extinction. But such a situation isn't likely to happen. Not unless you contact:

INTERNATIONAL FRIENDS OF WEI JINGSHENG, P.O. BOX 40256,
SAN FRANCISCO CA 94140

NEXT ISSUE: Contra Bookchin

Last summer at Goddard College, social ecology luminary Murray Bookchin denounced the FE as "toilet literature flooding into the ecology movement and polluting it," and a "manifestation of a middle class, petit bourgeois yuppie perspective."

AK Press recently published Bookchin's diatribe, *Social Anarchism or Lifestyle Anarchism: An Unbridgeable Chasm*, which exorcises this paper and others for—among other crimes—being both lumpen rebels and privileged yuppies, and even (horror of horrors), accomplices of a "Neo-Heideggerian reaction."

In a new essay on Bookchin, "Beyond Bookchin: Preface to a Future Social Ecology," FE staffer David Watson com-

ments, "Tragically, social ecology now seems far less than it could have become. Bookchin's regression to ideological sclerosis suggests that social ecology itself may be in crisis... Now that he has assumed the mantle of lone defender of Civilization, History and Progress, turning contemporary ecological politics into a kind of *kulturkampf*... the time may be overdue to ask what kind of social ecology ought to survive the passing of Bookchin..."

The next issue of the *Fifth Estate* will be a special devoted to this essay, which moves beyond the narrow theme of Murray Bookchin's ideas to larger questions for radical ecology, continuing earlier FE work on deep ecology, environmental ethics and ecological politics.

The Quebec Referendum

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eking out a 50.6 percent victory. In his concession speech, Premier Parizeau, in a venomous mood, blamed "money and ethnic votes" for the defeat.

This ugly statement has caused an enormous uproar, in part because it took place before hundreds of foreign journalists. Although many sovereigntists distanced themselves from Parizeau's remarks, others have defended him as a victim of PC excesses (their terminology). A positive feature of the controversy

is that it has triggered a wide-ranging debate about the relationship between non-francophones and the sovereignty project.

Sprouted Like Mushrooms

But the overall effect of the referendum has been negative, leaving a deeply divided Quebec and resolving nothing, not that it could have. Since the referendum, extremist organizations have sprouted like mushrooms: anglo groups which want to partition Quebec in the event of a Yes vote, and a francophone group calling for a "moratorium on immigration," and "an immediate end to promoting multiculturalism in any way in Quebec." Those who didn't vote Yes, the group rants, are "enemies of the Quebec people and hence-

forth, we will treat them as such."

Meanwhile, sovereigntists plan to hold another referendum in a few years, if not earlier. With the banal independence project ensconced on the front burner, we're in for tedious times in Quebec.*

A proofreader's comments: While the political climate here in Québec is a far cry from that of the Balkans, and the Québec nationalist movement is not fascist, three important ingredients of nationalism are present. Firstly, nationalist movements are led by and benefit the local bourgeoisie, who use race, language, religion, etc. to create divisions among the poor and the working class.

Secondly, to rally the poor and those

concerned with social issues to their cause, the bourgeoisie often promises social change. Once in power, these promises are forgotten.

Thirdly, nationalism creates internal as well as external enemies (English-speaking Canadians and immigrants in this case). Québécois, with French as their first language, who voted "No" are considered by most nationalists to be cowards or dupes at best, and at worst, enemies and traitors.—S.F.

FOOTNOTE:

*The abstentionist and anti-nationalist tracts are available from: Michael William, P.O. Box 1554, Postal Station "B" Montréal, Québec, Canada H3B 3L2.

In the old days, when the state hung somebody and the braided rope broke or the gallows came crashing to the ground it was taken by God-fearing men as a sign that a mistake had been made and the condemned soul was no longer theirs to take: the prisoner was reprieved.

Today's wisdom, however, will abide no such mythology. Steeped in the profane religion of the New World Order, whose merchants of death trade haughtily in the machinery of holocausts, the only spirits that count are those that, indeed, count. Justice resides in the maintenance of profits, in preventing even for a moment the removal of pump from soil, head from noose.

The poet Diane DiPrima summarized the new religion best. With its icy, winter blade ransacking the globe and, ultimately, finding our throats, international capital—self-righteous in its indignation, in its meticulous counting upon the force of its justice—commands: "Get your cut throat off my knife!"

It took the Shell Oil Company, that holy spirit acting through the guise of General Abacha of Nigeria, five attempts, according to The New York Times, to successfully hang playwright Ken Saro-Wiwa and eight of his companions, before the sun was up early one day last November, for not even the gallows mechanism complied willingly with the evil afoot that morning. The old gods must have been angry, indeed! Between the fourth and fifth attempt, the noose around his neck, The Times reported that Saro Wiwa was still able to utter: "The struggle continues." And from such stuff legends are born.

And when finally Ken Saro-Wiwa, Dr. Barinem Kiobel, Saturday Dobee, Paul Levura, Nordu Eawo, Felix Nuata, Daniel Gbokoo, John Kpuinen, and Varibor Beraand—environmental and indigenous rights activists of the Movement for the Survival of the Ogoni People (MOSOP)—were successfully lynched despite worldwide protests and the temerity of even the gallows in resisting the execution, the cover-up began.

The men were murderers, we were told. They "stood in the way of progress." They were "anarchists," because they had dared to organize the Ogoni people in southern Nigeria against the Royal Dutch Shell Company's (Shell Oil) and Chevron's destruction of their environment, because they dared to remove their throats from the blade, their heads from capital's noose. Eighteen more are facing execution in Nigeria for the crime of standing up to the New World Order and protecting their land.

To save them, the land and the ideas for which Ken Saro-Wiwa and his comrades gave their lives, a grassroots boycott of Shell Oil is gathering steam, calling for a worldwide embargo of Nigerian oil and upon the United States government to freeze Nigeria's assets in U.S. banks. (For more information on the boycott, call Greenpeace, at (202) 462-1177.)

Since 1958, when Shell first struck oil on Ogoni lands in southeastern Nigeria, it has destroyed the land, fish and wildlife resources on which the 500,000 Ogoni people depend for their survival. Hundreds of spills have left the landscape puddled with oil the size of football fields.

In 1990, Ken Saro-Wiwa founded MOSOP to unite the Ogoni in a campaign for basic human rights, political autonomy, economic compensation for damages, a cleanup of the spills, and an end to toxic wastes and the poisoning of the air through decades of gas flaring.

The reaction of the Nigerian military-led dictatorship was deadly. It sent troops

Murder In Nigeria

Ordered by Shell & IMF, Paid for by the U.S. Government

by Mitchell Cohen



—graphic: Africa Research Group/Liberation News Service

into Ogoniland to crush every semblance of opposition to the practices of Shell, Mobil, Chevron, Texaco and other oil companies. After all, 80 percent of Nigeria's annual revenue comes from its sale of oil to the United States. Shell Oil, which alone generates 50 percent of Nigeria's GDP, minced no words in "encouraging" the Nigerian regime to crack down on Saro-Wiwa.

As recorded in an internal Nigerian military memo, Shell was pressuring the government to repress the growing environmental movement: "Shell operations [are] still impossible unless ruthless military operations are undertaken for smooth economic activities to commence."

The document advised that 400 soldiers should begin "wasting operations," "wasting" Ogoni leaders who are "especially vocal individuals." Twelve days later, Ken Saro-Wiwa was arrested, charges against him fabricated. Two key prosecution witnesses later stated that they were bribed by Shell to give phony evidence against Saro-Wiwa.

Meanwhile, a few days after the executions, Shell announced plans to go ahead with a \$4 billion liquefied natural gas plant and pipeline project in the Niger Delta (through Ogoniland), funded, to start, with a \$180 million grant from the World Bank. The Bank's International Finance Corporation is waffling on whether or not to continue to fund the project.

Brave New World Bank

The relationship of international agencies to the murder of Ken Saro-Wiwa and the overall Nigerian situation is the first of four facets that have been omitted from most accounts of the hangings. Missing has been not simply the role of a particularly evil corporation and a particularly evil government, but discussion of the more general evil—the system of global capitalist domination, spearheaded by the

IMF/World Bank/USAID "Structural Adjustment Programs" (SAPs) which set the stage for the current wave of repression, ecocide and murder.

In Nigeria, as in the rest of the world, structural adjustment programs have destroyed the environment, busted unions, privatized resources, immiserated huge numbers of people and systematically denied human rights. And in Nigeria, as everywhere, people have resisted, which has led the state to intensify its repression. Two years ago, a military coup overthrew the democratically elected government, the better to rein in environmental activists and re-establish tight rule over the oil-producing region. Since 1993, 27 Ogoni villages have been completely destroyed, 2,000 Ogoni killed, and 80,000 displaced—the price exacted for resisting structural adjustment and global capital.

The IMF/World Bank/USAID axis adds a new dimension to "old fashioned colonialism" or imperialism: as in the past it strives not only to rip off resources and labor from whole regions of the world, but it now uses its economic muscle to bring about specified political changes as well. How? By attaching political requirements which recipient countries have to meet in order to receive desperately-needed funds.

The "axis" then uses inability to repay the debt as political blackmail, extorting evermore favorable conditions for the indiscriminate looting of resources and labor. In most countries, the debt escalates dramatically with acceptance of IMF-World Bank economic recovery measures. The Nigerian debt, for example, rose from \$20 to \$30 billion in the 1980s after a Structural Adjustment Program was introduced.

As Hofstra professor Silvia Federici explains, the debt crisis is determined not by the larger or smaller amount of the debt due or paid up, but by the processes activated through it: wage freezes, the collapse of any local industry not connected

to foreign capital (which provides the hard currency needed for technology and capital investment), the banning of unions, the end of free education even at the primary level, the imposition of draconian laws making labor and other social struggles an act of economic sabotage, the banning of militant students' organizations, and especially the privatization of land.

Resistance to structural adjustment among the people of Nigeria has been strong, and met by a violent government crackdown on protesters, which set the stage for repression of the Ogoni people. From the earliest phase of the government's negotiations with the IMF, students, market women and workers have protested the end of free education, tax-certificate requirements for school children enrolled in primary schools, wage freezes, new levies, and removal of subsidies for domestically sold petroleum.

All over Africa students have been at the forefront of anti-SAP protests. Despite the fact that they are a privileged minority, often being ready after graduation to compromise their political convictions for a government job, students in many African countries are now forced, by the objective conditions of IMF-education planning for Africa, to take a more radical stand. It is not an accident that every step in the escalation of IMF-imposed economic austerity measures has been accompanied by attacks on students.

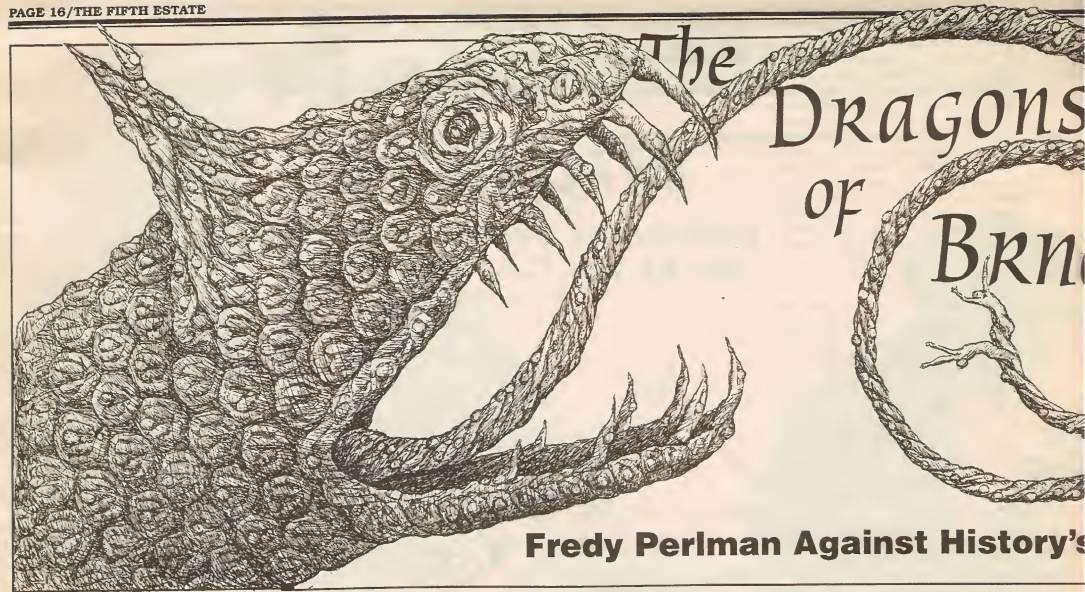
An example of this occurred on May 26, 1986. In the wake of a peaceful demonstration at Ahmadu Bello University in Zaria, Nigeria, and one week prior to the arrival of IMF-World Bank officers in Lagos, who were to check Nigeria's books and economic plans, truckloads of mobile policemen invaded the campus, shooting students and visitors at sight. Machine-gun firing police chased the students into the dorms and the surrounding village where they tried to take refuge. More than 40 students were killed and many more wounded.

The massacre did not stop the protests, however. In the following days, riots exploded all over the country. Students in Lagos, Ibadan and other campuses blocked streets, attacked government buildings and prisons (exacerbating hundreds of prisoners, including some from death row), and vandalized the premises of newspapers which had ignored the protest.

Since then, anti-SAP riots have become endemic in Nigeria, culminating in May and June of 1989 with uprisings in the main southern cities, Lagos, Bendel, Port-Harcourt. (Port Harcourt was at one time a center of the slave trade, and of slave revolts.) Once again, crowds of students, women and the unemployed jointly confronted the police and burned many government buildings to the ground. In Bendel, the prison was ransacked, hundreds of prisoners were set free, and food was confiscated in the prison pantry and later distributed to the hospitals, where patients notoriously starve unless they can provide their own food. More than 400 people reportedly were killed in Nigeria in the days of China's Tiananmen Square uprising, though barely a word about the Nigerian riots and massacres could be found in the U.S. media.

Massive uprisings and insurrections are but one part of the resistance against austerity and SAP plans. A daily warfare is fought at the motor parks against the hike of transport prices, at the "bukas" where people insist on a piece of meat in their soup without having to pay the extra price, and at the markets where people defy government attempts to ban "illegal" (non-

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by Max Cafard

Hanging above the entrance way to the Town Hall of Brno, the capital of Moravia, is a Dragon. The famous Dragon of Brno. The Monster, which stares down through glassy eyes upon all who enter this seat of political power, was brought back long ago from a strange and distant land.

Some might call this awe-inspiring beast a mere "crocodile." But to the good citizens of Brno of an earlier age, it must have represented everything exotic and remote. In all probability, it was precisely such a creature that was called "Leviathan" in Biblical times.

This specimen still hangs today in the passageway as an enduring image of Otherness. In fact, at this late date it might be taken as the symbol of the conquest of the Other by Civilization. It is the once untamed nature, the archaic, the primitive, the anarchic—now safely embalmed and displayed for the amusement of the burghers and tourists.

Another less famous Dragon was born in Brno on August 20, 1934. A Dragon who breathed fire against Leviathan. It might seem strange that I label Fredy Perlman a Dragon, since he was one of the great Ranters against Leviathan, an aspiring Dragon-slayer who announced the coming destruction of the Beast, and who was the avowed enemy of everything we think of as Dragon-like. But in fact he had much in common with another sort of Dragon. Not the life-destroying, monstrous Dragon of the West, but rather the more primordial, life-affirming one of the East. The Chinese, Taoist Dragon. The Dragon of dance, joy, celebration, and the affirmation of community and nature. The Dragon of Otherness, the very antithesis of the Western Dragon of Power and Domination. Fredy Perlman is the Anti-Dragon of Brno.

And yet a third Dragon emerged long ago in Brno. One that is truly a monstrous Beast. For Brno is the birthplace of not only Fredy Perlman, but as he himself tells us, it is also the home of the nation-state, the modern incarnation of Leviathan. At the beginning of the modern epoch, the people of

Moravia formed a defensive league and thereby inadvertently created a mutant Creature that was "a precursor of what we will call a 'nation state.'"

The Dragon was called "Greater Moravia," but its true importance was its identity as "the prototype of the Leviathanic form." It was to become, as Nietzsche put it "the coldest of all cruel monsters." It would also become Moloch, the awful Deity who requires the sacrifice of children by their parents. And it would become Behemoth, the gigantic and grotesque Creature inspiring horror and fear. And finally, it would become the most horrifying Dragon, the avaricious reptilian Beast that hoards all that it can conquer.

As His-story moves on, this Monster, this Dragon of Brno, takes on many aspects. To what degree the Monster is Capital, to what degree it is the State, and to what degree it is the technological Megamachine, is not always clear in this complex story. The Monster plays many roles in this tragedy called "The Slaughter-Bench of History." We may call it Leviathan, Moloch, Behemoth or Dragon without fear of error. It is important, though, that we understand Leviathan's greatest transformation, the one necessary before the Monster could finally turn upon itself. As Fredy Perlman pointed out, this was its world-historical transition from Worm-Leviathan to Octopus-Leviathan.

But Leviathan has a long His-story before its final metamorphosis. Fredy Perlman announces that "it is my aim to speak of the Beast's body. For it does have a body, a monstrous body, a body that has become more powerful than the Biosphere. It may be a body without any life of its own. It may be a dead thing, a huge cadaver. It may move its slow thighs only when living beings inhabit it. Nevertheless, its body is what does the wrecking." He recounts in his great epic the entire ugly and brutal story of this Creature and its destruction of the Earth.

Miserable Status of Zekhood

He begins the narrative at the Cradle of Civilization, where he turns back the world-historical baby blankets to reveal a monstrous, Satanic infant Leviathan. As we find

the Creature in ancient Sumer, its apparatus of hierarchy and domination is already fully developed in the brutal class system. The "Lugal," the paradigmatic Boss, and his staff of "Ensis" or underbosses, look to foreign captives to do their work. These captives are "the first zeks," who are "the workers, proletarians, full-time laborers." Quickly, though, the general populace is reduced to the same miserable status of zekhood, which is to be the ultimate fate of humanity in general.

The ideology of domination follows immediately. "The Lugal claims that his power comes to him from the violent spirit who lodges in the Ziggurat or artificial mountain. This sprawling man-made phallus shape is the real head of the Leviathan." The entire universe is reconceived as a Leviathan ruled by a psychotic, power-mad Boss. God the Father is born. Monistic metaphysics arises out of the monistic monopoly of power.

The Dragon of dance, joy, celebration, and the affirmation of community and nature. The Dragon of Otherness, the very antithesis of the Western Dragon of Power and Domination. Fredy Perlman is the Anti-Dragon of Brno.

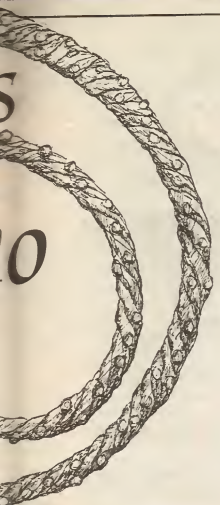
The businessman, the man who reduces all being, including his own, to economic value, also emerges in Sumer. This is "a human being whose living humanity has been thoroughly evacuated." As Fredy Perlman's story shows, the term "Belly of the Beast" is a far from pejorative term for such a being. It is an appropriate term for the natural environment that breeds him, and to which he is perfectly adapted. This business-being is indeed a kind of digestive bacterium for the Monster. He breaks down the living protoplasm of culture, soul and spirit into inorganic matter to be metabolized by the deathly body of the Beast. He is one "who thrives in, and on, the Leviathan's material entrails. People reduced to things are among the objects in the beast's entrails and obviously fair game to this hunter for prof-

its." The social and psychological cement that holds the entire Leviathanic edifice together is patriarchy. Leviathan is in a sense only the male ego and male aggressiveness expanded into a vast social or rather a-social system. "When we speak of real History, of History proper, we mean His-story." It is an exclusively masculine affair. If women make their appearance in it, they do so wearing armor and wielding a phallus shape. Such women are masculine." It is only in our own time that we can clearly see what such a "States-Woman" could possibly be. The most highly-developed specimen thus far was Mad Maggie Thatcher, the Iron Lady, a Phallic Mother if there ever was one.

For a more perfect example we must wait for a Woman of Steel, the deadly Stalinism of the future. Fredy Perlman points out the many aggressive, masculine images that pervade the dominant culture

over the ages. "The whole affair revolves around phallus shapes: the spear, the arrow, the Ziggurat, the Obelisk, the dagger, and of course later the bullet and the missile." This imagery is perhaps obvious, but worth remembering, as is the fact that these images are all phantom forms of the phallic ego, the ultimate lethal, annihilating missile directed at everything in the world that still lives.

Fredy Perlman shows us that Leviathan's long His-story is the story of the denaturing, objectifying and mechanizing of all of reality. "As the generations pass, the individuals within the cadaver's artificial entrails, the Ensi as well as the zek, the operators of the great Worm's segments, become increasingly like the springs and wheels they operate, so much so that



s Leviathan

sometime later they will appear as nothing but springs and wheels."

The reduction of the universe to dead matter is not, as many believe, a product of the Enlightenment and the Newtonian world-view. The process is implicit in the His-story of Leviathan from the beginning. The Worm and the Octopus both eat away at the organic community and turn all to dead matter. The living world is slowly disenchanted or murdered symbolically, and then, to an increasing degree, it is literally killed. At the same time, dead objects are fetishized, given power as if they were animate beings.

Fredy Perlman is among the few who have understood the role played in this process by politics of monotheism. Akhenaten he says "was the first revolutionary totalitarian," who established monotheism, but "did not have to invent what had been the common practice of his Ziggurat-raising neighbors for more than fifty generations." Monotheism is the mortal enemy of the Spirit. It is at the core not only of every imperialistic religion, but also of every dogmatism and sectarianism, including dogmatic sectarian anarchism. It is even at the core of dogmatic, imperious atheism (most brilliantly shown by Flannery O'Connor, through Haze) Motes, the fanatically monotheistic atheist anti-hero in *Wise Blood*).

Ironically, the remnant of latter-day revolutionaries still fight the good monotheistic fight against the monotheism of the Monster. Yet the Octopus has already mutated monotheism into polymorphous idol-worship. And the authoritarians long ago perfected monotheism, so the world is not interested in a new improved leftist, revolutionary or quasi-anarchistic version. The only alternative is to break with both orthodox monotheism and reactive crypto-monotheism. To affirm polytheistic Nature, the Household of many spirits, the Tao of many taos, the sacred Unity of diverse modes of sacred being.

Fredy Perlman traces the spiritual conflict between these alternative paths. It begins when Moses proclaims "Leviathan's declaration of war against all life": that Man should "have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon

the earth." Some want to find an idea of "stewardship" in this dominion, a concept that itself reflects delusions of human self-importance and control of nature more than it does human humility and forbearance. Rather, "dominion" expresses the imperialistic will of the Satanic God of Power who wars with Divine Love and Divine Wisdom (which are sometimes called "Satanic") between the lines in the Bible and other ancient texts that record this battle for the human Spirit. Perlman, like Blake, is one of the few eye-witnesses reporters on that war, though we have all lived His-story on its front lines.

While Moses speaks for the Satanic God of Power, Hesiod, having a memory of primal justice, denounces the "Monster Divine." He laments a fateful decline of humanity that will continue until a "race of iron" prevails for whom "might shall be their right," so that in the end "one man will sack another's city" and "men will praise the evil doer and his violent dealing." Fredy Perlman sees in Hesiod's ideas the beginnings of the critique of domination. He also sees that the great spiritual teachers of two and a half millennia ago were engaged in an archaic, anarchic critique of destructive power that was far more powerful than today's superficial radical "agendas."

Not only Lao Tzu, but also Zarathustra and Gautama taught a Way of peace, non-domination and compassion in opposition to the devastating path of Leviathan. Ideals of the "Golden Age," "Eden," and the "Reign of the Yellow Emperor" (that is, the Earth itself) all judged Leviathan harshly in contrast to the memory of Primitive Anarchy.

Later, Fredy Perlman points out, the anarchic critique continued as a certain "Joshua" spread the radical message that "the Kingdom of God is within you," rather than in the will of the Monster. The liberating visions of all these dissidents were turned into hierarchical religions by kings and priests, and reduced to fundamentalisms by partisans of the authoritarian ego. Finally, these visions are ignorantly attacked by fanatical leftist sectarians as if they were nothing more than these travestied versions.

Spark of Life in Their Eyes

The quest for liberation did not, of course, die out, and it often reached new heights. In a much later age, the Movement of the Free Spirit spread over Bohemia and Moravia itself. Western history saw one of those rare periods in which the Spirit was willing, and the Flesh was too. Moravia became for a moment the spiritual center of the universe. Jan of Brno then revealed that "private property is the original sin."

Needless to say, the partisans of the Free Spirit were slaughtered in a brutal reaction, but a few survived, and quietly whispered their Secret to other enemies of Leviathan who were identified by the spark of life in their eyes. The Secret was transmitted from generation to generation in Brno, until Fredy Perlman would finally bring it to the New World. To Detroit, "the Strait," symbolizing the long and narrow channel through which the truth must pass between the great sea of the primordial community and the vast Ocean of the Spirit lying in the future.

This battle against Leviathan continues, though the Creature has transformed itself radically over the ages. The crucial mutation of the Beast began in ancient times, though its consequences are just now beginning to become evident. "The Phoenician Octopus and its later Greek, Venetian and other offspring will come to be seen as something altogether different from the Assyrian Worm." The Cold War thus began several thousand years ago in this separation of Leviathan into two incompatible

forms. "There is no doubt that the two Leviathans differ. The artificial Worm's claws and fangs, its armies, are usually attached to the body, whereas the tentacles of the artificial Octopus detach themselves from the body and can be said to move about freely."

It is inevitable that mortal combat will eventually break out between the Worm, the heavy-handed and heavily-armed State, and the Octopus, the supple, stealthily-moving Capital. "Both live off the surplus product of zeks' labor. But the Worm uses most of its surplus to enlarge its head and body, its officials and armies, whereas the Octopus keeps most of its surplus continually circulating between sources and destinations." The State builds up a cumbersome vertical structure, a heavy, and finally unsupportable, external skeleton. Capital spreads out horizontally, like the tentacles of the Octopus, or a vast spider's web.

Better yet, we might call it a *rhizome*. In traditional battles between the two Monsters, "the one tends to have greater wealth, the other greater power." But in the end, the triumphant Octopus has more wealth and also a much more subtle and effective form of power. Its tentacles extend ever further outward, first reaching each point in physical space and then invading every corner of the psychological and imaginary realms. The Octopus tames the Worms and transforms them one by one into additional tentacles. This is the New World Order.

Yet the Worm is not dead. The secret of nationalism is in the human tendency to revert to archaic mass-identifications. Out of the destruction of communal freedom came the authoritarian membership society, the breeding-ground of the Worm Leviathan. This grotesque social formation has been largely eroded by the Octopus Leviathan, but it remains a powerful atavistic psychological force. "Under the banner of the big lie, people whose free communities are repressed beyond retrieval nevertheless retrieve lost communities, lost kinship and lost freedom, but only during the instant when they slaughter imagined enemies of all they lost."

Beneath the exterior capitalist rational-

quest, its relentless globalization, is founded on its monistic view of reality. The Monster is driven toward the annihilation of the Other. "The monism is self-confirming. Everything is artifice, and whatever is not will soon be artifice. There is nothing outside but raw materials ready and waiting to be processed and transformed into Leviathanic excrement, the substance of the universe."

Some raw materials resist the transformation more than others, but none can withstand the inexorable March of Progress. What needs to be added is that the monism becomes more and more disguised in the pluralism of its manifestations. If the ecological world view finds in free nature a non-dominating, self-realizing unity-in-diversity, the Leviathanic world of domination increasingly appears as an oppressive, destructive unity-in-diversity. The unity is in the Monster, the diversity in its infinite number of tentacles, which cover everything, intertwine, form the ultimate Gordian knot, and dominate our view of reality.

On The Side of Machines

And where do we human beings and what is left of our human community fit into the End of History? Fredy Perlman's diagnosis for our own age sounds at first rather dismal. History seems to become a Night of the Living Dead, with the hapless humans cowering before the advancing lifeless Creatures. Progress, he notes, always works on behalf of destruction, for the segments of the Worm, the tentacles of the Octopus "being dead things, may corrode" but "they never die." Moreover, as the monster destroys the social fabric, the "human communities, once dead, stay dead." In short, "death is always on the side of the machines."

Yet, we should not despair, for the segments *do* corrode, and the spirit that regenerates community does not die. The good news is that the entire Monster is beginning to destroy itself, and there is hope for a new beginning, for regeneration. Even the

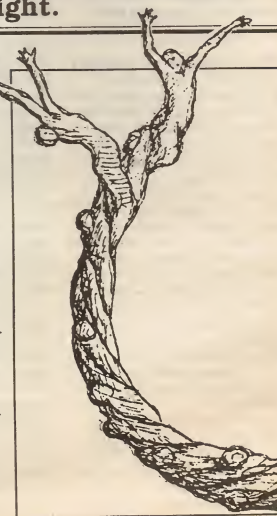
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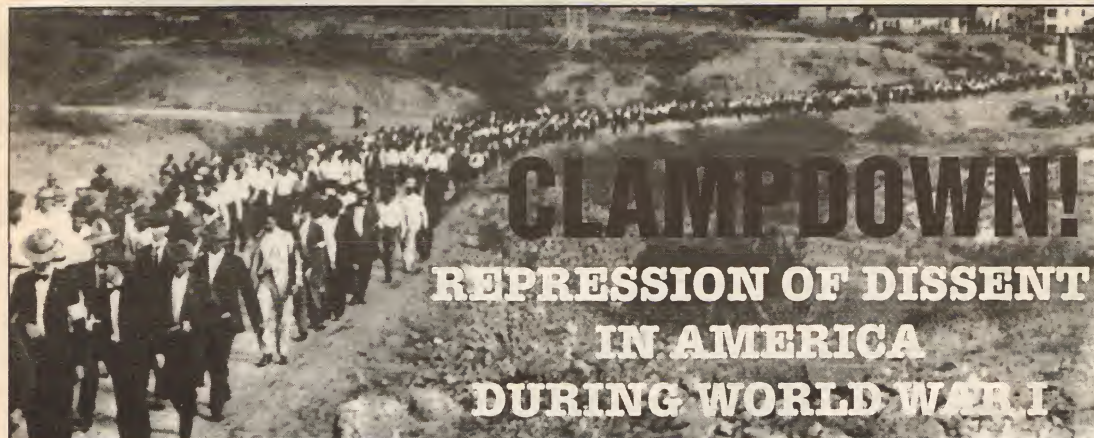
Now, the human Spirit hides in remote corners of the psychogeographical map, waiting for the latter-day Monster to collapse under its own weight.

ity of post-modernity seethes the psychotic, fascistic rage for egoistic, sadomasochistic identification. The mass-man only feels good when he consumes, but haunted by Otherness, he only feels *really* good when he kills.

The final stage of His-story is globalization by the Octopus Leviathan, as the Europeans "carry the Beast to the world's last places of refuge." The End of History is near. Not Mr. Fukuyama's triumph of sham democracy, but rather the victory of the Plutocracy, of the Octopus-ocracy, of the last Leviathan. The European brain, the mind of the Monster, is fully absorbed into the Machine. Europeans (and this increasingly means everyone, as the global monoculture develops) "are zeks, administrative zeks and menial zeks, children and grandchildren of zeks." But "the last Leviathan's zeks are not conscripts but volunteers." Those who do not go voluntarily into a madhouse go voluntarily into a workhouse. It's important to add, though, that they hate the work, even though they've forgotten how to play. The Machine knows how to *amuse* the inmates just enough to keep them and itself running.

Leviathan's process of universal con-





Armed vigilantes "cleanse" the town of Bisbee, Arizona, by rounding up striking copper miners in July 1917 and shipping them off into the desert.

by Rob Blanton

The confluence of circumstances that creates openings for profound social transformation in America are few. Research reveals a pattern of repressive behavior by power structures in the United States when these rare historical opportunities for change occur. Extreme personalities such as J. Edgar Hoover become convenient scapegoats for the excesses of American political policing. In fact, the "reaction" of an organization like the FBI is more of an institutional knee-jerk dutifully carried out by a structure's current billet-holders, combined with the more-or-less significant influences of historical personages.

The rise of America's modern political police took off during the most repressive period in the state's history, during and immediately after U.S. involvement in World War I. Coming as it did during a time of "progressive" changes, labor activism, and social turbulence, the war was seen by government men like young Hoover as an opportunity to smash domestic dissent under the pretense of thwarting fifth columnists sympathetic to the enemy.

In 1888, eighteen-year-old Alexander Berkman arrived in America when forced to flee imperial Russia after coming to the attention of tsarist authorities for his revolutionary activities. Three decades later, during the First World War, he was tried by the United States government for "conspiracy to induce persons not to register [for the draft]." During the most virulent attack on free expression in American history, it was a "foreigner" who passionately defended the right of dissent, during his closing arguments to a jury of U.S. citizens:

"We may be wrong. Maybe anarchism is all wrong. Maybe our ideas are all wrong. But I claim even the right of being wrong. I may express any opinion . . . I believe free discussion and free speech should not be limited under any consideration. It is a dangerous thing to do. It is the murder of liberty."

Unswayed, the jury found Berkman guilty. He served two years in federal prison, and was then deported to Russia. (By 1921, his criticisms of the emerging Soviet regime necessitated a second exit from his native land. He would finish his life a stateless exile.)

When the U.S. fought the "War to End All Wars" in Europe, wartime hysteria became the cover for a sweeping attack against internal opposition

What occurred during this era that caused the Bill of Rights—which spokespeople of all the dominant institutions in American life never tire of invoking as a core value of this society—to be trampled into the dirt?

Conscription

In March 1917, Woodrow Wilson mounted the Capitol building steps to be re-inaugurated U.S. President after successfully campaigning as the man who "kept us out of war" because Americans were "too proud to fight." Less than one month later, he again climbed these steps, now to exhort a joint session of Congress for U.S. entry into history's largest conflagration to date. After this April declaration of war, the American state implemented legal restrictions on anti-militarist and anti-government speech that were gradually codified by legislative acts, presidential fiat, judicial decisions, and administratively by executive bureaus such as the U.S. Post Office and the Department of Justice.

Mobilization for war required conscription. President Wilson had asked for a million-man army, but six weeks later, only 73,000 enlistees had stepped forward. By May, realizing that volunteerism would not do the trick, Congress had ordered all men aged 21-30 to register with the government in preparation for a military draft. Only once before in the U.S., during years of civil war, had it been necessary to force Americans into military service. To many immigrants (and native-born Americans), this was a reminder of life in the European states to which the United States was intended to be an alternative.

Popular feeling in 1917 America against the war and conscription was significant. The Socialists—already a viable party and explicitly antiwar—actually increased in strength during 1917. In spite of federal government propagandizing on a scale unprecedented in U.S. history orchestrated by the Committee on Public Information (CPI), Socialists made considerable gains in that year's municipal elections. The Socialist Party (SP) candidate for mayor of New York polled 22 percent of the vote, five times what SP candidates

normally received. Ten Socialists were elected to the New York state legislature. In Chicago, the party vote went from 3.6 percent in 1915 to 34.7 percent in 1917; in Buffalo, the percentage increased from 2.6 to 30.2. Socialists ran up 44 percent of the vote in Dayton, Ohio, and elected a mayor.

Antiwar meetings that summer in Minnesota drew tens of thousands of farmers. *The Plymouth Review*, from Wisconsin, exclaimed, "Thousands assemble to hear Socialist speakers in places where ordinarily a few hundred are considered large assemblies." *The Akron Beacon-Journal*, a conservative daily, reported that "scarcely a political observer . . . but what will admit that were an election to come now a mighty tide of socialism would inundate the Middle West." It added the country had "never embarked upon a more unpopular war."

Wobblies

The internationalist and vehemently anti-militarist Industrial Workers of the World (IWW) was a union movement in eclipse in the East by 1917, but on the rise among loggers and miners out West. The IWW was a significant social force in Washington, Oregon, Northern California, Idaho, Montana, Colorado, Utah, New Mexico, Arizona, Kansas, and Nebraska. Melvyn Dubofsky, a historian of the IWW, observed, "In the summer of 1917, from the Douglas fir forests of Puget Sound to the 'richest hill on earth' at Butte, from the isolated mining towns of Arizona to the golden wheatfields of the Midwest, the IWW threatened the nation's war-making capacity."

Opposition groundswells with wide social roots worried government officials, and they responded. The CPI, headed by veteran newspaperman George Creel, hired 75,000 "Four-Minute-Men" who from May through December 1917 delivered speeches nationwide of the self-described length, anywhere large gatherings could be found. The topics varied each day, and the contents were scripted in Washington. It has been calculated that over one million speeches were given to an aggregate audience of 400,000,000 people in this seven month blitz, reaching every

American community.

Congress intended to destroy social and political resistance to national war policy. In May 1917, it amended the old Espionage Act to make a felony, punishable by twenty years in prison, "when the United States is at war, [to] willfully utter, print, write or publish any disloyal, profane, scurrilous, or abusive language about the form of government of the United States, or the Constitution of the United States, or the military or naval forces of the United States, or the flag of the United States, or the uniform of the army or navy of the United States, or any language intended to bring [the above] into contempt, scorn, contumely or disrepute."

Repression

For war opponents who could not be convinced by propaganda and continued speaking out against mobilization, a machinery of suppression was devised. As Senator Kenneth McKellar of Tennessee put it, "If we cannot reason with men to be loyal, it is high time we forced them to be loyal." In June 1917, a far more restrictive version of the Espionage Act was passed by Congress and signed into law by Wilson. Though its name makes this act sound like an anti-spying measure, its real target was dissenting speech among the domestic population. Expressing antiwar opinions became a crime. Some 2,000 people, usually key activists from effective social movements in various parts of the country, were prosecuted for Espionage Act violations, and 45 percent of these cases ended in conviction.

The act was sold to the public as protection from espionage, but not one person was convicted of spying during this period. At least 30 political dissidents, however, received twenty-year sentences, and 70 were sent up for ten years. In contrast, the hated sedition prosecutions by British authorities in Colonial America yielded no sentence longer than four years; the maximum term handed out under the Alien and Sedition Acts of 1797 was eighteen months. Some, nevertheless, found the punishment too lenient. New Mexico Congressman W.B. Walton complained, "Twenty years! Twenty years in the penitentiary for men who should be shot within twenty-four hours after their crime is discovered."

Further addenda to the Espionage Act

were required in 1918 as intolerance of dissent accelerated, and this amended version was commonly known as the Sedition Act. In addition to existing restrictions, the Sedition Act added penalties for "disloyal advice" regarding the purchase of U.S. bonds, saying or printing anything "disloyal...scurrilous, or abusive" about the government, or advocating "any curtailment of production" of goods necessary to the "prosecution of the war." This last provision was directed at militant labor organizations, especially IWW members. Outlawing even discussion of strikes, it revealed class war motives behind the free speech abridgment. The Sedition Act was not repealed until three years after the armistice, and the original Espionage Act stayed on the books to be used again during World War II. It has never been overturned or repealed, so it remains law today.

Bureaus Of Investigation

Administrative measures enhanced legislative statutes. In August 1917, the Postmaster General used his new authority under the Espionage Act to ban a leftist magazine, *The Masses*, from having second class mailing privileges, making distribution impossible. *The Masses* appealed, but a local judicial injunction blocking the Post Office action was overturned by the regional federal court. After that, the Postmaster had a free hand in refusing to mail any publication he deemed unpatriotic. Over 100 dissident newspapers were thus censored. [This did not end with the European armistice. In 1919, the Attorney General's office raided the Seattle *Record* during a general strike in that city, and suppressed it. Thirteen months after the guns went silent in France, the *New York Call* was still barred from the U.S. mail.]

Muscle necessary to enforce expanding restrictions on free expression came from an obscure Justice Department desk, the Bureau of Investigation (BoI), which prior to the war had primarily handled violations of federal morality laws, such as the Mann Act. Staffed by 300 agents in April 1917, the BoI saw as opportunity to use the conflict as a

cover for systematic suppression of "reds." This big-ten epithet included union militants, pacifists, socialists, communists, anarchists, and especially the anarcho-syndicalist IWW. The SP and the wobblies were significant social movements in entire regions of the country, and the small federal bureau would need help. They took on as auxiliaries the era's most prominent right-wing vigilante organization, the American Protective League (APL). Under government sanction, APL membership grew to 250,000, in chapters spread across the country. For a dollar, members received a badge that read, "Auxiliary to the U.S. Department of Justice."

The nerve center in Washington of this growing political police apparatus was the bureau's General Intelligence

Division (GID), headed by the BoI's assistant director, an ambitious 24-year-old Justice Department lawyer, who was none other than J. Edgar Hoover.

He established centralized federal direction of national "counterintelligence," as practitioners called political suppression, and set up field offices in major cities where his agents could exchange information and coordinate their activities with regional police and APL chapters. Intelligence provided on local dissidents was indexed, which facilitated federal government and police-vigilante suppression of political "undesirables."

Prominent Socialist leaders were jailed, and legally-elected party representatives were denied their legislative seats. The IWW was ruthlessly destroyed with a blend of overt physical attacks on individuals, offices, and meeting places, and widespread judicial

railroading of effective activists into the nearest penitentiary. [Hoover would employ similar methodology against the Black Panther movement in the 1960s.]

Copper

Private business interests, while they stridently called for federal suppression of the IWW, did not idly await federal response to their entreaties. The ground underneath Arizona produced a full 28 percent of the nation's total copper supply, critical for manufacture of munitions and communication wire. Mine conditions were abysmal, and militant wobblies found wide support among miners in 1917 for immediate walkouts. The area around Bisbee, Arizona, in particular, was a IWW stronghold, and copper production there virtually



Soldiers participate in a "slacker raid," part of the nationwide mass detentions of draft-age men, 1917.

ceased. Furious mine owners and local law enforcement agencies used wartime hysteria as a tool to deputize 2,000 local men to function as official strikebreakers. They unleashed their striker-cleansing ambush one July dawn, as armed posses roused IWWs and their supporters out of their homes at gunpoint, and marched over 1,200 "subversives" out of town, where an engine pulling boxcars had been conveniently provided by the El Paso and Southwestern Railroad. (A wobbly named James Brew, who had been forced to leave Colorado for his union activities, shot dead the first armed vigilante to enter his bedroom that morning; he in turn was immediately gunned down by others in the mob.)

The men were then loaded aboard the train, hauled into the scorching desert, and left stranded near Columbus, New Mexico, unable to return to their families and livelihood in Bisbee for fear of assassination by the armed deputies that now ruled approaches to the town. The U.S. Army then "rescued" the stranded miners by detaining the men indefinitely in a makeshift desert camp for two months. (The net had been wide: a meticulous Army count revealed over 400 Wobblies, 350 members of the reformist American Federation of Labor (AFL), and 360 non-union men. In addition, there were several sympathetic small business owners, and even a Bisbee lawyer.)

The IWW wanted nothing less than to revolve power from one social class to another, and had made progress—particularly among recent immigrants—in organizing laborers of various skills into "one big union." Their working class perspective opposed capitalist class hegemony over the wealth of the world. Once enough workers joined the Big Union, their theory went, a general strike would shift power from the ruling capitalists to workers' committees on the shop floors of all industrial production. Such views made Wobblies enemies of the state, despised with equal fury by "conservatives," "liberals," and reformist unions. Like the conscientious objectors (C.O.s), these incorrigibles

had to go.

Espionage Act prisoners were sent to federal penitentiaries, especially Leavenworth in Kansas, where conditions were appalling. Due to overcrowding, wormy food, and poor sanitation, the cell blocks were incubators for disease. Beatings were routine; men sent to solitary slept on bare concrete floors in damp, pitch-black cells; medical care was denied the sick. Fourteen "politicals" died while incarcerated, several due to deliberate neglect by prison authorities of their health problems, including prominent Mexican anarchist Ricardo Flores Magon. [See sidebar.]

The press and Western business elites, by denying accusations of atrocious workplace conditions and labeling anything that hampered mobilization as treasonous and pro-German, were able to whip up public frenzy to support their suppression of the Wobblies. Dubofsky notes:

"This mass wartime hysteria primed the employers' counterattack against the IWW... Western employers used the rhetoric of patriotism to thwart the IWW menace to their wartime profits. Which ever the Western state involved, employers used similar tactics in stymieing the IWW's labor offensive. Pledging their wholehearted cooperation in the nation's moment of need, businessmen offered to do anything feasible to serve their country—except bargaining with or making concessions to traitors. In return for their loyalty, businessmen expected local, state, and federal authorities to repress the IWW."

Strikes against unsafe and exploitative conditions in mining, lumber, and agriculture affected the war effort, though this was not the motivation for the striking workers or IWW organizers, despite the rhetoric of the bosses.

Knowing they did not have the nationwide economic clout to seriously challenge mobilization, wobbly leadership decided to tone down soapboxing and instead to intensely organize industrial workers, as labor shortages forced employers to hire men who carried the IWW's red membership card. Western industrial reality made strike militancy among organizers effective, but this was not matched in other locales. Hence, on the waterfronts of Philadelphia, aboard the freighters of the Great Lakes, and in the sprawling munitions works of Du Pont—all which had active IWW locals, and would have been prime targets for any deliberate countermobilization campaign—no walkouts took place because pay and conditions were better than those of migratory workers in the West.

Torture

War fever also condemned many pacifists to imprisonment, abuse, and in some cases, death. About 65,000 men claimed C.O. status, both for religious and political reasons; of these, 20,000, despite legitimate claims recognized by their draft boards were inducted into the military and sent to various army installations. Refusing to train for war, they were not court-martialed, but instead were kept on military posts where they were harassed on the orders of base officers, jeered at, and occasionally attacked by troops preparing for battle. This army effort intended to "break" them was largely successful: 16,000 C.O.'s undergoing such treatment changed their minds and accepted combat duty, deciding their consciences

Execution Of An Anarchist



Ricardo and Enrique Flores Magon were Mexican anarchists who participated in several insurrections in Northwestern Mexico's Baja California region between 1906 and 1911, including a major 1910-1911 uprising that lasted for months. (American military aid to the Mexican government greatly assisted suppression of "Magonist" rebels.) The brothers fled to the U.S., where they were constantly harassed by the Yanqui government. Ricardo did an eighteen-month stretch in Arizona in 1908-1910 for alleged violation of neutrality laws, and he was impris-

oned for the same offense from 1912 to 1914.

When war hysteria gripped the U.S. in 1917-1918, the brothers were rounded up yet again. Both were convicted under the Espionage Act and given twenty year sentences. Ricardo eventually landed in Leavenworth, Kansas, where his health quickly collapsed in this disease-ridden federal penitentiary. From his cold, damp cell, Flores Magon requested medical attention and wrote his lawyer and friends, detailing his physical distress, but prison officials deliberately refused the anarchist admittance to the infirmary.

Ricardo died in Kansas in late November, 1922, at the age of 48. Leavenworth's physician—who had repeatedly denied the visibly deteriorating Flores Magon's request for hospitalization and once referred to Ricardo as a "cunning Mexican" in an official medical report—blamed heart failure for the death.

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CLAMP-DOWN!

Continued from page 20

could take war after all.

Conditions of detainment for thousands of remaining political prisoners was atrocious. Severe mistreatment was routine: C.O.s were beaten, firehosed in their cells and left to sleep on wet straw bedding, and subjected to mock executions. They were also thrown into solitary confinement "holes" that were dark and germ-infested. Some were driven insane, and at least seventeen died while in government custody. Like the politicals, these men were basically executed by being thrown into dungeons, tortured, and left to die when they got sick.

In early 1918, Wilson decreed that suitable non-combatant duty for C.O.s be made available, and about 2,600 men accepted such work. The remainder held out, including over 400 who were dubbed "absolutists" because they refused all military discipline, and would not even answer a roll call. They were handled brutally; many spent months on bread and water diets, shackled to their cell doors nine hours each day for refusing to fall out for duty when other soldiers were put to work.

The same month of Wilson's C.O. policy reform, his Secretary of War issued an order to post commanders that, "any man classed as conscientious objector on account of religious belief or personal scruples, (a) whose attitude in camp is sullen and defiant, (b) whose sincerity is questioned, (c) who is active in propaganda, should be promptly brought to trial by court-martial." Thus, the presidential carrot was quietly backed up by the administrative stick.

In addition to helping the Bol break up radical organizations, the APL assisted in draft enforcement. Though without legal authority to make arrests, APL chapters used conscription laws to harass and detain anyone they felt disloyal, ostensibly to check their draft status. With the Attorney General's approval, APL posers throughout the country conducted what were called "slacker raids," intended to round up young men who had evaded conscription. Often directed by government agents, APL volunteers invaded movie theaters, workplaces, union halls, and

private homes looking for draft-dodgers. The APL "arrested" over 40,000 people during 1917-18. After a 1918 raid, the U.S. marshal for New York, Thomas McCarthy, impounded an APL man's badge and released his 85 detainees on the grounds that a private citizen could not arrest draft evaders. In response, Bol Director George Wickersham denounced McCarthy and spoke out in support of APL activities.

1919

The November 1918 cease-fire in France did not result in the easing of America's political repression. Rather, the worldwide social turbulence of 1919—which, like 1968, was a year of international social and political upheaval—frightened ruling elites. In Russia, revolution had been followed by civil war, and American doughboys were fighting Bolsheviks as part of a British-led foreign intervention in the conflict. Revolution threatened in Germany. Britain was rocked by a wave of walkouts culminating in a general strike.

At home, reformist labor unions, often sponsored by the U.S. government during wartime as a preferred alternative to the IWW, had gained millions of members and now flexed this strength. One out of every five employees walked off the job at some point in 1919, making it the most work-interrupted year in American history. 3,600 strikes involving four million workers swept the country, and repressive-minded state managers in the U.S. turned up the heat. The Red Scare of 1919-1920 was a direct response to not only radical organizations, but also to the foothold gained by reformist unions.

Also that year, a small affinity group of immigrant Italian anarchists in Massachusetts sent mail-bombs to judges and government officials involved in political repression. In June their campaign reached right into the presidential cabinet. An explosion destroyed part of Attorney General Robert Palmer's fashionable Washington, D.C. townhouse. He was left unhurt in his study, but the young anarchist who lit the fuse blew himself to pieces. Though Palmer knew from his informants that the bombs were the work of an isolated sect, rooted in the East Coast Italian anarchist milieu, he promoted a wave of hysteria in the press about an imminent Bolshevik-style coup d'état. The thoroughly frightened public docilely accepted Palmer's winter anti-immigrant raids of 1919-20, whose purported rationale was to thwart this great conspiracy. Continued suppression of radicals by APL mobs and the newly formed American Legion also kept up the pressure on political dissent. Not until the summer of 1920 would the surge of repression slowly begin to ebb.

Security States

The stick is merely the carrot by other means. Recalcitrant subjects who could not be persuaded to accept the government line simply required sterner measures to silence their opposition. The CPI-published *War Cyclopaedia* had under its "Freedom of the Press" entry: "Congress may establish a censorship of the press in war time if circumstances render such a measure 'necessary and proper'." Also, of course, Congress may penalize publications which are calculated to stir up sedition, to obstruct the carrying out of the laws, or to 'give aid and comfort to the enemy' (which is treason)." The loyal citizenry were thus instructed to reinterpret the First Amendment according to the Espionage Act and the state propaganda agency; those who disagreed were seditious and treasonous, grave crimes which necessarily required suppression.

In a society as politicized as America was in 1917, with strong socially-rooted countermovements to the dominant capitalist class, mass resistance to the draft during an unpopular war was a potential problem. The most intrusive action by a country into the daily lives of its citizenry is conscription, the physical removal of men from their homes and families into direct indentured servitude. Genuine antiwar social movements in the Midwestern grain belt, the Southwest, and the Northwest made national circulation of anti-conscription literature much more significant than would have been the case without organic grassroots resistance. This is the difference between a political grouplet of isolated individuals, which is no real threat to the status quo, and a social movement with broad, deep roots in local communities. The latter is a much greater challenge to business as usual, and will cause a "necessary" institutional response if it grows too oppositional in character to the dominant paradigm.

Lawmakers revealed their class interests. Senator Lee Overman of North Carolina feared that without the Espionage Act, "papers" would be "circulated all through the South urging Negroes to rise up against white people." Congressman Albert Johnson, from the state of Washington, complained on the House floor about the effectiveness of prewar IWW organizing in his state's timber industry. He noted that "all of the lumber manufacturers" were sending telegrams requesting federal suppression of the wobbly movement. Johnson supported the Espionage Act as a way to eliminate "nonloyal agitators" and "out-law leaders" of the IWW. Another congressman, William Green of Iowa, agreed, stating, "for the extermination

of these pernicious vermin [i.e., IWW members] no measures can be too severe." The Bol clampdown on dissident organizations, rather than getting out of control or being Hoover's private war, was exactly what elites desired.

A fundamental change in American political policing took place during the war years. Hoover's General Intelligence Division was the embryo of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. By the mid-1920s, the Bol had been redesignated the FBI, and Hoover was its director. The GID had by then compiled an index of 450,000 names, the beginnings of the Bureau's diligently updated database of today. Thus the FBI's secret wars against dissent, especially the infamous Counterintelligence Program (COINTELPRO) of the 1950s through the 1970s, trace their tactics and lineage back to the establishment of regional field offices in 1918. Coordinating intelligence with local law enforcement, using right-wing vigilante proxies, and infiltrating agent-provocateurs to carry out dirty tricks were standard Bureau procedure in African-American ghettos during the 1960s, and on South Dakota Indian reservations the following decade, with similar success. The FBI cut its repressive teeth on the IWW.

When civil liberties pose a threat to plans of the United States government, it continues efforts to limit them. A short list of such abuses would include FBI COINTELPROs in the 1950s directed against the Puerto Rican independence movement and the Communist Party, infiltration and destruction by federal agents and local police "red squads" in the 1960s and 1970s of radical and liberal groups resisting the Vietnam War, FBI-directed counter-insurgency on the Pine Ridge Indian reservation in the mid-1970s, burglaries and assorted "dirty tricks" directed at Christian and political organizations working against U.S. policy in Central America in the 1980s, and the introduction of agent-provocateurs into the growing Earth First! radical environmental movement rooted in the Northwest and Southwest in the late 1980s and early 1990s.

The FBI continues COINTELPRO operations up to the current day, sans the discredited code name. President Clinton's "best and brightest" appointee, Director Louis Freeh, acted as FBI directors always do when he seized the moment after the Oklahoma City bombing to pitch for expanded Bureau counterintelligence capabilities. The early part of this century was an era of less subtle forms of control that are not politically feasible now, yet these synapses for today's diffuse and weblike net of counterintelligence capabilities were first triggered in 1917. ---



Peter Green, an extremely effective IWW organizer in the Pacific Northwest lumber strikes of 1917, was sentenced to ten years in Leavenworth at the big Chicago wobbly trial of 1918.



Edward Johnson, a Wisconsin farmer and religious C.O., began a one-year stretch in Leavenworth but went insane and was committed to an asylum. It is unknown if he was ever released.



South Dakota farmer and socialist Orville Anderson received a four-year sentence for calling the president a "murderer in the first degree," Anderson was again detained by the U.S. government during WWII.



Frank Little was an uncompromising foe of conscription and a tireless organizer among Montana's copper miners. In 1917, he was murdered in Butte by an anti-union lynch mob.

Passionate Mudplay:

Piercing the Membrane of the Mundane

by Sunfrog

Every day for a week I peruse the crumpled quarter-page announcement I've been carrying around in my wallet. "MUDPEOPLE: 10th Anniversary. . . We supply mud. Wear as little as possible. Bring drinks, food, towels, friends, wildness. Finally, the day is here.

Running late for an appointment with my tribe of scantily-clad, earth-painted comrades I miss one bus and panic like any work-obsessed out-of-breath commuter. After I board the orange and white metal behemoth, I nervously alternate between checking the time, watching the street signs and aimlessly glancing at a word or phrase in the anti-novel I had slipped into my backpack.

Finally, I'm in downtown San Francisco, bus frozen in heavy traffic. I'm better off walking it. I frantically float through hordes of lunch-hour pedestrians, extending my psychic antennae for the precise location of my quasi-tribal clan.

Maybe they've already commenced their feral parade which is entirely plausible as my timepiece tells me I'm tardy. My brain remains clouded by civilized notions of time, and I'm convinced I'll be condemned to wander the streets in search of wildness for the next several hours still clothed and feeling lost.

I walk/run until Market Street ends and the Bay and its bridge are clearly in sight. I turn left and begin to shuffle through an expansive pavilion crowded by semi-relaxed lunch-break office plebes. I'm up conformity's creek without a map, alone in a crowded business district without co-conspirators for disrupting business-as-usual.

Humming and Chanting

The cool, cloudy weather I awoke to has dispersed. It is a beautiful, sunny summer California day. Perfect Mudpeople day I tell myself, but where are my mudpeople? Then I see them: a crowd of bemused and befuddled spectators surrounding a circle of humming and chanting mudpeople.

I immediately discard my satchel and hurriedly disrobe down to my flowered bikini briefs. Not another moment of convention, not another gesture of late-twentieth century regret, not another catatonian descent into discursive language or languid dreariness. This afternoon devotes itself solely to delicious lust, lush defiance and lurid dance.

For a few splendid hours the pretense of petty and polite communication and capitulation lifts its veil to reveal a gyrating gestalt of the gregarious and garish. A moral shroud has been pulled from our soft skins now covered with brown, muddy mother earth mixed with leaves and flowers and a few bright splotches of paint. I'm in the center of this sacred circle as lovely comrades emerge to help complete the ritual of muddy immersion, touching my back and legs in a baptismal blessing of natural dirty cleanliness, covering pink sissyflesh with dollops of delectable sensuous soot and scintillating scum.

Humming and moaning gives way to drumming and dancing as the mass of muddy monsters, 50 or perhaps 100 bod-



Mudpeople confront the rich, Detroit Athletic Club, 1991. —photo: Mike

ies strong, begins to slowly move. Most people crawl on all fours, more a collective surreal ooze of human lava than an actual "march." Those who failed to bring kneepads are more likely to walk upright during the course of our urban tribal tour (the non-bipedal participants, however, were sore for the next few days).

We suspend all forms of formal communication. Momentary lapses into linguistic utterance appear absurd or sophisticated and are met with a blank stare or garbled grunt in return. Two cops have been assigned to follow our freakshow through the congested financial corridor. While they appear acutely annoyed by our disruption of their working day, even these uniformed enforcers cannot restrain slips into overt amusement.

Our Dry Mud-Caked Lips

We gawk and point at curious camera-wielding observers as much as they point and gawk at us. Occasionally, ostensibly normal, decently-dressed pedestrians cross the invisible precipice into the wild sanctum of our festivity, allowing us to smear mud on their faces or offering us their food or drink to touch our dry, mud-caked lips.

We climb on anything in our path—trees, garbage cans, newspaper boxes, walk/don't walk signs. While our outrageously direct affronts to the civilized surroundings challenge convention, they remain free from arrest risk scenarios.

Only when our spontaneous but direct acts invade commercial edifices do the cops have any excuse to chase or chastise

us or inhibit our ecstatic undulations in any way. We board a stationary streetcar packed with tourists, hang from the sides and jubilantly ring the bell until a uniformed conductor asks us to exit.

At an outdoor shoe-shine station a lone mudwomyn takes a seat in an empty chair as a laughing well-dressed attendant proceeds to dust her muddy feet with a brush. We descend on an outdoor plaza where a musical duo entertains the Thank-God-It's-Friday crowd sitting in terraced pseudo-bleachers, artfully landscaped with flowers that some mudpeople eat. As soon as the mudpeople descend with discordant screams and drumbeats, the band takes a breather.

The crowd of onlookers grows as chaos erupts. We seize the show in a manic frenzy of dancing and leaping from terrace to terrace, splashing water in a fountain and banging abandoned seat-cushions on the concrete in a cacophonous ruckus.

Moving along, we discover a fascinating 12-foot metal sculpture depicting the Virgin. Rather than bow to worship the motionless Mother Mary, several mudpeople kneel to devoutly examine the sides of the statue's base which reveal intricate etchings depicting a panoply of sea creatures and wild animals. I am aroused just running my fingers along the sides of this thing.

The texture titillates me and the smile of the nearest mud person seduces me. Upon standing up, I gaze almost directly into the crotch of a womyn who is squatting atop the base of the statue. Just as I

look this way, she pulls back her mud-caked undies and unleashes the wild spray of a gushing golden shower. This spontaneous piss on a primary religious icon invites raucous cheers from a pagan congregation.

The cops just look the other way, lest they feel responsible for dealing with this liquid blasphemy.

At the temple of Ronald McDeath, mudpeople enter to take seats as one more acrobatic and animistic comrade mounts a head-stand on fast food's fornicaria altar.

Around each corner lurks an enticing surprise. Our primal eyes marvel at almost anything "modern," from a skyscraper's towering height to a normative display of civilized behavior to a newspaper on the ground to a french fry. . . .

One critique of the mudpeople which certain leftists invoke is that we perpetuate a false, albeit idyllic, stereotype of primitive peoples, perhaps even a racist one. Do mudpeople represent what some radical academics call "imperialist nostalgia?"

Gestures of Genuine Solidarity

This term refers to the empty romanticization of "primitivism" or indigenous cultures by "First World" citizens as in films like *Dances With Wolves*. While we should be wary of falling into that sentimental trap, unfortunately, the charge of "imperialist nostalgia" tends to lump all forms of "primitivism" together, whether represented by a superficial fashion statement as with "modern primitives," or ones backed up by gestures of genuine solidarity with actual peoples still maintaining "primitive" cultures.

The academy usually misses radical primitivism altogether and ends up with a neo-Marxist perspective mired in an embrace of industrial modernity. But rather than replicate some image manufactured by *National Geographic* or reduce ourselves to some art student aesthetic pillaging of archeological or anthropological data, mudpeople create an autonomous anti-discourse of internal and external wildness which hinges on its auto-critical and exaggerated mockery of the basic tenets of civilized existence.

We mock ourselves as well as the "suits," recalling our own inculcated acquiescence to the status quo in other venues of our daily lives. Mudpeople only scratch the subversive surface of the radical break required from the world-as-we-know-it. We borrow the spirit of antiquated archetypes as we carelessly and exuberantly explore our own contemporary mudpeople myth, which has become a late 20th century, counter-tradition on its own terms.

We worship the sun and the water and the ground, growling or smiling at most passersby gleefully jolted from the same-old-shit: they are temporarily enchanted and drawn in by our magic.

When people ask us to produce a message or political platform, an explanation for our exaltation does not come easily. What could be more persuasive than sheer pleasure and absurd wonder? Protest-as-usual, complete with signs and chants, demands and slogans, rarely punctures the membrane of the mundane encapsulating daily life. Unless they invoke profoundly colorful and musical tactics, demonstrations are all too often a mere uncreative mirror of the social evils we decry.

However fragile, frivolous or fleeting our mudpeople festivities are, they tempt us away from the humdrum, and taunt the voluntary misery of workaday boredom.

—San Francisco, July 1995

Defense of Prague's Ladronka Squat Continues

PRAGUE, Czech Republic—The campaign in the support of the squat Ladronka began in February 1995. At the end of May, a public meeting was arranged within the grounds of Ladronka (a former farmhouse) and was attended by 50 people. Squatters, trade officials, investors and local people from the neighborhood, all participated in the discussions.

At this meeting, the Terminal Club presented its business plans for the transformation of Ladronka into a hotel. However, the neighbors showed complete support for the squatters and refused outright the hotel project. Despite opinions of the locals and squatters, the City council representative declared that financial needs are more important.

However, the reconstruction of Ladronka as a hotel would seriously damage the historical character of the building and, moreover, would have a negative impact on the surrounding environment. The farmhouse is situated in the middle of a park, and if the hotel was constructed, it would be necessary to build roads, a parking lot and other infrastructure.

In July, the squatters organized their next protest demonstration. During the march, the 500 participants carried slogans such as "Eviction is not a solution" and "Money + profit = new jails." The demo passed through the center of Prague and culminated in a "happening" outside the Town Hall.

Throughout the summer, the squatters continued to repair the house and arranged many concerts. Friends from Poland again showed their support for the Autonomous Center by demonstrating in front of the Czech embassy in Warsaw.

A festival against the impending eviction and in celebration of two years of

НА ГОГОЛЕВСКОМ БУЛЬВАРЕ On Gogol Boulevard



The first demonstration in downtown Prague against the eviction of the Ladronka squat by business interests.

Ladronka was held Aug. 31-Sept. 8. Several hardcore and reggae bands performed as well as the theater group Teater Novogo Fronta.

Just prior to the festival, a cozy wine bar and tea room was opened in the cellar. Also, a new infoshop, for anarchist, environmental and alternative literature began. On Sept. 2, 300-500 people (including members of autonomous groups from Poland and Western Europe) again demonstrated for Ladronka and against state housing policy.

Aside from traditional banners, also

new ones appeared: "Free houses for free people," and "Houses for people, not for speculators."

In mid-September, we learned that the Terminal Club was not given sufficient funds from its foreign partner to begin reconstruction of Ladronka. After monitoring press coverage of the protests, and hearing the publicity generated by the campaign, the foreign company became reluctant to finance the project. Later, however, the company director announced to the media: "If we get enough finance, we will ask squatters once again to leave. If they

don't, they will be forcibly removed."

Work is scheduled for Spring 1996. We do not believe the situation is lost and the struggle for the Autonomous center will continue. Ladronka has much support.

It's a long, cold winter coming up, so, we would appreciate help. This community gets no grants, has no sponsors, no funds; everything is D.I.Y. The situation is still open—it's up to us and our friends at home and abroad to resist the pressure of power and money.

Contact: Ladronka, Tomanova 1, Praha 6. Mail: Autonomie, P.O. Box 223, Praha 1, 111 21, Czech Republic. Phone: 6514442, Roman Laube, 402131; Alena Vosahlova

Anarchist News From The Czech Republic

In the anarchist movement in the Czech Republic, the Anarchist Federation does not exist anymore. The majority of their activists do not consider themselves anarchists, but autonomists, ecologists, anti-culture, hardcore fans, animal rights activists or squatters. The AF magazine only appeared once in 1995.

The few remaining anarchists began publishing a new anarchist magazine in Prague. Svobodna Mysl (Free Thought) already has published three issues. On August 25-27, the first congress of the new anarchist federation was held.

The first radical 1st of May demonstration was held since 1992 which brought out 400 anarchists. At first, anarcho-syndicalists spoke about the struggle against the IMF, NATO, and the European Union. Then, the demonstration marched through Prague. On the way, punks demolished shop windows at McDonald's. There were clashes with police and people broke through the police line screaming, "On to the Bastille." Two cops and five autonomen were injured and several were arrested.

—from Summer 1995 A-S Info, Bulletin of Anarchism & Syndicalism in Eastern and Central Europe, produced by friends of the International Workers Association

Poles Denounce Nationalism

In every country there is a group of people interested in the propagation of nationalistic tendencies. In the period between the two wars, Polish merchants were very anti-Semitic because they feared Jewish competition. The talk about the Polish nation was just a way of maximizing profits.

The slogan, "Let all power be in the hands of the Poles," is the slogan of those who are greedy for power, and argue that their supposed racial purity gives them the right to be the leaders. This is obviously an absurdity. A government isn't good because it is made of Poles. Anarchists don't give a damn about the race of their rulers, and neither do they care if they are circumcised. We don't want Poles or Eskimos to rule us and to steal from us.

It has lately become fashionable among youth to be a nationalist. It is really pathetic that such an ideal of lobotomized freedom should have so much influence on young people who ought to be expressing their independence more than anybody else. To be a nationalist is to take part in the dirty game of politicians trying to control the population. When you add to this the violence displayed by skinheads, you have a genuine kind of fascism, which certainly doesn't serve the nation, but totalitarian power. Anarchism is the struggle

against authority in the name of individual and collective freedom.

—Declaration of the Polish Anarchist Federation —from ULICA #25

Letter from Slovenia

Dear Fifth Estate:

I am writing you from Slovenia, from the northeast ex-Yugoslavian republic. As a representative of Collective of Anarcho-Pacifist Activities (CAPA) from Ljubljana, I would like to invite you to some closer relations between ourselves. If I start with introducing, I can tell that CAPA was

formed in winter 1993 in deserted military barracks, which were squatted a few months before our establishment.

From then until now we organized a lot of rock, punk, and other concerts. We also run a small alternative theatre group which is very successful and very well accepted around here. We did two massive demonstrations, one against Darry and McDonald's, which happened in April 1995, and one against nuclear power in front of French embassy in December.

Despite of being without water, electricity and other resources, we fortunately still exist and also fight against government and police pressures, also a few nazi-skinhead attacks. We are not some kind of formal or registered organization, and we

are not receiving any money help, so what we did was exclusively from our money and our hands.

We are also trying to run a sort of a distribution, so we could spread some informations about an outer world, about anarchism, ecology, how you do it, how we do it. So, for a start, I hope if you could send us some issues of your Fifth Estate newspaper so we could try to distribute it here. Unfortunately we don't have much to offer, maybe a few booklets and leaflets that have been translated in our language and maybe some pictures from our demonstrations, or at least our story.

Rok Bernardic, Primozejeva 1, 61231 Lj.-Crunce, Slovenia, Europe



The Social War Goes On In Greece

On Nov. 17, anarchist and other social strugglers enter the Polytechnic refusing to follow the museum-like character of the march towards the U.S.A. embassy. An occupation commences, chants of solidarity towards the hunger striker Kostas Kalarema and the prisoners at Korydallos, are heard.

At about 6am heavily armed riot police appear firing hundreds of canisters of choking gas and other chemical substance. The protesters erect barricades and take part in clashes at Patission street.

There are many injuries, but cops refuse to allow ambulances and doctors inside. Later they allow them to take the injured away. The state fury leads them to arrest the injured in the hospitals and to beat them inside the ambulance vehicles.

The next day the cops encircle the building and saw their way through the chains of the building. All occupiers gather in front of gate to form human chains, but fall hostage to the enemy. They sing and chant slogans surrounded by the beast.

The cops drag the rioters into the police vans, 1,000 people gather in solidarity.

A-News, Information Bulletin from Greece, #11, by Anarchist Intervention, Box 30557, 10033 Athens, Greece

CNT Debates Membership for Nigeria's Awareness League

Members of the International Workers Association (AIT) Permanent Secretariat, plus many members of the National Confederation of Labor (CNT-the Spanish section of the AIT) met September 1994 in Alicante, Spain.

A member of Nigeria's anarcho-syndicalist Awareness League (AL) was present to explain the principles and activities of his organization. The AL had previously applied for admission to the AIT, a matter which will be considered at the next Congress of our International.

According to our Nigerian comrade, the organization began in 1989 with 900 members, mostly in university radical Marxist groups, which, with the events in the East, began to move toward libertarian positions.

Our Nigerian comrade gave a geographic, historical and political statement about the Nigerian nation in the pre-colonial, colonial and post-colonial states, describing the different ethnic groups and their linguistic, religious and ideological characteristics. He also described past and recent presence of foreign powers, whose internal administration dominates the economy of this nation of 100 million inhabitants, a nation rich in oil, uranium and strategic minerals.

Responsible for initiating and ending the Biafra War, these powers are, in order of influence, England (old colonial power), the USA, the (then) USSR, and France. In order to serve the interest of these powers, after several military coups in 1990, a military dictatorship was established.

The 1993 democratic elections were won by the Social Democrats, but nullified by the dictatorship, and their leader, Aviola, incarcerated. The country has 70% illiteracy, an external debt of about 40 billion pesetas, 40% unemployment and per capita income of \$60 for skilled workers.

Our Nigerian comrade said that nothing in the AL statutes conflicts with anarcho-syndicalism. He stated that the AL's main task is to put an end to the military dictatorship and to do so it had actively intervened in the election campaigns in favor of the Social Democrats and presently participates in political activities with other partisan organizations.

These declarations gave way to a lively debate with our Nigerian comrade, translated by the AIT's General Secretary, Jimenez. The Director of the CNT stated

anarchism and anarcho-syndicalism cannot contain a contradiction between theory and practice. It is a social, not a political struggle, and the means must not differ from the ends. This is one of the sharpest distinctions between anarchism and Marxism and was the fundamental cause of the split in the First International.

Our Nigerian friend based his counter-argument on the Nigerian population's ignorance of anarchism, on the urgent necessity to create a democracy in order to develop an anarcho-syndicalist organization, and on the strength of military repression.

All present reminded him that Spain endured 40 years of one of the fiercest dictatorships, and that in Russia, the Czars had been among the worst of despotic powers in spite of which anarchism and anarcho-syndicalism evolved in both Spain and Russia.

Some of those present pointed out the grave danger if the AIT opens up to those sections that have political programs and who participate in state institutions, a feeling which seems to be spreading throughout some sections of the AIT. There was unanimous agreement that our organization's purpose must be defended.

—from CNT



—Kif Davis

Chernobyl Demo Busted

Five Russian activists were arrested near the Ministry of Atomic Power in Moscow on April 26, the ninth anniversary of the Chernobyl catastrophe. According to the police report, their arrest and detention for three hours resulted from the crime of "staying near the Ministry with clean white paper in their hands."

The five activists held the "clean white paper" as their desired future map of nuclear power plant locations—their way of calling for an end to nuclear energy and the expensive and dangerous Russian government program to build 26 more reactors.

For more information, contact: ECODEFENSE!, Moskovsky Prospekt 120-34, 236006 Kaliningrad/Koenigsberg, Russia; tel/fax +70112 437286.

e-Mail: ecodefense@glas.apc.org
Thanks to NUCLEAR RESISTER,
P.O. Box 43383, Tucson AZ 85733

Russian Rainbow Keepers Flame The Rich

On March 23, 1995, cottage which built in Shukinsky Poluoostrov Nature Preserve (Moscow) was burn by member of the radical environmental movement, Rain-

NENW Support for the AL

While we normally allow text to speak for itself, we feel compelled to add our opinion this time. The CNT is criticizing the AL for backing the Social Democratic presidential candidate. It did so, because they felt it was a common sense tactical way to find some reprieve from tyranny. As close supporters of the AL, we know they have no illusions about bourgeois democratic practices. If they feel their survival depends on voting for a reform candidate, then so be it.

We respect the CNT's opposition to electoralism, as we do too. But the implication is to deny the AL entry into the IWA. We believe that denying Africa its first representative in an international anarchist body would be overly formal and dogmatic. To put it simply, the AL's position is no big deal and certainly hasn't caused damage.

As some of us in NENW are also IWA members, we support and will fight for AL's admission to the IWA at their Spring 1996 conference.

—Bob McGlynn for NENW

Zimbabwe Attacks Gays

After overt pressure by the Zimbabwean Ministry Of Information, Posts and Telecommunications, the state-funded Zimbabwean International Book Fair (ZIBF) formally barred the country's only gay and lesbian group from participating in this year's fair.

The last minute decision to exclude Gays and Lesbians of Zimbabwe (GALZ) was motivated by a strongly worded communications to the book fair from the government which expressing "shock and dismay" that GALZ's application had been accepted. The letter went on to discretely warn that "continued cooperation with [the] Government" was contingent on their willingness to bar GALZ, a not so subtle threat that can only be termed blackmail.

The ZIBF is one of the largest events of its kind in Africa drawing exhibitors from 120 countries. Ironically, the theme of this year's five day event was human rights and justice.

Prime Minister Robert Mugabe's speech at the book fair opening was a virulent attack on lesbians and gays, rare because of its intensity and that it came from a head of state. Among his many pronouncements, "We do not believe that lesbians and gays have any rights at all." Government agents also made sure to remove posters protesting GALZ's exclusion from the fair.

Despite the resignation of four of the 18 trustees of the ZIBF, and high level protests from human rights organizations, foreign governments and well known African authors, the government stood by its decision. Mugabe has a history of harassing lesbians and gays. In the past he has called homosexuality "a white problem," and government officials have threatened to arrest gays and lesbians.

Write to: H.E. Robert Mugabe, President, Republic of Zimbabwe, Private Bag 7700, Causeway, Harare, ZIMBABWE.

Thrish Mbanga, Executive Director, Zimbabwe International Book Fair 78 Kaguvu Street P.O. Box CY 1179 Causeway ZIMBABWE; fax: +263-4-751-202 e-mail: zibf@mango.apc.org Ministry Of Information, Posts and Telecommunications, P.O. Box CY 1276, Causeway, Harare, ZIMBABWE.

—from International Gay and Lesbian Human Rights Commission Emergency Response Network, 1360 Mission St., Suite 200, San Francisco CA 94103.

violent way. Seven activists were arrested, beaten up and threatened with weapons at the police station. They are accused of "disturbance of law and order."

This is only one event in a wave of political repression, which has spread over White Russia by the dictatorial regime of President Lukaschenko during recent months.

The White Russian anarcho-syndicalists and the other activists ask for your help and your support! Show your international solidarity and write protest letters to the diplomatic mission of White Russia in your country and organize picket lines.

Group of Revolutionary Anarcho-syndicalists (GRAS), Friends of International Workers Association, Moscow.
Vadim Damier: GRAS, 142530 Moskovskaya Oblast, Elektrogrost - 1 aya 31, Russia

About This Section

On Gogol Boulevard is produced for the Fifth Estate by New York City/Neither East Nor West, which links alternative oppositions in the East and West, and prints news and documents unavailable in the corporate or left media. OGB sometimes involves Third and Fourth World activists in these efforts.

Neither East Nor West is responsible for the articles although the Fifth Estate is in general agreement with their content and OGB's purposes.

OGB is not only for anarchists, but for all movements seeking paths outside of capitalist and state bureaucratic models.

Gogol Boulevard takes its name from a popular hang-out for Moscow counter-culture youth.

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BI ALL MEANS: Bisexuality Hits The Mainstream

Vice Versa: Bisexuality and The Eroticism of Everyday Life, Marjorie Garber. Simon and Schuster, 1995. 606pp. \$30.

Bisexual Politics: Theories, Queries and Visions, Edited by Naomi Tucker with Liz Highclyman and Rebecca Kaplan. Haworth Publishers, 1995. 358pp. \$14.95 paper (available from FE Books).

by Paul E. Morfis

With the recent publication of *Vice Versa*, a voluminous "mainstream" book and a Newsweek cover story, bisexuality is flaunting its transgressive implications in public discourse. Genuine sex radicals realize both blessing and damnation are contained in this flurry of attention and pseudo-acceptance.

Every collective gaze diverted from theaters of death and death-dealing politicians, to momentarily focus on the meaning of pleasure, pleases me. But let's not be fooled by Jane Doe's voyeurism either: the same people momentarily enchanted by the exotic charge of "alternative lifestyles" when they consume our difference through the mediated barriers of books, magazines and talk-shows are doing nothing to ensure our liberation.

A few moments in the televisual spotlight usually augments assimilation and recuperation. Like all the "straight gays" invisibly infiltrating suburbia, some bisexuals may hop on the publicity train for all it's worth, but as even Garber's restrained analysis assures us, bisexuality is not so easily packaged.

Garber's book is ostensibly bold, but conveniently monocultural. Her sites of exploration reduce sexuality to a white European preoccupation best understood by pop culture, psychoanalysis and literature. These traditional academic fetishes fascinate and titillate but rarely illuminate. Her section on "politics" borders on the provocative, but ultimately lumps all activists together as she discusses bisexual "politicians," making little distinction between the insights of Eleanor Roosevelt and Emma Goldman.

The Eroticism of Texts

The "eroticism of everyday life" makes for a great phrase in the book's title but if you go to *Vice Versa* looking for anything resembling a post-Situationist perspective on "everyday life," you're bound to be disappointed. Garber's sharp tongue understands the eroticism of texts and metatexts, but anything vital pertaining to the erotic transformation of lived experience lies outside the pages of this book.

If bisexuality "provides a crucial paradigm... for thinking differently about human freedom" as Garber argues, what is the specific nature of that freedom and where can it be found? We have the "choice" to fuck "anything that moves," which is a fine place to start the discussion. But if we remain content to locate our notions of freedom in the insular confines of conventional discourse and deviance, we will not be moving very far.

I choose to identify with "bisexuality," but see no reason to stop there. I'm looking for the unwritten chapter of this book which is explosively erotic, uplifting everyday life to the ludic expansiveness of ecstatic revolt.

Despite her obvious sympathies with sexual variety, Garber remains content to examine bisexuality from the detached perspective of academic research. In contrast, the voices of 33 outspoken bisexual protagonists comprise the diverse collection of essays in Naomi Tucker's new anthology *Bisexual Politics*, adding to the recent body of books written by bisexuals (like *Bisexuality: A Reader* and

Sourcebook or Bi Any Other Name: Bisexual People Speak Out, both available from FE Books).

Some work here merely inscribes "bisexual politics" as another reformist tendency within the left-liberal morass known as "identity politics," which includes among its demands having the word "bisexual" added to the name of traditional lesbian and gay rights organizations or fighting discrimination in the realm of employment.

Sex and Gender Radicals

Other writers, like Liz Highclyman, propose an alternative in "the creation of a broad, inclusive sexual and gender liberation movement that welcomes sex and gender radicals of all sorts, including bi-

sexuals, transsexuals and transgendered people, genderfuckers, androgynies, leatherfolk, fetishists, body modifiers, boy lovers, sex workers, nonmonogamists, polyamorists, their friends and lovers, and those of all sexualities who reject sexism, heterosexism, compulsory relationship models, restrictive sex/gender roles, and sex-phobic morality."

The best essays here view bisexuals as more than another category of oppressed persons requiring "rights." Contributors like Tucker, Carol Queen, Elias Farajé-Jones, Mark Pritchard and Starhawk, among others, offer a coherent political, sexual and philosophical challenge to break free from society's pervasive "erotophobia," anti-sex assumptions which prevail in both heterosexual and homosexual (or "monosexual") communities where conventional chastity inhibits freedom.

In this area of pleasure politics, sex radicals have important insights for members of the anti-authoritarian milieu, regardless of one's sexual orientation or gender identification. The pursuit of pleasure remains a controversial topic among anarchists. For some of us, the desire for pleasure, and its wholesale censure by systems of domination, forms the core of our rebellion against church, state and corporation. For others, gratification of desire represents an indulgence in the quick-fix gadgetry of consumer capitalism where sexual ecstasy cannot be separated from sexist advertising and the commodification of the flesh.

"I Am A Great Sinner"

In his essay, "Liberating Pornography," Mark Pritchard maintains a profound defense of pleasure: "Using the Calvinistic criteria of my youth, I am a great sinner. I have rejected marriage and consumerism, and I revel in pleasure. I do drugs and publish pornography. And the more I do it, the less I feel like growing up, and settling down. The politics of pleasure which has its fulfillment in my bisexuality subverts the status quo by offering an alternative to all the negative things the nuclear family represents economically, environmentally, and sexually. It is true that my life sometimes revolves around the pursuit of pleasure: what's wrong with that? I like to suck cock; I like to eat pussy; I like to fuck and get fucked. In those moments, when I am giving and receiving pleasure, I am most myself—at peace with myself, my partner, and the world. What's wrong with that? Pleasure is worth pursuing for its own sake."

Some monosexuals, with radical philosophies in other realms, fear a bisexual ethic of erotic excess. Do bisexuals think they are more radical than monosexuals because they have more potential sexual partners? Not necessarily. An authentic radical community which honors pleasure will still have committed monogamists and promiscuous polyamorists, with homo, hetero, bi, poly, trans and celibate people. With *Bisexual Politics*, we have an abundance of visionary ideas and theories which contribute to the creation of a defiantly inclusive new world.

In "The Sacredness of Pleasure," Starhawk suggests: "We need to envision a new world, one with room in it for whales and howler monkeys and drag queens and grizzly bears and ancient sacred tribal lands and leather dykes and plentiful rain and happily married couples with two-point-five children and people who just can't make up their mind and black-white-red-brown-tan-golden-sepia-chocolate-ivory-ebony and (who knows?) maybe striped and spotted ones of us."

Let us go there.



REVIEWS

An Artistry of Dissent

Poetry Like Bread: Poets of the Political Imagination, edited by Martín Espada. Curbstone Press (Williamantic CT, 1994). 282 pages.

by Marilyn Rashid

In his forward to this anthology of 37 poets, all of whom have published or are soon to publish collections with Curbstone Press, the poet and editor Martín Espada defines the political imagination as a matter of both vision and language which "goes beyond protest to articulate an artistry of dissent."

Espada describes the ethical imperative of such a response: "Any oppressive condition, before it can be changed, must be named and condemned in words that persuade by stirring the emotions, awakening the senses."

Here is a partial history in poetry of the

struggles of many peoples: Guatemalans, Salvadorans, Nicaraguans, Chileans, Puerto Ricans, Hondurans, Haitians. Curbstone has consciously promoted the publication of Latin American writers, and issues specific to those communities are prominent here, but many others are present as well: poverty and homelessness, the Vietnam war, U.S. prisons, factory work conditions, sexism and racism.

There are also poems dedicated to past poets like Pablo Neruda, Federico García Lorca, Victor Jara, whose voices inspired the poets of this volume, and who are evidence of a long-standing poetry of protest.

The poets included in this volume acknowledge and openly accept the mission of their craft: to speak not only for those who cannot speak, but also for themselves

Continued on page 27

Food for our Grandmothers: Writings by Arab-American and Arab-Canadian Feminists. Edited by Joanna Kadi, South End Press, Boston, 1994, \$16.00

by Gina Aranki

There's sand in the pages of my edition of *Food for our Grandmothers: Writings by Arab-American and Arab-Canadian Feminists*. This is not a derogatory reference to those named in the title, but rather because I am reviewing the anthology of poetry and essays at Makena Beach, on Maui in Hawaii.

It's where I live now, having spent most of my life in a Palestinian family in Detroit, in the midst of a large Arab-American community. I miss the interaction with women, especially first-generation Arab-American women like me, Arab-American women, and the writers in this book, would understand how I felt when, at a party shortly after I arrived in Hawaii, I was asked my nationality, and the information that I was Palestinian stopped the conversation cold. The veil, as it were, descended.

Other People's Definitions

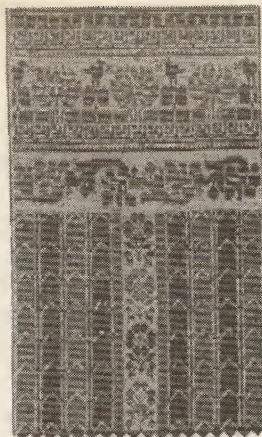
Poet Lucille Clifton has said that "one of the blessings of being born an African-American woman on this continent is that I learned early not to buy other people's definitions, especially their definitions about who I was." The women in this book are just beginning to feel this freedom. Nearly every writer expresses the confusion of living between cultures, and of never completely finding her place.

Martha Ani Boudakian writes, "I live a hyphenated existence—two poles coexisting... I function in two worlds, and I am on the margin in both of them..." Thus, the question of what to call oneself arises frequently in the book. Often, writes L. J. Mahoul, "it has depended on the company." In "Say French," poet D. H. Melhem's persona is that of a mother advising her child to deny her roots—her way of protecting her against racism:

"immigration officials and neighbors / employers perplexed by exotics / non-anglo-saxon / non-western / non-toxic / attest / the best are / types here / longer... // people don't mean / to be mean / nevertheless / better say / french."

A fascinating debate occurs in the context of color. Are Arab-American and Arab-Canadian women white or "other"? My own decision to call myself brown or "of color" reflects both political and personal experience—with western feminism, with racism, with imperialism. It is a choice that I continue to make, notwithstanding a horrible little argument on the subject I had recently with my blood sisters, who consider themselves white. The thoughts of the authors on the question of color were wholly gratifying, for they elucidated the experience which led me to my own choice. Lisa Suhair Majaj, a Palestinian-American, and others write about spending much of their lives "passing:"

"While the incidents that first made me afraid to reveal myself were minor—pointed questions, sidelong glances, awkward silences—they were enough to thrust me firmly back into a desire for invisibility. But passing, as I was to learn, wreaks implicit violence on the lived reality of our experiences. Passing demands quiet. Silence, with time, atrophies the voice... Silence made it possible for me to blend into my surroundings, chameleon-like; it enabled me to absorb without self-revelation what I needed to know. But its implications were disastrous... I do not know at what point I began to choke. Perhaps there was never a single incident, just a



Detail of a traditional Palestinian embroidery pattern.—from *Palestinians: Reflection of the Land*.

slow disposition of sediment over time. Until one day, retching. I spat out some unnameable substance. And I attempted to speak."

Many of these authors traveled to the Middle East in hopes of answering their questions of identity. Their writings are reminiscent of the journal I kept during my own trip to Palestine— anecdotes about "security" precautions (for Arabs) at Tel Aviv Airport; of homes bulldozed without cause; of tear gas canisters inscribed with "Made in Pennsylvania, U.S.A." collected by children; of the pervasive, intimidating specter of soldiers and settlers armed to the teeth. I still see the home in which my mother grew up, and my grandfather—who, at 92, has lived through four occupations—explaining as he showed me the holes in the walls. "These are the bullets of the British, here the Jordanian, here the Israeli."

Political And Human Rights

My trip allowed me to speak with some authority about the political and human rights situation of the West Bank and Gaza once I returned; after years of public speaking about Palestine it was vitally important for me to be able to say, yes, I have seen and heard and experienced what I talk about. It seemed that simple. Yet I recognize now that in other ways the journey raised more questions than it answered, and this feeling is reinforced by the writers here.

Mary Salome, who identifies herself as a "living being, a human being, a woman, a lesbian, a Syrian-Irish-American, and a feminist," discovered on her pilgrimage that the Middle East was no more "home" than America, and that "there is rarely room for me to claim all of who I am."

These women are still experimenting, still searching for their definitions. In those instances where they choose to defy ethnic definition altogether they are particularly compelling. Marilyn Rashid (who is also a Fifth Estate contributor) writes, "Instead of Arab and American I'd rather deal with words of smaller places or regions you can see and smell, places you can imagine or realistically get around in.

Getting beyond grape leaves ~ Arab-American women tell their stories

Michigan, where I was born, or Michigami, as the original inhabitants called it, the imprint of the hand of the great spirit; and Lebanon, the Lebanon, Marjayoun. J'dait. . . I am most comfortable, I suppose, defining myself as a Detroit. . . in spite of its many social problems, or perhaps because of them. I am proud to have survived here, to have made real connections with others. . ."

Plastic And Hairless

For Boudakian, "My liberation has made me even more delightfully uppity. I no longer feel obligated to explain myself to the dominant culture or to receive validation from it. . . I no longer want to be plastic and hairless with conical tits. . . I feel accountable to the forces that matter: white mainstream culture is not one of them." Boudakian's rebellion against name as synonymous with identity continues; her biography states that "she is co-founder of an organization of Armenian feminists that may choose not to name itself."

Food is a major motif in ethnic North American literature, perhaps because it is a way to preserve our past while asserting our difference from the majority culture. The metaphor is not lost on the writers of *Food for our Grandmothers*, and is appropriate in "Chalked Out" and in "Mint, Tomatoes, and the Grapevine." But enough already. Editor Joanna Kadi takes food and spiritual hunger to melodramatic extremes. In the awful pun, "Five Steps to Creating Culture," Kadi compares making yogurt to sustaining "cultural awareness."

Each section of the book begins with a recipe and alludes to the character of a staple food in the Arab-world diet, but the titles are awkward and the secondary connections made to women's lives are often a stretch: "Olives—Our Roots Go Deep: Where We Came From;" "Grapeleaves—Tangled Identities: Claiming Our Selves;" "Mint—Moving Beyond Survival: Celebrating Who We Are," etc. Tangled identities, indeed. Printing errors also abound, making for annoying reading at times.

I was disappointed, too, in the discussion of women and war. Women in Third

World struggles for self-determination invariably find themselves participating fully in the larger battle while simultaneously having to combat sexism and misogyny. When they hold up their societal, cultural, familial infrastructures they are called heroic, but putting them on such a pedestal leaves their own issues unheard and unaddressed. Some good points are made along these lines in this book. Nada Elia covered the civil war in Lebanon as a journalist from 1983 to 1987. She argues that "to examine international feminism in terms of the Gulf War would, once again, validate the patriarchal, militaristic discourse feminism seeks to undermine. . . I do not see the entry of women into the war machine as a feminist achievement."

"Demonized Arab Men"

In "Military Presences and Absences," Theresa Saliba discusses the American media's marketing of the Gulf War through "demonized Arab men and captive or absent Arab women," which reinforced existing power relations. Neither, however, take these ideas to the next necessary level. There is no discussion of the fact that many of the troubles of Arab-American and -Canadian women come from within their familial and societal units (although Mahoul elsewhere candidly discusses the class, color, gender, and sexuality biases within her own family).

I suspect this would amount to an airing of our dirty laundry in public, and that the Arab community in North America is not comfortable in its position here to do that just yet. Without this airing, though, the discussion is weakened. Instead, we are treated to the musings of Zana Macki, who describes the Gulf War as "problematic" and "taxing." Problematic? Taxing? How about criminal, and obscene?

She further minimizes the ramifications of the Gulf War with an anecdote about "getting even" with a Congressman who repeated a crude joke about Iraqi women in which fish figured in the punch line. Macki and her colleague sent 15 pounds of catfish to the offender to "help him understand the difference between women and catfish." Arab-American activism meets the soundbite.

The authors make too few positive connections with other women of non-western roots. They seldom get beyond critiquing the racism and classism of much of mainstream western feminism. In an essay on eurocentric attitudes among white western feminists ("Global Sisterhood: Where Do We Fit In?"), Michele Sharif seems almost surprised by the discovery, whereas if one were to ask any radical African-American woman, for example, such shortcomings of mainstream feminism would not be news.

This omission is balanced by the numerous references to standards of western beauty which clearly affect the collective psyche of women of color. But even this issue is not explored to the degree that it could be. Hoda Zaki's treatment of this issue, though, struck at the absurdity of it all with great wit, "Hairless in Gaza (or plucking the lines of gender difference)" alludes to the practice of using a mixture of sugar and water as a facial, arm and leg depilatory; "a glue to bind all women, producing 'numbing pain' but, once the process is completed, 'our *onantha* (femininity) asserted/And we are ready for anything."

Food for our Grandmothers is an uneven read. Perhaps it is inevitable, since so many of our stories are yet to be explored. It is important, though, in bringing together voices rarely heard in any form. Arab women of North America are, at last, beginning to speak.

"These women are still experimenting, still searching for their definitions."



News & Reviews

The prolific III Publishing group, PO Box 1581, Guala CA 95445, recently released two new books. Saab Lofton's A.D. is set in 2410 where society is organized according to libertarian principles, but a menace from the past threatens the future. J.G. Eccarius, author of the blasphemous *The Last Days of Christ the Vampire*, latest book, *Resurrection 2027*, is a post-apocalyptic thriller set in the year of the title where rebellion is the only way out for children resurrected from the dead. III is also publishing AntiChrist magazine, formerly The Stake, and wants to exchange ads with other zines.

Contrary to reports we heard, Kick It Over magazine, PO Box 5811, Station A, Toronto Ont. N5W 1P2, S3, is alive and kicking. Issue #35 is a special issue on work containing a provocative piece entitled, "Anarcho-Syndicalism, Technology and Ecology" by Graham Purchase, an interview with the ubiquitous Noam Chomsky, and other interesting articles on the subject.

The Yule 1995 dispatch of the Earth First! Journal (non-official journal of the EF! non-organization) contains updates on the fight against the salvage logging frenzy in the Western U.S., a pullout section on the Western Shoshone Defense Project, dumpster diving for revolution, and crying wolf over terrorism. EF! Journal, PO Box 1415, Eugene OR 97440; \$3.50.

The latest issue from Do or Die, described as "Apocalypse, Recuperation and Resistance" is a lively discussion, analysis, regional and international news reporting rag from UK Earth First! It includes heart-pounding stories of stringing cable walkways above forests to be cut, as well as tree-sitting, car-burnin', squat-fightin', machine wrenchin' madness. Get it from Dead Trees EF!, Box 25, 82 Colston St., Bristol, England, BS1 5BB. Send some bucks.

Department of Information about Technologies We're Not Particularly Interested In, But Others Might Be: "Manufacturing Consent: Noam Chomsky and the Media," winner of 15 international awards, is available as a two-volume video boxed set for \$59.95 from Zeitegeist Films; call 1-800-MANU-CON.

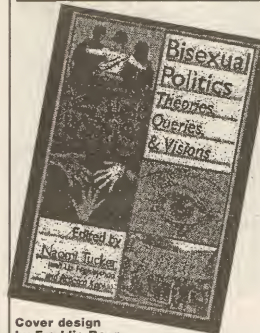
Radio for Peace International is a global community shortwave radio project which includes diverse programming and beams its signal around the world from five transmitters located in Costa Rica. There is a Far Right Radio Review Show, FIRE and WINGS, women's programs, and other shows devoted to peace and ecology. They broadcast 24 hours a day, seven days a week in English, Spanish, German, and French Creole. Write RFPI, P.O. Box 88, Santa Ana, Costa Rica, or P.O. Box 20728, Portland OR 97220 for broadcast information.

With the FCC in a dither about licens-

Continued on page 25

Fifth Estate Books

NEW TITLES



Cover design by Freddie Baer

BI ANY OTHER NAME:
BISEXUAL PEOPLE SPEAK OUT
edited by Loraine Hutchins
and Lani Kaahumanu

Rejected by both Gay and Straight worlds, bisexuals have been a community in exile. With this rich and varied collection, however, bisexual women and men step forward into their own historical spotlight. The writing here can only deepen our discussion about passion and politics.

Alyson Publications 379pp \$12

SOUNDING OFF! Music as Subversion/Resistance/Revolution

Ron Sakolsky & Fred Wei-han Ho, eds. Essays and graphics from dozens of writers who are music makers and social critics. Besides theorizing about music and social change, the authors analyze life in "The Belly of the Beast." The book concludes with essays on "Shattering the Silence of the New World Order." The back cover proclaims: "We are gathered here together in all our subversive beauty and marvelous diversity, and... Music is our bomb!"

Autonmedia 352pp. \$15

THE IRRATIONAL IN POLITICS:
SEXUAL REPRESSION AND
AUTHORITARIAN CONDITIONING
by Maurice Brinton

Learn the way modern society manipulates its slaves into accepting their slavery. Brinton considers the family to be the locus for reproduction of the dominant ideology. Sexual repression conditions individuals to crave authority and leadership.

See Sharp Press 52pp. orig \$6, now \$4.

THIS WORLD WE MUST LEAVE
AND OTHER ESSAYS
by Jacques Camatte

At last, a collection of Jacques Camatte's essays available in English. Two decades ago Camatte straightforwardly called leftist political organizations and labor unions "rackets." We were convinced. He depicts a voracious Capital endowed with anthropomorphic needs requiring the domestication of

humans. The stand-off between Capital vs. The Earth (in all its aspects) gives a context for evaluating ecological devastation. Some of Camatte's insights originate with Marx, but he has no fear of criticizing Marxists or the "master" himself.

Camatte helped us to definitively leave the Progress handwagon.

Autonmedia 256 pp \$9

PIRATE UTOPIAS
by Peter Lamborn Wilson

Wilson recounts the exploits and history of Muslim Corsairs from the 16th to the 19th centuries. Many of these pirates were renegade European Christians. The author argues that they had good reason to abandon the constricting social system of western Europe.

The book entertains and makes a point about insurrectionary communities, as well.

Autonmedia 208pp \$8

SITUATIONIST INTERNATIONAL
ANTHOLOGY

edited by Ken Knabb

Drawn from the journal, Internationale Situationniste and other publications and documents, this anthology is a useful and well-translated selection of situationist writings. The SI's origins and development are traced.

Bureau of Public Secrets 406pp \$15

HISTORY OF THE MAKHNOVIST
MOVEMENT

By Peter Arshinov

History of the anarchist peasant revolution in the Ukraine with telling revelations about the nature of "revolutionary" Bolshevik military and social policy. Written by a participant in the movement.

Freedom Press 284 pp. \$11.

MIRROR OF PRODUCTION

by Jean Baudrillard

In the wake of the decomposition of working class communities in the West, Baudrillard considers how the traditional terms and references of Marxist inquiry have lost their force.

Telos Press 167pp \$12

SEIZURE OF STATE POWER
by Michael Velli

Here is disclosed the sinister rationale underlying the advocates of an Elite ruling in society's best interest. Quotes from aspiring Leftist Revolutionaries are integrated into the Machiavellian argument although the specific references are not appended. This is the middle chapter from the 1972 Manual for Revolutionary Leaders.

Part of the text consists of memorable vignettes by Fredy Perlman on resistance to Authorities' attempts to seize power.

Phoenix Press 121 pp \$9

FIGHTING THE REVOLUTION #1
N. Makhno, B. Durruti and E. Zapata

The introduction to this pamphlet calls these three the "unsung heroes" of history and tells about each of their lives and their battles. Men and women such as these have argued that the vast majority of the people of all nations, have no material interest in the wars and conflicts of their masters; that they should in fact, unite against their respective rulers and owners of property, strip them of their power and wealth, and make the means of life the common heri-

tage of all, regardless of race, nationality or sex.

Freedom Pamphlets 40 pp \$2.00

FIGHTING THE REVOLUTION #2
P. Kropotkin, Louise Michel
and the Paris Commune

This pamphlet contains "The Defense of Louise Michel" which she presented at her trial following the suppression of the Paris Commune in 1870. Michel was a brave member of this famous uprising who only gave herself up to the police to secure the release of her mother who had been taken hostage. In this speech, which begins the pamphlet, Michel glories in her participation in the uprising.

Also in this pamphlet are essays and articles by Peter Kropotkin on the Paris Commune and other aspects of anarchism and revolution.

Freedom Press 48 pp \$2.40

FUTURE PRIMITIVE
by John Zerzan

John raises provocative questions that challenge many conventional notions. Do Time, Language, Numbers, Agriculture really presage humans' loss of freedom? Read John's exposure of things generally considered part of nature.

Essays in this collection treat primitivism, alienation and post-modernism. We have argued about these ideas with him over the years, so his swats at the Fifth Estate furnish a tolerable diversion.

Autonmedia/Anarchy 185p \$7

HOW DEEP IS DEEP ECOLOGY?
by George Bradford

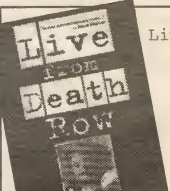
In this influential essay that first appeared in the Fall 1987 Fifth Estate, Bradford evaluates various approaches to the growing ecological devastation. He focuses on the Dave Foreman-led Earth First! and the elitist, Malthusian, and (sometimes) racist implications of the group's theoretical foundations. By distinguishing his approach from other activists, he suggests guidelines for activists on many fronts.

Times Change Press 86pp. \$5.50

BEYOND GEOGRAPHY: The Western Spirit Against the Wilderness
by Frederick Turner

A new edition of a Fifth Estate favorite, this book traces the "spiritual history" that led

Continued on Next Page



Live from Death Row
by Mumia Abu-Jamal

A collection of essays by the condemned journalist. See details on Page 3. All profits go to the Mumia defense fund.

Addison-Wesley 208pp., hb \$20

Fifth Estate Books is located at 4632 Second Ave., just south of W. Forest, in Detroit, in the same space as the Fifth Estate Newspaper. Hours vary, so please call before coming by.

HOW TO ORDER BY MAIL

1) List the title of the book, quantity, and the price of each; 2) add 10% for mailing costs—not less than \$1.24 U.S. or \$1.60 foreign (minimum for 4th class book rate postage); 3) total; 4) write check or money order to: **Fifth Estate**; 5) mail to: **Fifth Estate**, 4632 Second Ave., Detroit MI 48201 USA. Phone 313/831-6800 for hours and more information.

More News & Reviews

Continued from page 24

up to the European domination and decimation of the Western hemisphere's native peoples who were as rich in mythic life as the new arrivals were barren. Turner follows the unconscious desire in the Western invaders for the spiritual contentment they sensed in the primitives they destroyed.

Rutgers Univ. Press 329pp \$15.

SITUATIONIST INTERNATIONAL ANTHOLOGY

translated & edited by Ken Knabb
A compendium of writings by the influential European Situationist International group. The bulk of the texts come from the twelve issues of the I.S. journal (1958 to 1969). Also included are texts preceding the group's formation, soundtracks from Guy Debord's avant-garde films, flyers dating from May 1968 and internal I.S. exchanges.

The authors combine wit and insight in their fiery denunciations of bureaucrats, unions, politicians and leftists. Severe in their critique of society, they scorn the acquiescence of a domesticated public that allows the Spectacle to live for them.

Bureau of Public Secrets 406pp. \$15.

THE MAY DAYS: BARCELONA 1937

A Souchy, J. Peirats, B. Bolloten, & Emma Goldman

These essays document the critical days of May 1937 when Stalinist counter-revolutionaries clamped down on libertarian collectives in Barcelona. The anarchists fought back, but the Communists had access to the government's military apparatus and spared nothing to prevail over their antagonists. The book is dedicated to Camilo Berneri, an anarchist militant imprisoned and executed by the Communists.

Freedom Press 86pp \$5.

ABC OF ANARCHISM

by Alexander Berkman

This 1929 classic exposes economic and ideological blinders imposed by capitalist institutions. Still effective is his response to the stereotypical accusation that equates anarchism with violence.

Recontains gripping accounts of the Haymarket Martyrs, the case of Mooney and Billings, of Sacco and Vanzetti and his eyewitness account of the tragic Communist destruction of the Russian Revolution.

Freedom Press 86pp \$5.

SOCIETY AGAINST THE STATE

by Pierre Clastres

Can there be a society that is not divided into oppressors and oppressed, or that refuses coercive state apparatuses? In this beautifully written book Pierre Clastres offers examples of South American Indian groups that, without hierarchical leadership, were both affluent and complex. In so doing, he refuses the usual negative definition of tribal society and poses its order as a critique of Western society.

Zone Books 218pp \$11.

BOLO BOLO

by P.M.

This is a new edition with an "apology" from the author ten years after its first publication. *Bolo Bolo* ranges somewhere between a satirical sci-fi novel and a (non-violent) battle plan for the "substruction of the capitalist and/or socialist Planetary Work Machine." Bolos are tribal sized units which group people around specific interests/ideologies/tastes or what ever sphere of commonality they choose. P.M. devises a timetable and even a language necessary for the transition to a world of Bolos, and even if one refuses to take it completely serious, there is a wealth of insight and humor to make the reading worthwhile.

Autonomedia 192pp \$8.

AUTONOMOUS TECHNOLOGY: TECHNICS OUT-OF-CONTROL AS A THEME IN POLITICAL THOUGHT

by Langdon Winner

A useful guide and thoughtful inquiry into the relationship between technology and society.

M.I.T. Press 386pp \$11.

DRUNKEN BOAT: Art, Rebellion & Anarchy Autonomedia 288 pp. \$12

ing requirements for low frequency radio, pirate stations have been broadcasting radical news and music unimpeded by the communication police. The phenomena is perhaps most developed in the Bay Area where numerous stations presenting inventive programming dot the FM band. The Free Communications Coalition publishes Reclaiming the Airwaves from 1442A Walnut St., #406, Berkeley CA 94709. e-mail: frbpd@crl.com. Or try Zoomin': Voice of Zoom Black Magic Radio, 8 Kavalan St., Fresno CA 93706. Zoom is one of the pioneers of pirate radio and has been on the air since 1985. They broadcast sporadically since being busted by the FCC four times.

The Revolutionary Toker purposely confused its name with the Maoist RCP's rabidly anti-drug publication, The Revolutionary Worker. The Toker is the voice of the Green Panthers' resistance to the War on Drugs. These militant stoners have abandoned the reformist tactics of liberals and say don't write your congressman—"Fuck the Vote." Bulk copies \$15 for 100 copies; PO Box 31231, Cincinnati OH 45231.

Extraphile #6, titled "No nations. No work" is the latest from Len Bracken and friends. The everyday abasement of work gets full voice with a look at American labor history. "Factory Work" by Simone Weil, and "Play is everything work is not."

An Artistry of Dissent

continued from page 24

as part of a process of self-discovery and affirmation. In "Ars Poetica," Claribel Alegria, born and raised in El Salvador, defines herself and her life's task:

I, poet by trade
condemned so many times
to be a crow.
would never change places
with the Venus de Milo:
while she reigns in the Louvre
and dies of boredom
and collects dust
I discover the sun
each morning
and amid valleys
volcanoes
and debris of war
I catch sight of the promised land.
(translated by Darwin J. Flakoll)

The poet and guerrilla Otto René Castillo, who was burned alive by the U.S.-backed Guatemalan government in 1967, condemns the intellectuals who refuse to recognize the human tragedy and injustice that pervade their societies:

On that day
the simple men will come.
Those who had no place
in the books and poems
of the apolitical intellectuals,
but daily delivered
their bread and milk,
their tortillas and eggs,
those who mended their clothes . . .
and they'll ask:
"What did you do when the poor
suffered, when tenderness
and life

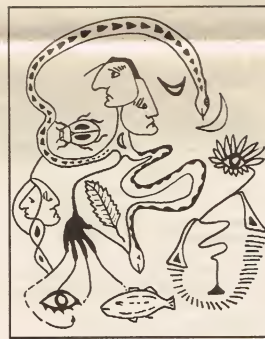


—graphic/Lone Wolf Circles from *The Kokopelli Seed*

Bracken includes a detailed review, critique and reinterpretation of Fredy Perlman's Continuing Appeal of Nationalism. A section of satire is highlighted by a witty question and answer dialogue about population. Includes the extranational edition of Revolutionary Self-Theory. Send \$3 to POB 5585, Arlington VA 22205.

Dancing, drumming, wild, and loving. That is Jesse Wolf Hardin's novel of the future. Often the artist is the prophet. We know the numbers from Worldwatch Institute, we know the late breaking eco-news from Earth Island Journal and Earth First! but it takes the artist like Wolf to put together the bigger picture.

Given the acceleration of time, Hardin's novel, *The Kokopelli Seed*, looks ahead a few



—graphic/Lynne Clive

burned out in them?

Apolitical intellectuals
of my sweet country,
you will not be able to answer.

A vulture of silence
will eat your gun.
Your own misery
will pick at your soul.
And you will be mute
in your shame.
(translated by Margaret Randall)

The poem "Como tú/ Like you," by Roque Dalton, the prolific Salvadoran poet and essayist, who was imprisoned and later murdered by a faction of the ERP (the People's Revolutionary Army), provides the title for this diverse and ambitious anthology:

Like you I
love love, life, the sweet smell
of things, the sky-blue
landscape of January days.

years, a year, maybe six months. The novel not only paints the big picture, but is also an interior picture. It is every one of us as the exploding world society meets the dwindling resources of the dying planet. We feel, we cry, we love, we are determined, as we make our way through the confusion of our "interesting times."

The story—our story, is set in the rural West in a right now, real reality. Four mystic-realist, "earthies" play out the near future with a backdrop of local backwoods "patriots," all illuminated from backstage by a resource-hungry transnational elite who appear in the form of ultra-high tech rapid deployment forces.

Wolf, the Earth First! pencil and brush artist, the poet and stage dramatist follows his first book *Full Circle: A Song of Ecology & Earthen Spirituality* with this new offering. This new volume is personal. It is a war diary to be kept—on one's person—in the trenches, as we speed toward 2000. Lyrical, poetic; this is our story retold by our bard. In this tale of the four earthies, Blue, Llyn, Kiva and Able, you will see us.

Yes, we need the fast-breaking, eco-news, but we also need our poets if we are to persevere.—Wm. H. Koethke

The Kokopelli Seed may be ordered from: The Earthen Spirituality Project, POB 708, Reserve NM 87830; Spiral Bound First Edition, \$24 postpaid.

Koethke is the author of *The Final Empire: The Collapse of Civilization and the Seed of the Future*, available from FE Books for \$15.

And my blood boils up
and I laugh through eyes
that have known the buds of tears.

I believe the world is beautiful
and that poetry, like bread, is for every one.

And that my veins don't end in me
but in the unanimous blood
of those who struggle for life,
love,
little things,
landscape and bread,
the poetry of everyone.
(translated by Jack Hirschman)

FE readers will not appreciate or agree with all of the political choices some of these writers made in their lives. The inclusion of Tomás Borge, the former Nicaraguan Minister of the Interior, essentially the Sandinista chief of police, for example, is disturbing.

A truism about poetry and the craft of poetry is also in evidence here: stories of struggle and suffering are moving and instructive but don't necessarily make for good poetry.

While the poetic merit of some of these poems is questionable, others clearly reach beyond the trauma of their situations, through the wisdom of the poet, and speak to us of beauty while they speak to us of truth—a task that is certainly a difficult and illusive one. Overall, this gathering of voices should excite and arouse profound admiration for the tenacious and intelligent poetic spirit they share.

Upcoming Events

Sat., April 27, 12-6p. Food Not Bombs 16th anniversary "Soupstock 96." Golden Gate Park Band Shell.

Active Resistance to the Democratic Convention, Aug. 21-31. @Zone, 1573 N. Milwaukee #402 Chicago IL 60622.

Letters to the FE

"Hang Me For It"

FE:

Oops! In your write up of May Day (FE, Winter 1995), you forgot to mention Louis Lingg among the Haymarket martyrs who are commemorated on May 1st.

Lingg was 21 years old when he exploded a blasting cap in his mouth in his cell, preferring suicide to allowing the state to have the last word.

"I despise you. I despise your order, your laws, your force propped authority. Hang me for it." —from Lingg's speech upon being convicted.

For the Wild,
Joey
Lansing, Mich.

Wob Not Castrated

To The Fifth Estate:

I enjoyed reading the article, "The Centralia Massacre," by Alon Raab in your summer issue, but I must make a few corrections. I've written an article on Wesley Everest and a recent book *The Centralia Tragedy of 1919*, published by the University of Washington Press.

Raab states that Everest wounded one Legionnaire, but trial evidence indicates that three Legionnaires were killed during the raid on the IWW hall and that Everest killed the fourth Legionnaire during his capture. Raab repeats the widely reported myth that Everest was castrated, but a careful look at the evidence leads to the conclusion that it probably did not happen.

A police report after the lynching describes all of Everest's wounds, but omits any account of castration. None of the many people who saw Everest's body including Wobblies claim he was castrated and the IWW defense team made no statements about castration at the trial when it would have helped their case.

The first mention of castration occurred months after the trial in a book by Ralph Chaplin. Although Chaplin's account is not supported by any evidence (the book contains many errors), it has become the source for nearly every mention of castration by historians and other writers ever since.

Raab also says that Everest's body was "dumped into an unmarked grave." Not so. Wobblies staged Memorial Day gatherings at his gravesite in the years shortly following his death.

None of these corrections changes the fact that Everest was brutally murdered and that the Wobblies suffered a terrible injustice in Centralia as they fought to improve working conditions.

Tom Copeland
St. Paul, Minn.

Alon Raab responds: Thanks for the careful reading of my article and the encouraging words. When writing, I was familiar with your Pacific Northwest Quarterly article about Wesley Everest. Your book became available to me only recently, but I consulted many other sources. You make three points regarding the accuracy of my statements.

1) The fate of Everest's body: In your article you refer to the body being taken to a local cemetery and buried without ceremony. No book I used mentions a tombstone or a marker, and neither do you. (I

also relied on my long conversation with the knowledgeable current owner of the cemetery.) If IWW members gathered at the graveside in 1921, it was at an unmarked site. No other gatherings were held until 1932, 13 years after his death.

2) What you say about Everest's shooting is correct. He probably fired from the hall, but killed one of his pursuers during his capture at the edge of town.

3) The most problematic issue is the castration. In your article you build a case against it occurring, but I was not convinced. I do not wish to repeat historical myths, and find Everest's death horrific enough. Yet relying on a police prison report to describe the state of the body and the way of death seems dubious to me. There have been too many cases of police cover-ups, lies, and distortions (most recently the massive planting of drugs on people in Philadelphia resulting in a re-opening of thousands of cases) for me to believe a policeman's report.

It is also important to remember the situation in a town so strongly dominated by hatred of the IWW, and where press, business, City Hall, and police worked so closely at suppressing a movement. I preferred to rely on Ralph Chaplin. Wobbly activist and writer, reporting shortly after the events, and on other works, such as Frank Walklin's 1920 pamphlet "A Fair Trial?" In your article you claim that Chaplin's account is "anything but objective and cannot be relied upon as a historical record." Perhaps, but since when are police reports objective?

A major intent of my article was to show the way that facts and memories interact, the way events that happened decades ago are still affecting a town, and people who were not even born then. Almost everyone we talked to in Centralia had some notion of the events of 1919, either as some hazy rumor, a subject of study, or as a violent and shameful family secret.

For too many years the powers that ruled the town in 1919, and still rule it today, hid their part in those events. Now, however, the residents of Centralia are slowly coming to grips with their history.

Living in Exile

Dear Friends:

My name is Robert Malecki and I need your help. I have been living in exile in Sweden for over 23 years because of my activities during the Vietnam war. If I were to return to the United States, I could be put in prison for a very long time, therefore this plea for help.

Between 1968 and 1972 I publicly took responsibility for the destruction of tens of thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands of draft files and orders calling up young, mostly poor and working class kids to be sent to Vietnam. Statements to the newspapers, TV, and radio usually said, "We would not tolerate sending working class kids off to Vietnam to kill other poor and working class kids." I also took responsibility for the destruction of the international computer network of the Dow Chemical Corp. in Washington DC. This company produced napalm and Agent Orange for bombs being dropped on Vietnam. Because of this action and others, Dow Chemical stopped its production of napalm. However, we were unable to stop the war.

In November of 1969 I was caught

coming out of a draft board with military files. I was put on trial and sentenced to 12 years in prison. I used the Nuremberg trials after the Second World War in defense of my actions. I said there was no difference between the Nazi concentration camps and the American bombings of the Vietnamese people. Therefore, it was my duty to break national laws in protesting American war-making policy in Vietnam, in order to uphold International laws. This defense was not allowed by the court and I was sentenced to a maximum security prison in Lewisburg, Penn.

There were many others at this prison because of their activities against the United States government. There were black nationalists, Black Panthers, anti-war activists and even some Russian spies! So was Jimmy Hoffa, leader of the powerful Teamsters, and not the least Catholic priests like Philip Berrigan. I sat in this prison for 27 months.

The United States government had not succeeded in silencing the opposition to its criminal war policies. It found new ways like conspiracy trials to try to put and keep people in prison. One of the big trials of the time was the case against Phil Berrigan and other Catholic priests and nuns who, according to the government, were planning to bomb the White House and attack B-52 bombers stationed in Guam. The key person in this frame up was a government agent sent into the prison we were in to get the goods on Berrigan and others.

At the same time as the above was going on, I was charged by a secret grand jury for conspiracy to bomb public buildings and electric power plants among other crimes. The funny thing about this is that it never happened! The White House, planes on Guam, electric power plants, public buildings was a conspiracy according to the government. In reality, we were people who had always taken public responsibility for our actions.

At the same time this was going on, Jimmy Hoffa leader of the powerful transport union, received a pardon from President Richard Nixon. Was Nixon afraid that Hoffa would join an anti-war coalition and bring the working class out against the war? Serious discussions were going on and the possibility was a real threat. I watched Jimmy Hoffa walk out of prison

and I believe his deal with Nixon was a betrayal of poor and working class people.

Soon after, Hoffa disappeared. I wonder who killed him? The government? The Mafia? Hmm!

After 27 months in prison, I was released on bail in 1972 pending trial for the above. \$25,000 raised by the anti-war movement gave me the chance to go underground and come to Sweden. I applied for political asylum and received humanitarian asylum mainly because the Social Democratic Party under the leadership of Olaf Palme had gone over to the Vietnamese side after Nixon's massive bombings of Vietnam.

When Bill Clinton became President, I wrote him a letter demanding amnesty. I thought Clinton, who had gone to England during the war, would understand my situation. I waited nearly two years for an answer from him.

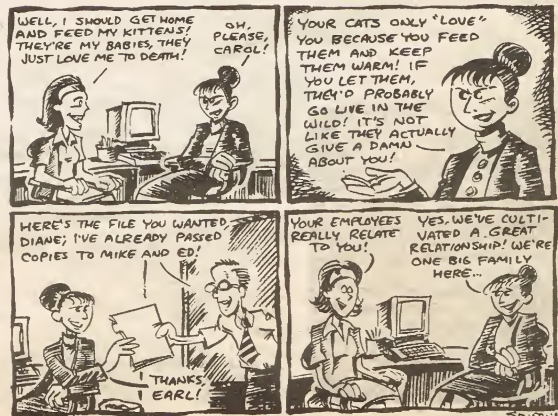
I will never say I am sorry for my actions against the war in Vietnam. Millions of people suffered and are still suffering because of the bombings. Tens of thousands have cancer and children are still being born deformed because of chemicals like Agent Orange! It was not I who was the criminal, it was people like Richard Nixon who were responsible for the war.

I have children and grandchildren in the United States who I would like to visit. I want the right to return to the U.S., the country of my birth and walk the streets as a free man. People like William Calley, leader of the My Lai massacre, are walking free today in the U.S. at the same time people like me can not return home.

I do not intend to crawl back to the U.S. begging for forgiveness. However I would accept an amnesty or pardon. The United States government can call it anything they want as long as all the charges against me between the years 1968 and 1973 are dropped.

Send this letter to other people, other organizations, other countries. Send a letter to the White House. Send a letter to me. But please help. Don't forget the dirty little war going on today in Bougainville. Especially you Vietnam veterans, now you have a real chance to get those corporate creeps responsible for sending you off to die for their profits! This mining company, Conzinc Riotinto, with offices in

—Sean Bieri



Australia and London are carrying out a genocidal war today along with the Australian government. The people of Bougainville need your help! Put these creeps' asses against the wall!

Demand the U.S. government take up this matter. Demand the charges against me be dropped. Demand the right for me to return to the U.S.

I feel like the Japanese soldier who was found on a deserted island in the Pacific Ocean 25 years after the Second World War. His first question was, "Is the war over?"

Robert Malecki
Bergmastargatan 11B
91531 Robertfors
Sweden
Tele:0934J106 44

Anarcho/Video

Dear People:

I am sending you \$5 for however many issues of #345 that will cover in postage so I may disseminate your wonderful newspaper to relatives, co-workers, strangers, etc. Secondly, I am curious to know if there are currently any anarchist videotape exchange networks in the U.S. or abroad.

As I began production of my own anarchist program (ICAST: Iowa City Anti-State Television) in August, I would like to connect/collaborate with others who are also using modern technology as a mirror in which culture may confront itself as it truly is.

To help fuel the program, I am asking for contributions in anarchist non-fiction, fiction, poetry, etc., which may be read along with things of a visual nature. I am also asking for help from people who would like to read some of these things and who would be interested in helping with visual assemblages. This would probably be most effective on the local level, but I can see how this could work through the mail system also.

As videotapes are produced I hope to have them available for private and public viewing through exchanges of material or a small fee to cover costs. Again, any information you may have on matters of this nature would be appreciated greatly.

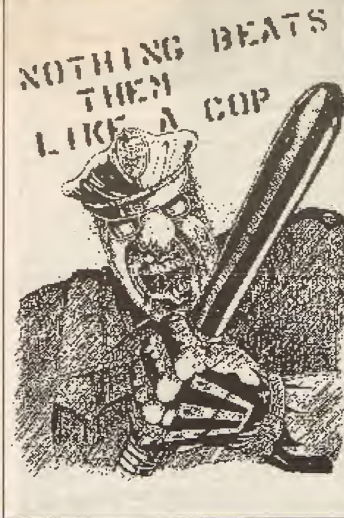
Tom Korlowski
122 Evans Street
Iowa City IA 52245

25 Years!

So, Folks:

This is "Trip"—that anarchist from Glass House who got busted in Texas with acid and is now in prison doing a fifteen year sentence. They are holding me in solitary confinement, so all I see all day is this 5X8 cell!

The point is, I need mail. I want to



What I want people to know is, that they call me a cold-blooded killer. I shot a man who shot me first. The only thing that convicted me is that I'm a Mexican and he was a police officer. From there you call me a cold-blooded murderer.

I didn't tie anybody to a stretcher. I didn't pump poison into anybody's veins from behind a locked door. You call this justice. I call this and your society a bunch of cold-blooded murderers.

—Henry M. Porter, executed in Texas by injection on July 9, 1985 for killing a policeman.

know what's up out there, so please drop me a line, send me a zine. Just remember: Every time you send me a page or two, it will cost the state an extra 10 bucks! I promise!

Chris Plummer ("Trip")
TDC #677345 Central Unit
1 Circle Drive
Sugarland TX 77478

From the Belly

Dear Fifth Estate:

I'm currently incarcerated at East Jersey State Prison in Administrative Close Supervision Unit. I've just received several back issues of your paper from Comrade David of Claustrophobia ABC/DC and I must say I'm very impressed with the clarity and straightforwardness of your articles.

I once stayed in Detroit for several months in the early '70s when my brother was a college student at Wayne State University. I stayed the summer of '73 and '74 and it left an impression on me that has lasted all my life.

I was only 10 years old at the time of my first visit but my brother was involved in several anti-government movements and that inspired me to follow his path. As stated above, I'm locked down and have several more years before release. I would like to be put on the mailing list A.S.A.P. I just finished reading your 1994 Summer issue. It was refreshing to read all the articles, especially "American Guns and the Pathology of Empire."

As the struggle continues for us all, it's especially hard on us comrades in the belly of the beast. The racism, fascism and oppression go on 24 hours a day. We suffer every minute of the day, but with papers such as yours, each day is a little easier knowing that someone on the outside is fighting just as hard.

Keep up the good work, comrades, and remember what Brother/Comrade Malcolm X said: "A man who stands for nothing will fall for anything!!" The struggle continues from the belly of the beast.

James L. Ross #245560
East Jersey State Prison A.C.S.U.
Lock Bag R
Rahway N.J. 07065

FE Note: It is letters such as the two above (and the dozens which go unpublished), which affirm our belief in the need for continuing our free subscription for prisoners program. You can assist by adding an additional dollar or two when subscribing or renewing.

New in South Africa

Howitz from South Africa:

I must congratulate your collective on your organization and input, excellent paper. Anarchism is truly international. Enclosed is R50 in South African currency for a subscription. I apologize for the inconvenience as it's near impossible for me to get dollars.

Anarchism seems pretty new in S.A. The earliest anarchism in our history was at the turn of the century. He (?) made an assassination attempt on the country's president at the time. The never caught him as he fled through Africa.

At the moment, there's the Workers Solidarity Federation here which is a syndicalist movement, but very small with about ten active members. We are in contact with the Awareness League of Nigeria which is going from strength to strength. I heard they had more than 2,000 members.

Correspondence will be appreciated.

Roo
PO Box 1717
Rosettenville 2130
South Africa

Free Arcata

Fifth Estate:

White middle-class Arcata's radical elements are working to develop as much autonomy as possible here. Hippeez in the mid-'70s fought the state so that we could have a natural waste treatment plant. Now our human waste treatment plant doubles as a wildlife sanctuary and marsh interpretive center.

Since the hippeez took the town from conservative logger types in the early '70s, liberals (wishy-washy) haven't done much since the marsh (except to declare Arcata a draft sanctuary in 1971).

So, in 1992 we had a student-run class on anarchism at Humboldt State. In 1993, Food Not Bombs started here. There is a resurgence of radicalism that anarchist types are trying to mobilize. We are trying, for the second time, to start an info shop (the one in Eureka folded after three months in Summer 1993). We're currently starting an above ground pirate radio station called "Free Arcata Radio," hoping to be on the air in Sept. 1995.

An unorganized, loosely collective group is meeting irregularly to create a truly "Free Arcata." Other plans are regular barter fairs, a barter bulletin board, a car-free 8th Street, and a city-wide "white bike" program. If any town is going to become autonomous in the foreseeable future, we think it's ours.

Citizen X
Arcata, Calif.

Battle Giants

Dear Fifth Estate:

Liked what I saw of your stuff in a book called *The World of Zines*. I really enjoy hearing about people who are working on community self-reliance instead of that "what's in it for me" crap.

The only problem I see is that Indians firmly committed to a sustainable agrarian lifestyle are so easily slaughtered by greedy corporations.

What kind of community can form that will have the power to battle giant multinationals? Just a thought.

Jason

FE note: The writer above asked for a trade with his zine, but we lost whatever else he sent and unfortunately don't even know what city this comes from.

Poignant Irony

Dear FE:

I was very disappointed to learn that Sunfrog—by his agreement—is using the internet to communicate.

After his essay, "A Treatise on Electronic Anarchy & The Net," (see Fifth Estate, Winter 1995), I actually thought that here was someone who was going to live up to his own ideals. But noooooo...

As of August 1st, Sunfrog's Web Page can be seen at URL (that's Web jargon for Universal Resource Locator.): <http://www.umich.edu/~babyfish/lasor.html>

For me, Sunfrog's Web Page (Web Page, no less!) is sticky with poignant irony: it's entitled, "Liberals are Scared of Revolution."

I feel sick.

Non Serviam!
Stephen Goodfellow
Highland Park, Mich.
sg@oeonline.com

FE note: The writer of letter above designed the Non Serviam logo which has graced our cover for over ten years.

Sunfrog replies (on his laptop computer) at 3AM while visiting an anarchist friend in rural Illinois: Stephen Goodfellow expresses disappointment, but also reveals vindictive delight in having caught me.

Is my hand sticky with silicon sugar in the cybernetic cookie jar? He has not actually caught me doing anything, other than publishing in an "anti-copyright" fashion, refusing to claim "ownership" of my words when someone wants to reprint them.

Continued on page 30

Fifth Estate Letters Policy

The Fifth Estate always welcomes letters commenting on our articles, stating opinions, or giving reports of events in local areas. We don't guarantee we will print everything we receive, but all letters are read by our staff and considered.

Typed letters or ones on disk are appreciated, but not required. Length should not exceed two, double-spaced pages. If you are interested in writing a longer response, please contact us.

Continued from page 29

For starters, in my writerly attempt to attack "the Net" by demythologizing it, I never took an unequivocal oath against all use of electronic media (or asked anyone else to do the same) and I never created the World Wide Web page Goodfellow found bearing the name "Sunfrog." Perhaps Goodfellow could have explained the details more coherently to our readers about what he already knows, in order to clarify this "irony."

Since 1988, I have published the anarchist 'zine known as Babyfish. For the rag's final edition, published in 1994, I collaborated with my good friend and comrade Craig. While Craig and I do not share an identical philosophy concerning computers and electronic media, it seems foolish to me that I would refuse his freely offered assistance based on this ethical diversity of opinion, especially when we share many other common passions. Craig was my co-editor, and a damn good one, for an explicitly anti-copyright project invoking what we call the "poetics of insurrection."

Craig suggested creating an electronic edition of Babyfish for netheads, and including my writing in it. Should I have insisted on my *ownership* of those words and ideas or demanded they could only exist on paper or recited orally, especially when the magazine's wide range of collaborators does not share the same ideological perspective on any number of "issues"? Craig created the net sites for Babyfish and I continue to offer my consent to be plagiarized, not just to Craig, but to anyone, whatever "media" they choose.

During the conceptual incubation of my article on e-mail we had some lively discussions at Fifth Estate staff meetings about the position(s) the paper should take. I had even suggested that a piece sympathetic to the Internet, providing some details about access, appear alongside my critique. The collective firmly rejected that idea in favor of a more radical denunciation without pro-tech dissent.

One of my comrades who spoke with passionate vigor against e-mail at one of those meetings now uses the Internet at his work. Such "convenient" use of technological gadgets in industrial society exists across the board by people who remain critical of the society which created them. Stephen Goodfellow provided compelling visual artwork for our famous anti-car issue (See FE, Spring 1987), but he still

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uses automobiles. Does this make him a hypocrite?

If I did make an incorrect turn at an ethical crossroads by granting Craig permission to plug my poetry and prose into the Net, that's a critique I'd rather hear from a fellow neo-Luddite.

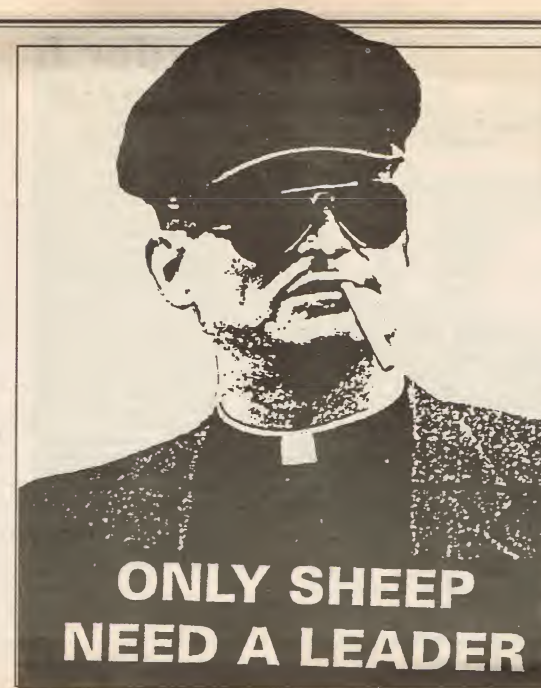
Some fellow zinesters who have seen Babyfish in cyberspace and have not read my FE piece, assume I share their enthusiasm for electronic zines. On another front, some friends have encouraged me to acquire Internet access to make it *more convenient for them* to communicate with me while I pursue a nomadic lifestyle. Though dissimilar in their implications, these problematic quandaries provide a more interesting challenge to my position than Goodfellow "catching" me.

The open paths for genuine, physical experience in an electronic era remain persistently difficult to find. When we choose wildly we may not find a path at all. If we learn to communicate silently with flowers, trees, wind, water, sun, amphibians, fish, four-legged creatures and creatures who sing and fly through the air, would we still crave access to the consumers' global village?

I'd still rather learn to remember the magic my ancestors knew, than use a computer to reproduce the misery of my contemporary society—even if that misery is masked with the superficially happy face of technological progress.

E-mail remains a curious novelty for the uninitiated. Users experiment with it like a psychoactive drug. Many get hooked.

Cyberspace is anything but neutral. It is quickly becoming commercialized. Utopian hacker enclaves and electronic peep shows for every kind of pervert may flourish today but the cybertroopers of state and federal governments are preparing for hardball. Someone who loses a confrontation with the cops over content and ownership of the medium doesn't have the luxury of incarceration in a "virtual prison," though I still argue that the entire Internet scene is one. The information



superhighway has no defining quality other than amorphous techno-fetishized amplifications of the society which created it.

In his new book *Rebels Against the Future*, Kirkpatrick Sale writes: "In a real sense every use of technology, particularly such a piece of quintessentially high technology as the computer, no matter how supposedly benevolent the ends, embeds its 'intrinsic aspect' deeper and deeper into the soul of the user however wary or self-conscious, in fact embeds the values and thought processes of the society that makes that technology, even as it makes the user insidiously more and more apart of those values and processes."

Could we interrogate the virtualization of everyday life? My writing's appearance on the World Wide Web does not validate that forum nor invalidate my earlier remarks about "abolishing the information age." My writing's "there" in the no-place cyberspace. It's there because my friend put it there. Big fucking deal. Why does this bother Goodfellow?

Should I change the title of my piece to "Computers Are Scared of Revolution" or "Humans Are Scared of Revolution"? I remain terrified of the technological revolution which makes this ostensibly petty discussion even necessary.

Another FE Note: Since writing this response, Sunfrog's two computers, a Macintosh Power Book he travels with, and the Mac Classic he loaned the FE have both "crashed." Now, *that* is "sticky with poignant irony."

Just Wank

Dear Fifth Estate:

Politically-motivated bombings are more commonplace over here, courtesy of "Justice Department." (See "Mad Bombers & Anarchy?" Summer 1995, FE.)

Slingshot [magazine's] attitude to FC was just wank. If there's an underground operating, they should expect attention from cops trying to bury it. They shouldn't

act like hostages or cops themselves, trying to suppress actions more militant than their own.

Get real—all effective action incites State reaction. What can't these professional anarchists stomach—being turfed out of their cozy niches? Bob Black's *Anarchism & Other Impediments To Anarchy* is spot on here. ARNI targeted Green Anarchists over its support for animal liberationists, but we've not moderated our line and don't expect them to moderate theirs. We take what precautions we can, but we'd sooner do time than have the underground do it for us.

They're making more difference than us—our role is to show them solidarity. Clowns that don't show us solidarity, refusing to distribute Green Anarchist "because [they] might get raided" and siding with state assets against us and all common sense in the interests of business, just emphasize what's already been said above.

On other impediments to anarchy, the two anti-road pieces you printed were both passive media spectacles choreographed by protest professionals, the sort of farce Black's on about in "Anti-Nuclear Terror." These peace police ensured there was no ecotage, no protester violence—even in self-defense—and local "bailiff busters" who chased the poll tax out of Pollok four years before they were reduced to cheer leading tree-climbing pros stunting in front of cameras.

Now, trees, pros and media have gone, locals fight on with an arson wave against the road builder's assets to spare their kids asthma. However, popular and effective it is, clandestinity and criminal damage threaten the pros' nice little niche—no smiley-spectacular photo today, no promotion to Greenpeace tomorrow. *Aufheben* #4's critique of careerist "fluffies" is worth reading, if not their views on primitivism in the same issue.

Glad Mumia was mentioned in FE—"fluffies" wouldn't screen the PDC vid at Glastonbury as he says "self-defense is natural" in it. Unlike solidarity campaigns presenting Mumia as the po' victim of legal lynching, Friends of MOVE are trying to put his radical Green politics across to people.

We're surprised Fifth Estate didn't and that you maintain "industrialism can't be destroyed by a lone individual," as if we can't start somewhere.

Office Green Anarchists
BCM 1715
London WC1N 3XX, England

Sexual Liberation

To The Fifth Estate:

Passion Brigade was formed in response to the need for a group that focused on all sexualities in the fight for a sexually liberated and free society. Embracing the Lesbian and Gay Freedom Movement, the Passion Brigade hopes to bring sexual liberation politics to the anarchist movement and anarchist politics to those involved in sexual liberation.

Passion Brigade is an anarchist group which believes society's attitudes are not all that needs to change, but that society's organizations and the state need to go in order to make any sexual liberation possible or lasting. Passion Brigade is committed to fighting for a free, sexually liberated society using any peaceful means necessary.

Love and Liberation for all,
Passion Brigade
BM Box 207
London WC1N 3XX England

Continued on page 31

Catch A Fish?

Dear Fifth Estate:

I found David Watson's "Catching Fish in Chaotic Waters" (see Winter 1995 FE) a profound and lyrical indictment of industrial civilization, if not civilization itself. What puzzles me, however, is the mildness of the conclusions drawn from such a thoroughgoing analysis.

Watson suggests a moratorium on further techno-capitalist development, it is true, along with a skeptical attitude toward "progress." He also calls for "a synthesis of primitive and modern," and explicitly denounces "'going back'—which we have never proposed and which could never happen anyway."

To me this sounds too close to conceding that we'll never be able to roll back alienation, the massive estrangement blighting ourselves and the planet. Skepticism is of course essential, but dismantling every aspect of the mad global order is the real work—which Watson's critique makes, to my reading, abundantly, ringingly clear, at least by implication.

I recently came across, in a 1993 collection called *The Politics of Nature*, an essay by Keekok Lee, "To De-Industrialize—Is it so Irrational?" Lee's analysis is not nearly as complete and radical as Watson's, yet his conclusion is not only logical but more advanced than Watson's.

If our awareness of the actual depth of the engulfing crisis does not lead us to name what in reality must be done, such awareness ends up as a mere radical trope.

a figure of speech with no consequences.

John Zerzan
Eugene, Oregon

David Watson replies: After reading John Zerzan's letter several times, I still don't understand how, if he thinks I make "abundantly clear" the need to dismantle "every aspect of the mad global order," exactly what he thinks is wrong with my essay.

My point was that we have to find ways, as individuals and communities, to live both in and against our time, and that *people are in fact already beginning to do so*. Given the vastness of the planetary crisis and how deeply embedded it is in our culture and characters, vague talk of "roll[ing] back alienation" is one thing, but actually bringing about substantive psychic and practical social transformation is quite another. Surely Zerzan, who recently conceded to a *New York Times* reporter that even he owns a TV set for sake of "narcotizing" himself, must understand that dismantling *everything* about the way we live is a tricky problem.

Rome didn't fall in a day; we start by recognizing that we do not, and cannot, have all the answers. Humility requires that we avoid not only recuperation by the institutions of domination but also the danger of turning radical opposition into empty caricature.

The Dragons of Brno

Continued from Page 17

to destroy itself, and there is hope for a new beginning, for regeneration. Even the Octopus's own ideology, post-modernism, if read carefully, reveals a fatal judgment on itself. While some insecure but eminently flexible radical theorists rush to adapt themselves to the post-modern tidal wave of the future, and others who are even more insecure are driven by panic into sclerotic reactive modernism, the logic of disintegration points us toward neither modernism nor post-modernism, but rather in the direction of pre-ancientism. Fredy Perlman, like us, was a radical pre-ancientist imbued with the spirit of creative regeneration.

Let's begin again! The Earth does it every year. And the human community can do it occasionally, too. The tradition of revolutionary pre-ancientism has always existed. At the beginning of Civilization and domination, people could still "remember that their own ancestors once lived in communities of free human beings," and that they "communed with animals, with Earth, with the spirit of the sky and the spirit of the apple tree." The memory has never been completely lost. The possibility for surviving the self-destruction of the Monster depends on our capacity to remain in touch with our roots in nature and in our human community, and on our ability to express that creative Spirit that pervades nature and ourselves.

We have grounds for hope. Once the Human Spirit slumbered within a small band of pathetic, gerbil-like creatures, hiding in the bushes, guarding their treasure of slowly-gestating soul, waiting for the age of Monsters to end. Now, the human Spirit hides in remote corners of the psycho-geographical map, waiting for the latter-day Monster to collapse under its own weight. Perhaps there is gestating within that Spirit a new emergent realm of being. Perhaps we can venture out and strategically place a cosmic evolutionary banana peel in the Monster's path.

Fredy Perlman has helped us understand that the final contradiction of the

dominant world order is neither economic nor political. In a sense it is ecological, but more basically it is metaphysical. Leviathan is the Dream of Infinite Power. Leviathan is the Bad Infinity made historical. The Infinite in History ultimately runs aground on the finite.

As Fredy Perlman puts it, "Leviathan, the great artifice, single and world-embracing for the first time in His-story, is decomposing." The story of Leviathan is the story of conquest of the Other, and there is now no Other left to conquer. The Cold War was the last battle in the conflict between the Worm and the Octopus, and the outcome was certain before the battle began. There is only one barrier left in the way of the End of History, and that is regressive mass political psychosis (in the form of nationalist fanaticism or religious fundamentalism).

So, Fredy Perlman's verdict on His-story is accurate: "Having swallowed everyone and everything outside itself, the Beast becomes its own sole frame of reference. It entertains itself, exploits itself and wars on itself. It has reached the end of its Progress, for there is nothing left for it to progress against except itself."

Just as His-story begins with the death of the ancient Uroboros, the Cosmic Serpent, the closed Circle of Nature, it ends with the Dragon of Anti-Nature swallowing its own tail, and devouring itself. Leviathan cannibalizes itself, and seeks to devour everything else with it. The only question that remains is whether humanity and the living Earth can survive this final Fall into nothingness.

If we do survive our encounter with the Beast, Fredy Perlman will have helped us find our Way around the Dragon and the Abyss.

Note: All quotations are from Fredy Perlman, *Against Leviathan, Against His-story*. The various names he gives to Leviathan have been capitalized in accord with the rest of the text.

Murder In Nigeria

Continued from page 15

taxpaying) vendors. Along with this quasi-legal micro-struggle against IMF policies and their results, armed robbery, smuggling, and land-wars have exploded in response to diminishing access to land due to SAP-inspired enclosures. These struggles have not been in vain. The decision at the Paris summit of the OECD (held during the bicentennial of the storming of the Bastille) to cancel a part of the African debt for those countries that implemented SAPs (up to 50 percent for the "poorest" of them) is a recognition of their power.

When seen through the prism of IMF/World Bank structural adjustment policies, U.S. "intervention" in Somalia—where opposition to structural adjustment also erupted into strong resistance over the years—takes on new significance as well. The starvation in Somalia, it turns out, was most severe in those regions where the IMF was able to implement its structural adjustment program.

In areas that successfully resisted it, there was little starvation. Much of the country's income came from relatives working the oil fields in Kuwait, Iraq and Saudi Arabia. Following the Gulf War, in the name of structural adjustment hundreds of thousands of Palestinian, Arab and Somali oil workers were sent back to their countries of origin and replaced with less organized workers from Southeast Asia, costing Somalia around \$300 million a year, plus the additional burden of reabsorbing thousands of returning and now unemployed workers into the already-strained Somali economy, fueling the famine and adding further leverage to the "structural adjustment" pressures exerted by the IMF. One of the behind-the-scenes reasons for U.S. troops in Somalia was to force country-wide compliance with the IMF's structural adjustment, just as we are seeing in Haiti, today. Thanks to the

IMF, the United Nations and the United States government, Somalia—which is slightly smaller than Texas in geographic area—now owes \$2 billion to Western banks.

U.S. Government Hypocrisy

The hypocrisy of the U.S. government, which pretended to be "concerned" over the murder of Ken Saro-Wiwa, is the third point generally neglected by the movement for justice in Nigeria. For years Ken and others had petitioned the U.S. government to rein in Shell and the Nigerian government, and support the right to autonomy of the Ogoni and other indigenous people. For years their pleas went unheeded, even scorned.

The U.S. government is complicit in the murder of Ken Saro-Wiwa and the vast destruction in the Niger Delta of both the environment and the Ogoni people, just as it has supported and financed the Mexican government's crackdown on indigenous movements in Mexico and resistance to NAFTA, GATT and the structural adjustment programs there. The fight of the Ogoni people is the same as the struggle of the Zapatistas in Mexico—same demands, same struggle for autonomy and self-determination, and the same enemies: Domestic governments financed and backed politically by the U.S., the IMF/World Bank/USAID, the oil companies and the banks.

What you can do:

1) Boycott Shell Oil, and demand the U.S. embargo Nigeria oil. Call: (212) 261-5640 or (212) 581-0380. Also, fax: CEO Philip Carroll, Shell Oil Corp.: (713) 241-4044. 2) Demand the U.S. government freeze the assets of Nigerian dictator Abacha and the rest of his cabal of murderers and thieves. 3) Call the Nigerian Embassy: (212) 850-2200. Demand release of the remaining Ogoni political prisoners facing execution. 4) Demand removal of Nigerian troops from the Ogoni region, including the 2,000 additional troops sent in following the executions.

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The Newspaper Strike The Battle of Detroit

Continued from page 3

capital as a system has diminished to almost nothing. Now, work itself is the disciplinarian, and the globalization of capital has meant a similar process for labor, so increasingly the U.S. labor market is in direct competition with that of Sri Lanka or Mexico.

Struggles for better wages, hours and working conditions historically did extend and affirm capital to the point where most workers and their labor organizations became zealous defenders of the system which had offered them a handsome price for their labor. However, employers often resist even modest reforms until there has been a recognition on their part that their ability to rule in traditional ways is being threatened.

During the 1930s, police, the National Guard, private security forces and vigilantes killed 300 workers involved in union organizing and recognition battles. But, capital works by the carrot as well as the stick.

By the Depression era, the progressive sector of the ruling class, led by President Franklin Roosevelt, was acknowledging the need to contain the increasing revolutionary tendencies among labor as seen in the Minneapolis, San Francisco, and Toledo general strikes. A 1935 National Recovery Administration report stated, "Unless something is done soon, they (the workers) intend to take things into their own hands." The "something" was unions. Labor organizing was quickly sanctioned by law and unions were established throughout the country by the end of the decade.

Dutifully Off To War

Despite the best intentions of rank-and-file militants, this period, with its admirable sit-down strikes, romanticized by the left as a Golden Age of labor militancy, was, in fact, a period of recuperation. The decade began with general strikes, but ended with workers marching dutifully off to the second inter-imperialist world war. Although fascism was an authentic threat, workers' interest in every country were submerged beneath those of the ruling class. While workers were sent off to die, world capitalism emerged from the financial doldrums of the 30s significantly strengthened through the creation of enormous, permanent war economies. On the home front, this process was assisted by cooperative trade union discipline which enforced No Strike pledges on their workers during the war.²

Leftists term union activity as class struggle. They assert inter-class conflict is not only how the proletariat combats being looted by capitalists of the wealth workers create, but is also a central feature of revolutionary activity. Marxists view class struggle in a tight little schema as the motor force of humanity's historical stage driving toward the emergence of communism.

However, Jean Baudrillard, in *The Mirror of Production*, stood the Marxist theorem on its head, postulating that rather than the process of revolution being advanced by class struggle, capitalism innovates its forms of domination and rationalizes newer modes of production through class conflict. Activity in which working class battles are fought on capital's terrain for wages, etc., stays within the political economy of the system it opposes.

Jacques Camatte characterized class



"Work is good discipline. . . and it's so fulfilling, too!"

struggle as "gangs within capital" fighting over pieces of a fragmented world rather than leaving the one capital has created.³

To be sure, class struggle has led to a more equitable distribution of capitalist wealth than if the process had been left to the tender mercies of the ruling classes who intended to share almost nothing.⁴

Radical Desire

The revolutionary project with which we identify does not strive to share the loot industrial capital produces. Rather, it seeks to eliminate swag, created by the destruction of humans and nature, as the basis of societies. Radical desire does not want a "fairer" share of capitalist wealth to go to labor; it wants to leave all of this system and establish a new world, not reform the current one.

The socialist project, on the other hand, has no intention of eliminating, what P.M. calls in his book, *Bolo bolo*, the "Planetary Work Machine," which necessitates labor as life's central feature and the maintenance of an immense, centrally administered, world-wide production/distribution grid regardless of what "class is in power."

But this all said, how do we respond to attacks from capitalism's greedy, rapacious elite? A war in the Persian Gulf, an incinerator in our neighborhood, the cutting of an old growth forest, or assaults on our standard of living demand a response. Such struggles may be reformist, but is the only option to wait for the final revolutionary conflagration?

Beyond a critical analysis of what constitutes revolutionary activity or reform, there rises in the human consciousness a sense of anger and refusal that in normal times is suppressed beneath the exterior of the model citizen. Often an individual or a group reach the point where they refuse to be pushed around any longer, or sit idly by while humans or the wild world are being exterminated.

For many of the Detroit newspaper strikers, their fight against the corporations fits most readily into this category. The reporters who realized they had nothing financially to gain from the strike have gone back to work. The remainder are participating in a self-created culture of resistance where many readily admit they like life on strike better than life at work.

You hear repeated comments about how the strike is the most important thing that's ever happened to them, how it's "transformed" them, how "life is now an adventure," (almost echoing the situationist slogan), and how bad daily life at work was

The problem is that the strikers have nowhere to go except back to work.

prior to the strike. This from middle-class professionals who, for the most part, had never been on a picket line before last July and who conceived of themselves as lone actors within a profession.

The industrial newspaper workers had long considered themselves middle-class, often politically conservative, patriotic, suburban Americans, but now many express the same sentiments one hears from the reporters.

Since the strike, men and women, young, middle-aged, and elderly, have fought battles with the cops, tracked down and harassed scabs, replacement workers and management, participated in endless all-night vigils and blockades to stop distribution of the papers, and developed a network of friends and comrades any social movement could envy.

The problem is that the strikers have nowhere to go except back to work. The union chiefs still echo the refrain, "All we want to do is go back to work and produce a quality paper," but this is ringing more hollow as time progresses.

I wonder how many strikers would now agree that the papers they produced were a "quality product." To us, they were always 60 percent ads and 40 percent lies. Like all corporate media, they usually are on the wrong side of every social question, support every war, lie about every protest movement, and apologize for every monstrous act this system commits.

"Disavow Any Physical Violence"

The union chiefs are depending on subscription and ad boycotts and their alternate paper to break the corporate will. The company owners have already taken a \$200 million loss, so it's an open question as to how much more money they are willing to lose in order to defeat the strikers.

The AFL-CIO, Teamster, and Newspaper Union bureaucrats are horrified at agitation among some rank-and-file and middle-level union officials for a one-day general strike, a national labor mobilization in Detroit, breaking a court injunction by mass picketing at the newspaper's central printing plant, and roving pickets to block distribution.

The union chiefs cut the ground out from under these proposals in mid-January by issuing a statement that they "emphatically disavow any and all physical violence, property destruction, criminal activity and physical blocking of ingress and egress." This declaration, which sounds as if it was issued from the company newspaper front office, makes the

type of activity that galvanized initial widespread support more difficult.

Nevertheless, I think this is an important strike to win and that some resources of the radical community should be mobilized in its support. I say "some" since it is equally, and perhaps more important, that our small, tenuous, anti-authoritarian, projects be maintained and extended.

As I write in early-February amidst bone-chilling winter cold, the resolve of the strikers seems unshakable. Their goal appears to be less and less concerned with the formal demands of the strike and more with not being defeated by the corporations.

Maybe we should, as *Extraphile* magazine suggests, cheer the collapse of unions as a way of clearing the decks for more radical forms to emerge. To me, that only sounds good on paper. Is fighting battles "on capital's terrain" always a retreat, an acquiescence to the call of asking the rulers to "not kill everything so fast?" Here's where the ambivalence lies. Given the current meagerness of radical alternatives to capital and the deepening levels of misery, almost any resistance to the ruling order these days is encouraging. If we don't start here, where is the place?

That September night in Sterling Heights, Mich. ended differently than one would have anticipated. The 250 cops were just about to charge when, like in the old labor song which goes, "Hold the fort for we are coming," an additional 2,000 unionists and supporters came marching down Mound Road to make our blockade impenetrable. The cops were ordered to take off their riot gear and surrender the field to the strikers.

At that point, a tremendous cheer of joy and celebration rose from the crowd. I'm glad I was there.

See: G. Munis, *Unions Against Revolution*, \$1.50; Jacques Camatte, *The Wandering of Humanity*, \$2; Jean Baudrillard, *The Mirror of Production*, \$12; P.M., *Bolo bolo*, \$8; Eat the Rich Gang, *Wildcat*, \$2. Ordering information on P. 26.

FOOTNOTES

¹It should be noted that in numerous countries, union activity refused the rules of capitalist activity and entered into a contestation based on the revolutionary dispossession of the bourgeoisie. The repression of the IWW in this country or the civil war fought by the anarcho-syndicalist CNT in Spain are examples of ruling class reaction to such effrontery.

²Judith Allen, writing in *Internationalism*, #3 in 1975, said, "Among the tasks the CIO [the national union federation] undertook was to help the capitalists introduce speedups and other types of 'rationalization' into the process of production (increasing the rate of exploitation of the workers), to help introduce compulsory overtime (extension of the working day), and to facilitate the laying off of masses of workers. But the real nature of this so-called 'victory' is nowhere better seen than in the millions of dead and wounded workers whom the unions helped to mobilize for the second imperialist world war."

However, workers at home often resisted the sacrifices demanded of them on the job. See *War Time Strikes* by Marty Glaberman.

³Camatte's most serious indictment of the reactionary nature of the concept of class struggle comes in his observation that its main function in the 20th century has been to install the capitalist mode of production in areas of the world where Marx and Engels never dreamed it would exist, i.e., China, North Korea, etc.

⁴The feudal system, which preceded capitalism, had imbedded in its class structure a series of mutual obligations for ruled and rulers. By the time that system of lords and peasants became moribund, those requirements for the wealthy had all but become ignored. When a radical merchant class emerged during the bourgeois revolutions of the 17th, 18th and 19th centuries, the gulf between rich and poor, rulers and ruled was enormous. In their triumphal form at the dawn of an era, the new capitalists planned to keep it that way.